

## They Might Be Taping

E-40

I like this Rick Rock

I don't be slackin in my mackin, I be doin it in a player fashion  
Makin it happen, speakers slappin, scootin and skatin and Cadillac'n  
I be, representin my region and pullin up in somethin decent  
Used to buy shit off the lot, but now lately I've been leasin  
Like the white man I've been thinkin, tryin to come up with a plan  
How to spend this dope money, buy some houses and some land  
Tryin to teach you niggaz somethin, tryin to lace you like a shoe  
Buy a couple of big Celebrities pimpin it ain't gotta be brand new  
I'm a boss about my shit, about the way I carry it  
The way I wear my glasses low, the way I sport my toothpick  
The way I pop it at a hoe, the way I utilize my mouth  
The way I keep my fuckin blowover over at a relative's house  
Beware of yo' surroundings, gotta handpick yo' cronies  
Gotta be about your allowance, and X out all the phonies  
Gotta watch out for them folks, gotta watch yo' conversations  
Gotta be careful on the phones cause them folks might be taping

(Aww shit, talk in pig latin, use the codes)  
They might be taping  
(Aww man, you think they taping?)  
Gotta be careful on the phones cause them folks might be taping  
(Aww shit, they readin lips, cover your nose)  
They might be taping  
(Naw man, you think they taping?)  
Gotta be careful on the phones cause them folks might be taping

40 {?} an ounce of space, ain't even had time to wash my face  
I been in the traffic tryin to get it, I ain't got time to fuckin waste  
My money's short like I'm slippin, I'm tryin to smack it up and flip it  
I'm tryin to turn this thousand dollars into a quarter of a mill' ticket  
Some of you suckers be lyin to kick it, but that ain't the fuckin way  
Niggaz be sellin mo' wolf tickets than fake autographs on eBay  
My orangutangs'll growl, with our upside down smile  
We been doin it for a while, you can check my d-boy file  
I be fuckin 'em up like this man, I be killin 'em off like that  
Divin up in them hoes mayne and treatin them hoes like rats  
Niggaz don't really know that I'm so sincere about this here  
Niggaz don't really know that I got my name from drinkin beer  
Do a cauliflowered ear, me and my muskateers  
Come through with them choppers, let the lil' homey steer  
I like to dress up in my doctors, camouflage my real career  
But I'm really packin woppers, pistols rusty like Pam Grier

"Taping, taping, taping-taping-taping" They might be taping  
"Taping, taping, taping-taping-  
taping" Gotta be careful on the phones cause them folks might be taping

I wish a motherfucker would, I'm still livin my second childhood  
My mentality, my frame of mind, all hood  
I'm in the local booth with my nine, breakin down a backwood  
Sippin on 40, drink cloud nine, try to get it while it's good  
In the heart of the soil, in the middle of the paint, where it ain't  
Where we park our cars on the grass, sell hop and push crank  
Where the dopefiends dig in our tracks and siphon gas from our tanks  
Where the biggest hypocrites in the church call themselves saints

I don't gossip like bitches I mind my own fuckin business  
Dig yaper good money cause that sucker shit ain't nutritious  
I don't be burnin no bridges I'm a loyalist 'bout my riches  
Gumbo pots boil, good with the skillet like a chemist  
Steady long like a female weave, cooler than antifreeze  
Bust you in the toe like Eddie Murphy did DeLouise  
Act like you know what I represent, bitch please  
That powdered milk section 8 and that government cheese, hoe!

[Outro - same as Interlude]