

To Whom this May Concern

E-40

Shit, if the shoe fit, wear it, fuck it
BEOTCH!

To whom this may concern
All you rappers with all that fetti to burn
The industry is finicky so let me make this clear
THEY'LL HAVE A NEW NIGGA NEXT YEAR!!

I know you're shinin like a light
I know your record sales is politics and hype
I know you're boohoo'n
cause none of your royalty statements never had a check attached to 'em
Famous but unrecouped; circumstances predicated on
large-ass video budgets, and takin out advancements
Uhh, March and September, that's quite a ways 40 - 40?
Oh he get paid every thirty days shorty!
Uhh, I ain't no lame
I'm different from y'all, I come from the game
(From the game) I ain't gotta explain
I been hella raw, I been spittin game
I seen you on the Billboard
I saw you when you got that MTV Award
Uh, number one on SoundScan
Congratulations playa; dude can I shake yo' hand?
Oh you don't wanna shake my hand, now you too good now?
Oh it's like that you 'sidin on yo' folks now?
Enjoy it while you're here..
.. THEY'LL HAVE A NEW NIGGA NEXT YEAR!!

Uhh, air-play, program directors from the Bay
don't support they rappers in the Yea (in the Yea)
They figure we ain'ts real hip-hop (hip HOP)
They lookin for some mainstream flip-flop (flip)
But I ain't finsta sit down (sit down)
Sit down and wait for this shit to come back around
Shit I just like to perk (whatchu like to do?)
I like to get out there and network
Charlie Hustle fall off? I doubt it
Shit, when niggaz stop talkin about me
that's when I'm gon' WORRY about it
And if they do I'ma take the independent road
A hundred thousand units on the underground;
playboy, that's ghetto gold!
Never breakin a sweat (a, a sweat)
Slangin albums from the internet (from the internet)
Ain't nuttin but respect here..
.. THEY'LL HAVE A NEW NIGGA NEXT YEAR!!

My loyal fans wanna know why it's so noticeable
and how come none of E-40 lyrics
ain't never been in The Source 'Hip-Hop Quotable'?
To tell the truth it's kinda irkin me, cause I don't know
I ain't rappin too fast, see y'all just listenin too slow
You can ask (Zomba) I'm about a thousand songs deep
Spittin ghetto anthems that I done had
I shoulda been ran out of heat (ran out of heat)
I had to prove myself first

I didn't get my deal based on a sixteen measure verse
Uhh, damn right and ever since dude 'Pac passed away
the West coast ain't been eatin right
If he was alive I'd ask him for his opinionation
and if he was me what would he do in this sort of situation
Would he take off on these journalists, tell me what you think
for assassinatin motherfuckers characters with all that bad ink?
How they gonna have me Top 50, #43?
I'm a hog, shit; that's why I don't fuck with Blaze
I fuck with Murder Dog

BEATCH!

See what I'm sayin? This shit is finicky
It's a fool out there, ya dum dums!
Smell this nigga?
Charlie Hustle, millenium ballers nigga (beatch)
Thought you thoughtamajig (HOE!!!)