

## 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  
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

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 the  
at line  
Lack of communication leads to blood spilling  
Mamma always told me not to tease and laugh at special needs children  
She worked at Napa State Hospital Mental institution, Maggie's Hamburgers and  
Mr Jimmy's grocery store

[Hook]