

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-O  
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