

Rick Rock Horns

E-40

I need mine, quick fast in a hurry, pronto
Sucker run up and get a three-piece combo
Northern California, from the slums of the V
Where a dopefiend'll kill ya for a balloon of Khadafi
I'm on a special sauce right now, I'm oiled up, I'm turnt
Drankin, blankin, weeded, burnt
Bumpin my favorite rapper, go by the name of E-4-0
He was sayin shit 20 years ago y'all niggas just now though
It's over they head like a flying saucer, some of these suckers lost
Never had close encounters with the streets or the cops
My watch and my batteries, my rims and my tyres
My (?) regulator, starter and my amplifier
Old school sidin on them though
Memphis mojo, adio, hoe
Woofers, tweeters, horns, slaps
Hookers, heaters, warrants, traps

I ain't gettin fed up tryin get this bread up
Ain't nobody fuckin with me
Come from Vallejo, pimps pushin tail
Triple beam scales got keys
I know fools bark 'bout what they got
But I'm really feedin these streets
Drug, smack, meth, pills, trees
Show me what you need

I just got off the phone with my pimp partner, he pimp hoes
Say he don't want no black girls, he want some pink toes
Some pink toes? Yeah, some white girls, mayne
They easy to manipulate, persuade and play with they fuckin brain
I said, "Man you a fool, why you do like that?"
He was like, "Feezy you know I'm about them dollars, mayne, I'm a mack"
I gotta admit, ever since I known him he kept a bad batch
A stable of hoes, kinda like those in a pocket full of snacks
Man, we some Bay boys, till we dead and gone
We like to talk slick and sly like the Family Stone
Little one-dollarnaires with big dreams in our eyes
Waitin for things to mature, waitin for things to materialize
I know some niggas that been shot in the head - and lived
I know some niggas that been shot in the leg - and died
I know some folks, they got they top split like a bagel
For snitchin and rollin over and tellin on folks like (?)

I was born to sell, never snitch and tell
I keep stackin my cheese
Got folks up in jail, hell with no bail
The judge threw away them keys
Now I know fools bark 'bout what they got
But I'm really feedin these streets
Chip phones, laptops, bootleg DVD's
Just tell me what you need

Gotta go pick up my folks from the Greyhound station, he 33
Said he ain't had pussy since pussy had he
He went in when he was a baby, fresh out of Tehachapi
Started off in juvy, ended up in the penitentiary
Solid to the core, solidified, y'all

Say, "40 they love you, mayne, your name good behind them walls"
I said, "'preciate it, felly, I'm just tryina play my part
Stick to the rules and regulations the way that I was taught"
California raised a pit, not a (?) or a chihuahua
Might do it or might send it, bust your head like a piñada
If you start it I'ma end it, I got the money and the power
It's paid for, not rented, same color as clam chowder
I got my right hand on my chest like I pledge allegiance
Tweekin and trippin on how fast my heart is beatin
Sour diesel chokin and smokin and blowin and puffin all day, my son
Loved one, I'm loaded like a shotgun

Got goons on the corner, all through California
You know 40 Water runs deep
Half desperation, half determination
Hustlin is made of these
Now I know fools bark 'bout what they got
But I'm really up in these streets
Spit real game - take heed
Just tell us what you need