

Why They Don't Fuck With Us

E-40

Y'all ready for this
ARE YOU READY!!!!!!
Ho, uh, uh

Why they don't fuck with us
Don't fuck with us, don't fuck with us
Don't fuck with us

I use colorful rhymes, you probably heard
From somebody else's lit, but really it's my spit
I came from the streets, I'm not from the 'burbs
Although I stay in the burbs, I come from the streets
Money hungry hustlers trying to make ends meet
Stingy young brothers when we walk we squeak
Have street, have money, have heart
I ain't trying to but I'm trying to go off the park
I'm on deck, Sick Wid It Records I rep
I'm a vet, but I spit like a youngster from the set
I ain't tripping, I knew it was political
They left us out the top for us, me and Mystikal
I rap fast but you could quote my rhymes
The greatest game spitter of all times
The most underrated rapper in the game
But everybody wanna use my slang

I don't know what they was thinking
When they thought what they was thinking
But they shit enough to fuck it
I've been a hustler since birth
So when they haul me off and
Put me up in that hearse remember this verse
I did a song with Fred Durst, as far as the independent
Underground rap scene, I was the first
To get a big deal, couple mill, and some mo'
See times have changed ever since then back in '94
Playa been eating off that bill, for a while
I always did me I never changed my style
I gave it to you raw and uncut
75 percent of the words, I made it up
You ask me why I speak the real the way I feel
How come E-40 so groupie and y'all so game goofy
Started to the back that I'm a force
They never put me on the cover of The Source

Next tape, they can't trace the calls
I change numbers, like a playa changes draws
I'm having money, money long stretch like a ?burshie?
When he use to come around ask the easter bunny
(Tell me do you know E-40)
Bet you the players say that's the homie
You liable to find me on the AVE. on the main drag
Or on the corner sipping yac up out a brown paper bag
I don't need no iron on my ready crease
Enough game to sell sand to a beach
Enough game to sell a hooker to a priest
Enough game to sell rookie rocket Scottie to a street
I rap fast but you could quote my rhymes

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[ad-libs]