

## Mouthpiece

E-40

I don't need no iron I'm already creased  
I don't need no money I got mouthpiece

Thug wit me who got that indo nigga mug wit me  
Stick yo' pistol out the window have a few drinks wit me  
Nigga get fired up  
Out of state dummy license plate faulty ass tags  
Trunk full of out door weed back seat full of garbage bags  
Lookin' fo' that money train lookin' fo' that treasure  
Like to fuck alot mix the business wit the pleasure  
What's up you timer when you gone resign  
Put a soul food restaurant in yo' mamas name and own your own clothing line  
Ain't no tellin'  
that's what Harold told Melvin back in the days of penny loafers  
When Teddy Pendergrass was in the blue notes  
A big lip street nigga was in the makin' a ferocious dangerous dude  
A little microscopic seed maranatin' in the fallopian tube  
Ready to face the world ready to say my speech  
Ready to come out early feet first nigga breeched  
Uno uno dos tres quattro  
Drinkin' malt liquor out the baby bottle  
Five five six six seven eight  
Move from the crest side to the hillside  
Go ahead ask the v.p.d.  
Betcha they tell you about me  
Betcha they tell you they been investigatin' my ass since '83  
Betcha they say dude real,  
betcha they say I don't know how that nigga did it  
but he sittin' on a few mill  
All I gotta say is nemesis  
Bet I know one thing betch you they know  
who shot my mommas house up that night on magazine  
Should I say I wanna take a face nah  
cause if the district attorney get this tape they might build a case  
I'm high as fuck man inhalin' it beatin' on my chest like Tarzan  
Hold it fo' ten  
Five lucky to be alive  
I only got one mo' album to do on jive, an' I'm gone

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Let's go half on a forty an' a twamp sack of broccoli  
I got a car deville coupty  
So what if its primer colored so what it's a hooptie  
So what if the lifters tick I knwo I'm forty water  
So what if I gotta get up under the engine an' tap the starter  
In the mourning eatin' cereal  
Strapped with the 223 infrared material  
Who come from nothin' who run the thirteen hundred block  
Who used to top have to walk the streets floodin' wit holes in they socks  
Who really real, how many know the deal  
Who got they church clothed from the good will  
Click shit makes a muthafuckas night  
Niggas listen to it 'cause it's right  
Money don't make me, I make money  
What I look like fuckin' over a broad, playboy I'm a macaroni

I mean that bitch got miles on her she's a ho  
I mean that bitch can teach the wind how to blow  
She's a pro groupie though  
Zulu jocka binaca  
The hood head knocka'

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Sometimes I'm suited up sometimes I don't care  
When I'm grindin' I don't brush my teeth or comb my hair  
When I'm timin' I like to buy drinks  
When I'm timin' it's louie the thirteenth  
Ballers you know how we livin'  
You know how we meet 'em in the parking lot at popeye's chicken  
I can mesmerize a hoe by jowsin  
Can you make a g look like ten thousand  
Where all my ghetto tycoon, beanie caps, and kangols  
Where all my niggas wit them federal beepers on they ankles  
Where all the hood-hoe dick teasers  
Where all my beautiful black intelligent divas

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