

## Practice Lookin' Hard

E-40

Bloody murder, crime, drugs, folks smokin'  
Man I remember when it used to be cool to leave ya screen door open  
And let the mosquitos and the flies sneak in  
Look mama and them play whistle  
So I'ma play tackle football with my friends  
I guess them times is gone cause like a wishbone  
I wish I had em' back instead of watchin' brothers fiz-all  
Catch em' out on every track, bar, street, boulevards  
Sweet avenues with dead ends, neighborhoods with antens  
Whatever happened to the days of Little League  
Pop Warner and Boy Scouts, the Old Singing Boys Club  
Voodoo to go to school not thinkin'  
Too busy smokin' weed, sellin' dope and drinkin'  
I guess we're livin' in the last days  
Cause in the last days the Bible speaksof AIDS  
Plagues, brothers killin' brothers, earthquakes  
Youngsters tryin' to earn stripes as a work face  
I'll be a sucker if I don't pull ya ho card  
I used to be soft but now I'm hard  
Fuckin' nigga, I practice lookin' hard

I got a mirror in my pocket and I practice lookin' hard  
Mirror, mirror make the call  
Who's the hardest of them all  
I got a mirror in my pocket and I practice lookin' hard  
Right before I go to bed  
I make sure that my mirror's there

Take yo mean face off partner why ya muggin' me  
Fools say shit, I can't help that shit's in me  
It's automatic cause what's mine ain't even took  
It's my mad at the world look  
I said I feel ya man, sometimes I catch myself too  
Mean muggin' folks that did no harm to me or my crew  
But now it shouldn't have to be this way  
Fools say, I don't care what nobody say  
The other man got me this way  
I'm fresh out the pen and out the system for years  
Been fillin' out all kinds of applications to make a grip  
But I don't know nothin' about no computer chip  
It takes that to make a J-O-B in the 93  
But a J-O-B in 93 consists of paper rarely  
Jobs like the oil refinery  
I'd rather work in Napa at the winery  
And then ya wonder why I'm stubborn  
Forever lookin' hard, I been scarred

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Can't tell me shit, I come from a broken up home  
Every since I was a youth I thought that I was grown  
Meet me after school nigga and we can get it on

Ya talked about my mammy now I'm goin' upside ya dome  
I got a complex problem, my guard stay up  
I'm always on the offense side, don't test my nuts  
I'm not a Charles nor a Larry but I'm scary  
Scared that I might lose it and chop you with my piece berry  
I deep into my shit and it's straight like that  
I be quick to clobber a motherfucker with my Flintstone bat  
Nobody likes me on my father's side of the family  
They can't stand me cause they think that I'm sellin' that candy  
I kid you not, all bullshit to the side  
I got 20,000 niggas in my organization  
Now which one of y'all niggas down to ride  
I gets juiced off the underground doja  
You know that Click shit, that independent shit  
It makes me feel like I want to  
Got me a baggy full of broccoli and a crooked eye 22  
I feel crafty, I mean that but I feel great

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[Various ad-libs]