

Made It Out

E-40

UH!

She love me... she love me not
She hug me... like I hug the block
My Cutty... got hella knock
My speakers... they finna pop
Turf tight... I'm involved
High-sidin', puffin' on a log
Stunning, the opposite of ugly
Run up in her bare like I don't care
Without a helmet, rugby
Everywhere like, yeah, you liable to see me in Santa Clara
On the highway with my bros on my way to Santana Row
In San Jose, they don't play like all the cities up in the Bay
Up in the Valley, they'll melt you just like my folks from the Delta
The Emerald Triangle, that's where the farmers be at
Sippin' mangoscato from Napa, Earl Stevens shit
Brand new apparel, mayne, I stay sharp as an arrow
I like to drink out the bottle, yesterday, today and tomorrow
UH!

We started off in the projects (projects)
Now we sittin' in the high-rise (high-rise)
The real niggas all fuck with me (fuck with me)
The hood love me 'cause I made it out (made it out)

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I did... I did that
In 1985 I pushed my first pack
Admit it... admit that
Quit the yola game and wrote some ridnaps
Soil savage... born to ball
Married to the streets by common-law
Mackin', autographs on napkins
My diamonds be out here spazzin'
Showcasin', flamboastin', braggin'
Gouda stackin' his pillar, about his paper
More cars than the AutoTrader
Done touched more dough than a baker
One day might be in a hoodie, the next day I'm in a blazer
Customized by my tailor, got some killers that owe me favors
They're thicker the soil up in the heart of the trap
Don't get mad and come back, get down or get mad at
They'll put your brain in your lap for showing off in front of a batch
Tryin' to impress a hoe, that's how you get a tag on your toe
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I came up from nothin' (From the mud)
I bend corners when I come through
'Cause the real niggas, they love it (They love it, mayne)
To see me living by my own rules
And I think nothin' of it (Nothin' of it)
From fishscales to a tycoon (A top hat, mayne)
Yeah, I always get money (Self-made)
Yeah, I always get money (I get money)

I got it... I got my money up
I done touched more ice than a hockey puck
You can try your luck, I keep my pistol tucked
In case I gotta fuck a fuck nigga up
Block monster... I'm a hog
Hustlin' in the rain, sleet, snow or fog
Bossy, ain't never been a sorry simple Simon
Sucka sap, I'm smoking on a baseball bat
Gettin' Berkeleyed and tipsyed, I fuck with hipsters and hippies
Gangsters and fixtures and factors, might even know a few traffickers
Dual exhausted Flowmasters, cool with the athletes and rappers
Know hella A-listed actors, boosters, burglars, and purse-snatchers
The Pacific Ocean is where the paper unravel
Google, Pandora, and Twitter, Facebook and Apple
A fixture, I built my own liquor straight from the gravel
Subscribe to a bar of this game and come get a sample
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