

Knock 'Em Down Music

E-40

You better run when you hear that poppin' sound
See them shells dropping down we about to knock him down
This is knock 'em down muse, knock e'm knock 'em down music
This is knock 'em down muse, knock 'em knock 'em down music
I know some boys that'll come from outta town
That will hit'chu for a pound catch you slippin' outta bounds
This is knock 'em down muse, knock 'em knock 'em down music
This is knock 'em down muse, knock 'em knock 'em down music
BITCH!

UGH!

He a paddle gruff, he a misfit, he don't really get out, he a clown
He a cornball, he a weirdo, he a nickelbag I'm a pound
But little do they know that the square looking dude that a smile instead a
frown
A knock yo ass down
Nigga wanna play tough guy, nigga get fucked up
So called street guy get his ass touched up
One of my dudes just got a call he back in that thang again
Called us raw and his best friend again
Everyday lifestyles confused it, giving fools the blues in
In and out of the shootout, force gangs no croon out
New shine cook and wine never been a pooch
Kill Roy up in the pin some might call it hooch

He was a friend of mine then he changed up
He used to be a crib now he flamed up
They say I'm loco, crazy a lunatic
Serve these monkeys with the whole banana clip
No ski mask, let em see my face
No recess but it wud that pistol play
How could I bust the nigga pumpkin if he's on the internet telling everyone
we funkng?
Dry snitching
Momma they shooting put the mattress to the window
Nobody hit but I can't say this ain't for him though
In the drive-by shit is sloppy
Pull up ask for weed hop out then pop (BOOM)
He was a hard nigga, untouchable
But them young niggas turned him to a vegetable
I just paid a fee, it's a plot of rims
Lock me in another state when they knock you down

He was a thug to the fullest
But he still caught a bullet
Chrome on him but he ain't had no time to pull it
Caught him at the barber shop and turned his fro into a mullet
That crazy shit still ain't got though to me
This is for funeral this right here's the eulogy
Round here shit this how it happen usually
That's why my nigga stay strapped up just like yo crew should be
And you should be nervous, cause I got gators
Holla about who need service, boy I got waiters
And then like fuck a tip cause they got them extra clips
Talking all that shit like you got an extra lip
We on that murder potion here take an extra sip
Banana peel ass nigga you could be next to slip

So don't act dumb 22 will hit'cha lung
Bounce around come out'cha tongue when them bullets start to hum, nigga

[Hook]