

Three Jobs

E-40

In the Plaza, payless shoes, got my shoes for cheap
When my parents separated I cried for weeks
Had a passion for music beating on my desk
4th grade had some weed and some country club cress
For the band momma was a mack, take me to mommas music to buy a drum pad
What else?
And a pair of wooden sticks with the plastic tips
So I could practice my craft and one day get rich
What you do?
Got it going started rapping in the 7th
What you hear?
Heard Rapper's Delight: Sugarhill Gang
Growing up, life wasn't always fair
Moved to Magazine street, Nothing like Bel-Air
A lot of shoot outs and fights hustling to survive
I pray everyday I thank God I'm still alive
A lot of my people aren't here no more they either dead or in jail or on dog
food or ether blow

I had a paper route
Free lunch that was me dawg
Getting teased made me hard
Living in the struggle
All i know was to hustle
And my momma had 3 jobs
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Free lunch that was me dawg
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I went from chopped ramen noodles to garlic noodles at Crustacean a little s
notty nose ghetto child see people grandma free basing
What else you see?
Done seen it all ain't nothin much to trip me out only time when I cry is wh
en the choir sign the missionary shout
Some of my loved ones in the bean they locked up they got a cell phone they
maddish they be on Twitter and Facebook
I send them the latest albums that slap
The music by mail, the access secure pack
How about that?
Real ones be real ones my nigga if you a real one lets get these millions my
nigga
I'm with you if you off or on
Love keeps no record of wrong
To all my people in the struggle going through it
Listen to 40 lyrics his music therapeutic
It's sick out here
Rifles big enough to kill a deer

Blowing medicinal is traditional around these parts only thing square about
me is my candy Chevy box
Tremendous knock, or should i say slap
Album sounds like The Thing and The Hulk in the trunk fading back there chom
ping
Intersects and shootouts, bullets flying I'm from an under-

severed community bad credit and crime
So many babies die, stuck in the middle, caught in the chaos
Everybody got guns, anybody will knock you off
When it rains it pours lightning and thunder I'm cool with the creator I got
his cell phone number
When you talk to him?
I talk to him all the time when the saints go marching in I want to be in th
at line
Lack of communication leads to blood spilling
Momma always told me not to tease and laugh at special needs children
She worked at Napa State Hospital Mental institution, Maggie's Hamburgers an
d Mr Jimmy's grocery store

[Hook]