

## The Story

E-40

Here's a little story I got to tell  
And this dis goes on, again and again  
Uh, Uh

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I think it goes, ya live by the dirt, ya die by the shovel  
You can repent and come with god or you can know a devil  
You can go and get a job or you can do some federal  
but if I were you, I'd straighten up and do some next level  
I often tweek when I drive (drives)  
How can a small town like Thelel have all these homocides  
Man, fools be droppin like flies  
Maybe we need mo brothers sellin bean pies  
And it's a fool cuz everybody mama's know each other  
It ain't cool, but you know black folks like to act they color  
Wonder why all the good people get put through some many  
different changes of the web  
And all those folks that do wrong seem like they  
live forever  
I wish I can rewind time  
Remember when we used to get free lunch, and the  
city bus used to cost a dime  
Runnin around, talkin about you got the cooties  
Liftin up skirts, and touchin girl's booties  
Boy, take those shoes off before ya come up in dis house  
And whatever you do, don't you sit on grandmama's plastic  
covered couch  
Why is it that when all the homeys get together, we get back  
in the dayz  
And I can remember a time we get drunk somebody bring up AIDS  
Life is something you catch ball and give back  
Here today and gone tomorrow  
Just like that  
Pat yo rats on yo back (Patch your rats on your back)  
Take some time out yo waltz (Take some time out yo waltz)  
And tell your love'ems that you love em as all

Uh, Uh fatty is the key to end all your walls  
Contemporary crib, cash cards and clothes  
But then it cause problems like guns and spids  
Familys fall out and don't talk for years  
Like my crome (Like my crome)  
They called him big breaded  
His first cousin set him up and left his ass for dead  
Churches, wakes, nothing unusual, seem like every other  
damn day I'm buyin and brand new suit for funerals

Have yo pockets ever lost weight, and you ain't even tried  
Did you wonder if yo cash was on da diet  
See, when you're up, everybody wanna come around  
But when ya down, ain't nobody out there to be found  
If you love someone you should tell em often  
Ya never know when they'll be layin in da coffin  
Dedicated to my peoples up in jail  
Ya partner 40 water gotta story to tell (a story to tell)

Takin tert da ninja out da getto (the getto)  
But not the getto out da ninja, give me life for 3 rocks  
But I won't surrender  
Oh he's a heven (heven), nigga da way he dress  
He must be dealin (dealin) how did he get that Lex  
Of course, if it ain't used get spokes, it's crime and coast  
It's all dey work  
Shootin shit up and actin tough, ridin around with gold n stuff  
It's rough  
How much money you earn, enough, I own my own law firm  
Don't need a tux, I twerks picoods and kakis (kakis)  
Levis and t-shirts (Levis and t-shirts), whatever the street's works  
(street's works)  
Partner douch, you been actin kinda funny lately since you even  
got a few bucks  
But I'm still folks with some pac, remember three flies up  
And this goes on, again and again  
Dis goes on, again and again  
Ain't nothin changed but the tad toy  
Same time, different day, different star

[Chorus]