

Sideways

E-40

Mobb shit bitch
I know you know
But check game doe

I'm in the S-E 4-double-oh
Sitting real low, stick in the flo', oh
The hoe want me to come swoop
Take her for a ride in my blue Lex Luthor (Lex Luth-ah)
But the bitch ain't got no gas fetti (gas fetti)
So I burnt her like Fast Freddy (Fast Freddy)
Hit me on the first when your mail has come
And maybe we can go to the mall or somethin (to the mall or somethin)

Heavy ass shit for the mob -- for the mob
When I make a zillion I resign -- I resign
I'm realer than a hundred dollar bill with the line across
When Christmas come around ask Santa Claus
Santa do you know E-40?
Bet you that nigga say "That's my homey!"
We used to perv grind curb trip to my grandma
Kahlua with them brandy almost every day

Cardiac is cool, but I'm on gin (on gin)
Santa bought me, a new Mac-10 (yeah)

Yeah, Click shit makes a motherfucker's night
Niggaz listen to it cuz it's light
Crooked twisted unlisted on the highways
We riding sideways, beotch!

I'm riding sideways, this way thatta way
("Back up the Coupe and roll sideways")
I'm riding sideways, this way thatta way
("Made a left at the corner cuz it was hoes")
I'm riding sideways, this way thatta way
("I'm looking for a big seat")
I'm riding sideawats, this way thatta way
("Hoes see this type of shit and go reala...")

I'm riding city to city (city to city), me and Leviti
So get your toilet paper cuz it's gon' get shitty (gon' get shitty)
I hit the highway goin East (East)
Twenty-two ounces of yeast (yeast...)
I'm playin this game cuz a nigga my age be
I met her last night and today she paged me
Wanna know if B-Legit can kick it tonight (what else)
Only sixteen, way too tight

But age ain't nothin but a number -- number
Baby got her hair done by Shanda -- Shanda
Nine nine ten, eleven and up
If you bleed, you get fucked -- fucked
No not me, not fo'-oh -- not fo'-oh
I break the bootch down with a two by fo'
Eryfuckinday is a holiday, celebration
When the bitch is actin crabby that means she's on her menstration
I be like fuckin em like dissin it to the highest -- highest

Talkin more shit than Kalidous

A str-uh, strizuck out in my Cutlass Supreme on a Friday
(which way we ridin) Riding sideways... beotch!

I'm riding sideways, this way thatta way
("Doing about a buck fifty")
I'm riding sideways, this way thatta way
("Danked out, and full of that Cisco")
I'm riding sideways, this way thatta way
("Pervin swervin runnin all into the curb and")
I'm riding sideways, this way thatta way
("Bout a gallon to the dome, then that's the hit")

See I'ma hogg nigga, Beverly Hillbilly
Neckbone, socks, tails, pork'n'beans and chili
Just like my nigga Celly, we likes to kick it silly
Regurgitate and kick a bootch move up out the telly
Cause they out there bad ain't satisfied
Hoes just wanna be pacified
But I can't do no justice cuz the justice ain't to be did
BEOTCH! You usin too much red

Now I've been known to break niggaz off (off)
Hard type or soft, line em up chalk em up as a loss
See me in the parking lot doing my thang (yeah)
Love to see my old school dance in the rain (kick it)
The po-po's came then they closed up shop (kick it)
Smashed through the Hood and we made that hot (yah)
See the shit don't stop (stop) motherfuckers pop (pop)
Seven-deuce drop (drop) Coney air shocks (mmhmm)
Riding through the shit like Racer X
And if a motherfucker flex break back and necks (back and necks)
Running red lights and the right-of-ways
(How we gonna get it doe?) We get it sideways, beitch!!

I'm riding sideways, this way thatta way
("Late at night up and down saying hi...")
I'm riding sideways, this way thatta way
("Be trapped trunk, Stark Boulevard")
I'm riding sideways, this way thatta way
("Come here you little hard-ass boy!")
I'm riding sideways, this way thatta way
("Niggaz like to hear this type of shit when they crawl")