

Nice guys finish last and stay broke
Bad guys finish first, and push coke
From the bay, where they made the word playa hater
Where they shoot instead of squabbin' like hockey playas
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I still got a mirror in my pocket
The kind of career I'm havin' at this age defies logic
I'm tryna get my one's up, stack my issue?
Finger on my stapler, or should I say pistol
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Fat ass wad full a' hundreds, I ain't got no cents
40 Water, bring me up to speed, pimp
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Ain't nothing new under the sun
Because the gab God blessed me with his tongue
In cahoots with the streets and the vocal booth
Solified, documented, partna' I got proof
Mouthpiece, shoulda been a pimp
I'm more than just a rapper, my nigga, I'm an event

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California ain't always sunny
California nose kinda runny
Might go to church on Sunday
And sell dope on Monday
One hand on the scale, the other one on the bible
Askin' the Lord to protect me from my enemies and my rivals
Posted with my Bushmaster chopper assault rifle
From those that Lookin out the window like Malcolm
That's dramatics music straight from the gravel that underground
If I give you the script, you best not read it upside down
Man I drink too much, I got two dranks
Man I think too much, I got two brains
E-40, Fonzarelli, man I got two names
I got two chains so I tote two thangs
Sick-wid-it click thick like Wu-Tang
I'm the heart of the Bay, the artery and the veins
The club was crickets till E-40 walked in, I get it poppin'
Man, it was so quiet you could hear a mouse pistol cockin'

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Man, it's the block brochure, man, the ave almanac
The hustler's handbook, the really lived that
Run off with' my sack and get yo' helmet cracked
Have you gaspin for air, like an asthma attack
I'm from that 80's era when we didn't wear no mascara
When we played by the rules, and sudden turned on dudes
Anything can be confused, any beef can be fixed
Long as nobody got knocked down, ill try to fuck your bitch
Some of my fellas so grimy that they ain't never been to a club
Some of my fellas so street that they ain't never been outta they hood
Hold court on the soil, not in front of a judge
Ain't no need for holdin' a grudge
My my speakers, my whole system go
40 what kinda amp you got Memphis mojo
Feezy where you been, playa, it's been a while
Waitin around for this real shit to come back in style

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