

## Til The Dawn

E-40

Testing testing, Bosko where they at  
Tonight swinger what we getting into

If you wanna dance we can do it tonight  
If you wanna smoke c'mon it's alright  
If you wanna drink c'mon we popping Don Perion  
Doing the damn thang till the dawn

Love me tender, love me sweet, I'm a thug, pack my heat  
All I do is spit these ki's, L-I-P's, overseas  
Get your feddy, stack your bread  
Make them duck heads give you head  
If it's money, bout them dollas  
Jack your stacks and pop your collars

Ooooh, fa shiggedel  
So slick, so sly, so slal  
Ghost pick, those thighs, those gals  
Came prepared, to my last show  
Fire it up, wire it up off of the a sal  
Hide in the birds trying to throw it at me now  
Let me breathe on you for a minute as I snatch up  
This fine ass little brusselsprout and I have to apprehend her

Now guess what, what, chicken butt  
Bitch goody goody, wait a minute  
It wouldn't be cracking if my cousin  
4-Tre wasn't in it, goody goody  
Now if you wanna dance, smoke, drink  
We got the party cracking like all for you baby  
Goody goody, god, make a pimp wanna jump back  
Goody goody, don't stop, the beat rock  
Cause we hot, the heat rock, and don't stop  
Believing, just get your money where you're breathing  
This is for the thugs set butts in they laps, goody goody  
And this is for E-40 and The Click in the land goody goody

I prosaic, chemically imbalanced  
Black folks, lactose and talerance  
Red cup, strictly riding gut  
Hard licking tricking, bitch playa banked up  
Love the baby with the big butt  
Walking up, to my F5-50 truck  
What's your name, Sandra  
Like that, where you from, Atlanta

[Chorus - 2x]