

In This Thang Breh

E-40

We in this thang breh!

(We in this thang breh) We in this thang breh

E-40! Uhhh

A half-animal block babboon (a monster)

The valedictorian of the yola game, graduated with high honors

Used to serve and push that candy cane, standin in front of my momma's house, now I'm leanin over the rail and standin on top of the couch

Wash my face with a brand new hundred dollar bill

In this bit', keepin it lit, me and my Click (me and my Click) devilish

Hella chicks, extra clips (extra clips) hella spliffs

TMZ takin flicks (TMZ takin flicks)

Nine times out of ten I'ma leave with a 10

Run a little game, maybe fuck her friends

Ask her what's her name, tell me one mo' gen

I don't see no rangs, so you ain't got no man

(What about yo' mackin mayne?) Ain't no lackin in my mackin

Some of my niggaz in here trappin, some of my niggas in here flaggin

(In her FLAGGIN!) Man I hope y'all don't get to clappin

Only clappin I'm tryin to hear is a female ass clap

{Let's go Turf!}

Polo, everything, they should endorse me

I swear - that should be my face on that horsey

Man I might be the hardest we got

And yeah I'ma get this money regardless or not

(Yeah!) We in this thang breh - if it's funky, get it on

We get in this thang breh - reactin! (Reactin!)

Turf Talk too damn hard on 'em (hard on 'em)

Ten bottles, guess who ordered 'em?

Ten chains, guess who wearin 'em? (Wearin 'em)

Ten guns, guess who carry nem! (Carry nem)

Got my money first, divin in her purse

Bitch you cain't have none of my mine, I'm spendin all of hers

I guess it's time to get my buzz up (get my buzz up)

Leave the dope alone Turf, put the guns up (put the guns up)

Man, it's almost gone

AY! Please fill my styrofoam

The club, yeah, ayyy, grind-ing!

Pull up to the club, on my iPhone tweetin

Hit @E40 like #ImInThisThangBreh!

Some ol' nigga I went to high school with

came up to me lookin all strange

talkin 'bout "family you changed"

I'm like #YouBeinALameBreh!

Get out my way; hey it's too many hoes up in this thang

for a nigga to be all in my ear tryin to kick it like Liu Kang

This shit bang! It's slappin like domestic problems

My brother Fresh Al got that look like don't mess with potnah

I'm swagged up, big horsey on my shirt!

Match the L.V. on my shoes, niggaz better guard they work

I'm turnin P.I.'s to heckler hoe protectors

Better look down, cause if I see eyes, girl I'm fin' to check her

Went all through her purse like Frank Gore for the first

Niggaz be actin like they hard, but they really just be nurse
Puttin niggaz on mack blast like, breh you gotta prove it!
Mistah F.A.B. and 40 only ones left from the movement

[Chorus]