

Turn Up the Music

E-40

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Pockets starvin, niggaz hurtin, money gone (money gone)
It's kinda like tryin to pass a kidney stone (kidney stone)
But I got hustle in my veins in my bones in my skin
Motherfucker I'm a win!
One foot in the grave (grave) the other one in the pen (pen)
One hand on the scale (scale) the other one on my extennndo
Heartless, empty the cartridge raw
Darkness, get out of Dodge so far
Now I don't look for trouble but trouble be always seemin to find me
Suckers don't wanna schuffle but suckers'll rather try to die me
Blind me, grimey, sneak up right behind me
Creep up on a fixture and give it to a nigga You might be slick mayne, but I
'm much slicker (I'm much slicker)
You might be sick mayne, but I'm much sicker (I'm much sicker)
That's yo' wife mayne, but she my ripper
What'chu want peeyimp?

Watch this though...

I was talkin to my mentor, look what I do
I said that I tell him I told him you don't know what I've been through
You don't know what I can do, you don't see what I can see
But I'm a listen to you cause you my motherfuckin O.G.
You can learn from an infant, you can learn from a baby
You can learn from a dopefiend that appear to be crazy
Family I'm lifted like a toilet seat, high as fuck I'm hazy
But there's somethin about that hit on me that make a hustler angry
With a slap like this that make my next door neighbors wanna hate me
Call up police and snitch report a hustler to the federales
Man I'm about my chips, I'm concrete and I'm solid (solid)
Rubber bands, fuck a money clip or wallet (wallet)
Send a sucker to hell or either heaven
With my AK-47 or my FM-57
.62, my Mac-11 make you sing the blues
Blow you out your shoes, your only clue is Headline News

Uhhh! Turn up the music

Never pull a pistol if you ain't plannin on usin it (mm-mm)
And around around it goes
Roamin stop nobody, no skatin in my Oldssssssss-mobile
Sittin on top of the hill
Smokin on some kill, burnin the rubber off my wheels
Lettin her know that I'm for real, showin off my skill
Me and my, redbone, french and black, maybe Creole
I'd rather not shoot you, I'd rather fight
I just look like this but I'll be the first one to strike!
Fucked this broad the other night
Had the mm-mm, her monkey was hella tight
Her ex lookin like he wanna take flight
Knowin that the nigga softer than a baby wipe
He tryin to prove it, I knew it, and that fluid'll do it
Before I lose it... turn up the music (beitch!)