

## This Goin' Up

E-40

Up, up, and away we go  
Got a fifth of that oil, and a bag of 'dro  
That I copped from the soil, that we finna blow  
Higher than Pluto, that's where I'm tryna go  
Mars, Saturn, out the hempmisphere  
(Did you say hemisphere?) Nah, the hempmisphere  
Bars, patterns, hella far from here  
Buzz Lightyears, not Bud Light beer  
We been doing this every day, the same thang  
Mobbin' and mashin' and switching lanes  
Wysin' and spazzin', it's a shame  
Trappin' and traveling, planes and trains  
Seriousness, out of body experiences  
Mysterious, curious, furious, hilarious  
If you test my cool, I'm a do the fool  
Leave your ass slumped over  
I'm the same way every time you see me, fool  
Drunk or either sober  
I don't just only like to fuck but I like to get fucked up  
I don't just only like the white, I like the dark in my cup  
Never sell myself short (sell myself short)  
I'm always in and out of court (LIVING THIS GHETTO LIFE)  
Trying to get rich twice (rich twice)  
Three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven (eleven)  
Never leave the crib, never left without my weapon (weapon)  
Me and my niggas go with our first mind, not our second  
(BIATCH!)

Bitch, we mob so mainey  
I can't stop if she don't pay me  
Yeah this slap is so damn crazy  
'Cause I mob so goddamn mainey  
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I'm a goddamn maniac mobbin'  
So every time you see me, bitch, bass throbbin'  
Golasoaso, Jesus Cristo  
Husalah guapo, I live illegal  
Sold perrigo, dump with choppers  
Husalah Husalah, bend blocks with mobbers  
Suckas holla'n a "mob" but they really ain't mobbin'  
Green light on sight, being stripped and robbed  
Gettin' sucked in the Chev' like a schizo, then bitch  
Put a rack on my kicks so the bitches on my dick  
Eleven-hundred on my shirt 'cause I rep for the turf  
Yeah, I'm beautiful and gorgeous but chopps is rippin'

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Dopeman, dopeman, pharmaceutal  
Early on the block with a cup o' noodle  
Kick door, kick door, no problemo  
If I think a nigga got it, I'm through that window  
Gangsta crazy, sniffing coca  
Pop, pop, pop, my la vida loca  
No comprende, speak no English  
If it ain't about money, potna, it ain't my business  
Old school money like Troop and Fila  
Five chains on, got that Mr. T look  
Pull up one deep, take your wife off  
I swear I got a Benz that'll fuck your life off  
Bitches out here choosing 'cause they heard I do it big  
Bitch, don't give me half of nothing, I need every dime you get  
(Get up on me)

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