

My Lil' Grimey Nigga

E-40

My lil grimey nigga, he don't rap or nothin
The one in front of the club in the hoodie that be
bustin
He don't love nothin, his pockets on slim
So when you go outside you better watch out for him

When my lil grimey nigga come around fools get nervous
Cause he ill and sick as the fuck, smirky, heartless
and merciless
His daddy don't claim him even though he looks just
like him
His mama been on goup ever since 1990
In and out of foster homes, YA, juvy, still ain't
reformed
They say the doctor dropped him on his head when he was
born
My lil grimey nigga maney, janky like tricked dice
Never been to church in his life, no conscience, put
you on ice
Pack a gun and a knife, aim it right at your brain
Lookin like a plate, tuck it or you gon' get took for
your chain
Him and his partners mannish (?)
With a AK-47, pistol, handgun, assault weapon
I be tryina tell my lil grimey, "Slow down!" But he
ain't listenin
Lil nigga hardheaded, look forward to goin to prison
Don't care if he make it to 25, he ain't trippin
Fifi, belushi, and pill, syrup and chacha sniffin

My lil grimey be lurkin and prowlin in the wee hours of
the night
With the (?)
Lookin to bump heads or cross paths with anybody that
he got a problem with
Lurkin at the gas station on some old floop shit
Trained and programed to go, about his dough
A hitter, no a barber but carry a extra clipper
Got hella next of kin cousins and uncles, up out the
Rich
El Sobrante and Hercules teach him, taught him how to
fish
My lil grimey nigga, all the time right behind me,
nigga
On the block with the Glock where you can find me,
nigga
They didn't see his face, but everybody knew his name
Everybody knew his name, silhouette, his body frame
I wonder what set he claim? For the money, fuck the
fame
Do he make it rain? Hell nah, he gangbang
My lil grimey nigga, keep a dumper stashed in his motor
Set to set robbin niggas, he's a floater