

I'm Laced

E-40

He really a gangsta but they thought he was a square as a box of Apple Jacks
He was getting his money from him but then he had a couple of set backs
When he a soil celebrity with bounce back skills and ability
Raise by OG's that been in the correctional facility
See the problem with this new generation they hella quick to bust they guns
Without thinking about the repercussions they relatives and loved ones
I can looking forward to his people just to bout tell what he about
By analyzing his hand gesture so what come out his mouth
That come from being from it, experienced and seasoned
From hustlin' Monday through Friday, clubbing and going to church on weekend
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That's why I hand-pick my friends never know what they a do
Trust no few men, just G.O.D. and you
I stay looking in my rearview, I stay looking over my shoulder
Never know who want me out here; never know who want me or who
I can tell tall-temper from tiny brush
Know the difference between a cabbage and a lettuce
BIATCH!

(I'm laced) Pull up a chair and get'chu a taste
Of this sun cut game no chase (motherfucker I'm laced)
Yeah, I ain't never been fake
Anything I said about ya I say it too your face
(I'm laced) on 8's, looking like skates
I never been late learn the game from the greats (nigga I'm laced)
Stay in ya place and don't hate
Cause funkin' with me ain't safe

Uh, if you can't cook stay out the kitchen, if you can't swim get out the ocean
Don't hop in the yola game if you soft as Jergens lotion
We'll leave half of what you see, and none of what you hear
Analyze the food before you let em get in ya ear
Sleep with one eye open and one eye closed
So case the thirsty and dusty try'na kick in ya dow
Never tell a homie how you make love to your woman
Cause he might be the same homie that wanna fuck yo woman
Three sides to every story, there's mines yours and the truth
Niggas lose they lives everyday, over a bootch
You can fuck around and get stamped, fuckin' around with a tramp
Running around here loose without no structure in yo camp
What niggas need to do is stay up off them phones (right)
Bragging about the nigga you popped and killed last time
It was in the dark on come the light the streets talk
Next thing you know your body outlined in chalked, the sidewalk

I read the D-Boy diary, the Hustler's Encyclopedia
The Player's Pamphlet, the Hood Wikipedia
The instructions and manual on how to handle certain situations
When you dealing with fakes, smiley faces, naysayers, traitors and haters
You can look out for the homie come through in flying colors
But if you don't do it that one time you a bitch motherfucker
Ain't that fucked up? What part of the game is this?
Brotha throw me a ball and I'm a appreciate it
I stick to the script, I'm a laced individual
Keep a clip on my hip, and none in my pillow
Never leave yo drink in the tenant when you rounding up with a cutie

Might be a set-up brawl, might slip you a goofy
I be damned if I go out that way
Feel me I make her take a sip if she don't drink it that mean she guilty
Can't be square as a pool table and twice as green
Gotta stand for something or you goin fall for anything

[Hook]