

Paint the Picture

E-40

I guess it must be so hard, that once you're hooked on heroin, or alcohol, a h, unless you're an incredibly powerful person, with a great desire to stop it, even if you have the best rehab people in the world, it's very hard to get off

A dope fiend might be your momma
And you can get knocked off for a couple of dollars
(let me paint the picture)
The nigga you grew up with might shoot at ya
Hot bullets we ain't throwing food at ya
That nigga got a Benz and a Bentley thang
And he don't play sports he sell cocaine
(Let me paint the picture)
Nigga kill a cop get a hundred years
Cop kill a nigga nobody cares

Sidewalks and hallways
White chalk, candlelights and bouquets
Crime scene, shell casings from the AKs
Donations, send the victim off the right way
And for revenge, worldwide they spending thousands
Gotta be careful at these halfway houses
This stake out here patient
Double deuce thirds, and 5.56 casings
The neighbours ain't telling shit
They mouthpiece is celibate
I don't condone the violence, turn the other cheek
Hard to deal with when you're love one is deceased
The funk will never end
When I'm done with rap I might become a reverend
Because I been spitting scriptures
Let me paint the picture!

I know some crazy niggas that a raid ya house
Rob ya ass, fuck your spouse
Hit ya cell phones till ya pay up
Get your address, spray that bitch up
Hug the bitch, tell her watch the kids
Cause I'm out breaking and murking shit
Got my scar phone, got my gloves on
And I'm through the window like a Ball
She bet I make a move, she bet I make her pee
If she do my partner gonna strangle her
This the ghetto nigga, ain't no rules at all
And the punk police ain't no friends of ours
Might get credit at the liquor store cause I'm a regular
Tell the owner I be back when I get this feddy up
I'm selling dope, there ain't no jobs
And we still trippin off Trayvon

Look
Thinking of myself driving down the i-80, has anybody noticed all these real moves lately?
The end is close, you gotta watch friend and foes cause you never know who the devil might send to smoke you
Blood flowing through the streets you look down you drown
Turned the TV on the scene how they dead Mike Brown kill little Trayvon, say

stand your ground
But gave Marissa 20 years when it was the other way round
I'm like fuck, niggas shooting if I got enough time I might duck
Niggas looting like we ain't got enough crime feel like I'm stuck
In the belly of the beast
My heart cold like a cheap telling shiek
These hoes full of trifling and deceit
Mack the rubber on when I skeet
I can't leave the block im on the street
Had the same clothes on for a week

[Hook]