

I'ma Teach Ya How to Sell Dope

E-40

Bust open the yola, then you throw it in the pot
Mix that soda with that water, make that motherfucker lock
Chop it up and bag it, then ya flood the whole block
With that candy, cha-cha, white lobster, ready rock

(Dope)
(Dope)
(Dope)
(Do-do-dope)
(I'ma teach you how to sell)
(I'ma teach you how to sell)
(I'ma teach you how to sell)
(I'ma teach you how to sell dope)

The money come fast when pushin them grams
You get what you can, there's no retirement plan

Every move that I make is a calculated step
Gotta be careful what you say and who you conversatin with
I came in the game with nada, I left with a couple of dollars
That's the way I wanna be remembered up in this here yola game, partner
See, it's 'posed to be temporarily and momentarily but I'm stubborn
I put everything in my alias, I don't put nothin in my government
Stay with a cinnamon roll extension, extra cartridge drawn
Ain't no retirement plan or pension, catch you slippin, run
I got straight A's across the board, my ghetto report card never flunked
They gon' have to kill me on the spot, I ain't gettin off in nobody's trunk
Never take my chances by fuckin them up and punch
Scuffle and try to take his gun
I rather get a flesh wound 'stead of land up in attendance
"Throw me a stimulus package, my niggga, throw your nigga a bone"
That's what my OG said to me when he touched down, when he came home
I reached up in my pizznockets, shot him a thou-wow and a zone
Got a digital scale application on my iPhone

If you plan on goin to yolanary school, one of the first things they teach y
a
Give your mama enough money to bury ya
And if you're backed up in a corner and the po-po Elroy question you
Never give up yo plug and tell on you or your crew
Some of the perks and amenities and benefits of sellin D
If you a ghetto celebrity you can almost get anything for free
Bitches gon' wanna fuck ya, and niggas gon' wanna be ya
Haters gon' wanna pluck ya, so you better pack a (?)
Every swing of the bat, every snap of the ball, every lay-up (?) counts
I know some dudes that been gridin for years and the police still ain't neve
r found
No cha-cha, no dope on 'em, you know why, cause he don't touch it
And he don' be braggin, flycoonin and showin off, he drive a bucket
We didn't bring in all this dope, you traffic patrollin coast guard
We don't own no planes and boats, in the ghetto we got it hard
I'ma keep it all the way 300, I'ma keep it all the way funky and solid
I got mo' partners behind them walls than I do in college

Ridin with a couple of bricks, and the police on yo hips?
Take they ass on a high speed, throw the (?) over the bridge
And if it ain't no water around, throw that shit up on a roof

That way it ain't hand to hand and they ain't got no proof
Always let somebody in your circuit know who you coppin your sugar from
Just in case you end up, wind up havin a little more dough than him
Cause dudes be gettin jealous and put yo head on a platter
Funkin lesson number seven - never outshine the master
In the cha-cha game, wanna know how to sell dope proper?
One of the things you better do is go to your local trucker store and purcha
se a kick do stopper
Made by Master Lock and under yo mattress in yo capness you better have a ch
opper
Or a glock or a stapler or a thumper or a pistol
A rifle or a Uzi for the smunkish and the goony
Keep yo conversations limited, snitchin is prohibited
Take it to the grave with ya, never say who did it
Biatch