

# Sell Everything

E-40

Boss moves man, Chess moves man  
Uh huh!  
We out here getting paper, we trying to have our money  
Pot, pills, heroin, cocaine  
Speed, crack, crystal, the fast lane  
Trains, boats, beaches and airplanes  
What we sell? We sell everything.  
I'm just as hard headed as I want to be  
Me and my entourage, my faculty  
Crazy like the glue, promethazine and Mountain Dew  
Sometimes I act my age, sometimes the size of my shoe  
Right now I'm hella paid, but I used to be broke like you  
Bankroll overweight from selling weight, wait?  
Did you say bankroll overweight from pushing weight?  
Did I? Ignorant ass slap when I skate, slide by  
Made a whole lotta money from pushing cake, dead right  
I'm a whole 'nother gr'animal from those  
Grew up with hella hoes in my clothes, your clothes?  
Dig in those dirty clothes to come out clean, know what I mean?  
So I hopped in the yola game and bought a beemer, a triple-beamer?  
Didn't have no income, but this is the outcome  
Real life, not a sitcom  
Hustlers up, busters down  
Partner this the re-up, not the runaround

Gorilla in it, killing it  
Making my presence felt  
Beating they fucking ass, without the fucking belt  
Panini a motherfucker, toast him like a patty melt  
In an old school duster, and I'm doing it by myself  
I got a proposition legal, not like the others  
Lets put out bread together and build like the toll brothers  
The banks denying modifications, foreclosures  
Short sales, lets turn our money over  
Invest in a couple of condos, real estate, elevate  
A couple of years from now you gonna be thanking me, lets celebrate  
Used to mean mug but now I smile  
Everyday is a balladay  
Turning heads just like a owl  
Direct TV in my Escalade

I still got the keys so I'm driving it  
If y'all keep buying it, I'mma keep supplying it  
Deliver, distribute and whipping and selling these microphone candy bars  
Nigga did you just say whipping and selling these microphone candy bars?  
Yee I did  
I got three phones, that's why I don't ever answer the phone  
I got three guns, a black one, grey one and a chrome  
Three homes, that's prolly why I'm never home  
Three lungs, like Michael Phelps smoke the bong  
There's three sides to every story: mines yours and the truth  
Niggas lose their lives every day over a booch  
Niggas get popped with nines and AKs and caught loose  
Trying to get their ham and green eggs like Dr. Seuss  
Bitch!