

## 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 g  
et 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 t  
he 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]