

## Shit Like That

E-40

These hoes on me just like the tats on my arm  
Keep playing around I got big old straps, yeah I'm armed  
Yeah, yeah this shit be crazy, give it to me

These hoes on me just like the tats on my arm  
Keep playing around I got big old straps, yeah I'm armed  
You chip the ice I got big old rocks on my charm  
And I'm pulling in up with ya bitch don't be alarmed  
I got blow and shit like that, I got racks and shit like that  
I got lean, weed, nigga I pull that pad shit like that  
My bitch gone but I'm a get me a bad bitch back  
And shit like that  
Keep playing around I'm a go a head and run with this sack  
And shit like that

I got 'dro and shit like that  
I tote Max and shit like that  
Rolls Royce pull up riding round in them backs, shit like that  
I'm in the cool as hell, I'm the the strip club  
I got racks and shit like that  
Am 'bout to stand out and show the bitch how we going a act shit like that  
Me and 40 in the back of this Benz yo we going smash yo friends  
Cardias all in my Leanas now I'm in the Jag with the twins  
I got 24's under these motherfucking two seater  
All the ice on and I'm riding round yeah bitch I got two heaters  
I'm a turn up, turn up, can't even turn down though  
Wait, I'm a a roll up, roll up I'm a smoke one now hoe  
Fruit juice my car, we shoot like stars  
Nigga say you wanna 12, 20 Gs for the bar (it's 'dro)

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50 on my wrist 80 on my neck partner I'm set (you set?)  
Hoes see my saucy ass whip and they yelling he wet (he wet?)  
Got a line on a boat and shit like that  
Tote a 4-4 spit your Kool-aid pack  
I'm a let you shoot the dice and I'm a side bet  
Play the field to collect and shit like that  
I'm from the Hillside trap where they spit that crack  
Get your chain snatched, I can get it back  
Hood respect shit like that  
I don't wear skinny jeans cause it can't fit my strap  
Can't fit my strap, can't fit my strap  
But I can flip that pack like an acrobat  
And I won't step on it like a doormat  
Give me 30 minutes I'll bring more back  
game sick make her open her leg man I put I bitch on back page  
Make me proud gal I'm your PayPal money ground green dot

Sock it to my pocket like a rocket pay the piper bitch  
... bitch, bitch make me rich  
Hundred dollars bills when I go shit  
Sit on the shitter with extendo clip  
With a Swish' on my lip, on the phone with your bitch bitch

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Ugh packets of the meat no fat won't see no cat I ride foreign  
I got big old rats from a bitch I met she be whorin'  
I'm from the street baby I'm a eat regardless of what I'm doing  
My brother John Terrell Davis I'm a Smoke killa, my nigga now hear that pack  
I kill em in the winter hit em in the denim jackets  
Onyx, the pin-ups on the kit going catch  
Her moms still talking about that ghetto sex  
On spokes, now play that back  
Hold up the bitch I don't play like that  
I'm a player nigga get like that  
I'm a boss and that's some shit like that  
And Molly I done put that back take too much to get up and get right back  
My partner told me that one for me and not that greed and I'm a 'bout to get  
on X  
Holy moly, my shit on flex goldy goldy I'm a big old mess  
In the Bay with 40 before they smokin big old threats  
Getting money, hoes and shit like that

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