

## Bring the Yellow Tape

E-40

Some serious ass shit jumped off a little bit over an hour ago  
My ace Boon just got peelt at the corner store  
It's unbelievable, I'm shocked, this can't be true  
I'm cryin' vengeance for revenge, look what I do

Called up my Mossie, told my niggaz to be on alert  
Heard it was some player hating OG's out there putting in work  
From what I understand that shit ain't over no turfs and drugs  
It's over some bitches and some jealous niggaz with a grudge

Hot at the head, I'm fired up I wanna do 'em in myself  
Hit me up in the corner and watch me  
Let them motherfuckers have it Nelf  
Money talks and bullshit walks, I'm off to San Leandro  
For some glocks and techno chops and a gang of ammo

Took a hit of the chronic dank to expand my thoughts relax nerves  
When I get back to the town just think  
Them niggaz gonna get straight served  
And a ballerish nigga like me, young in the game straight having thangs  
Taking this bullshit from some ol' jealous ass OG's man

I'm not having it, you want some funk I'll bring it to ya  
Dagnamit, I thought you suckas already knew  
Yes indeed, them niggaz act like they can't bleed  
But them lies, I'm talking about the element of surprise

Bring the noise, who's fallin' like the big boys?  
Heavens to Merkatroid, I'm ballin' like the big boys  
I just got word, I heard the same niggaz robbed my partner herb  
Pulled on his dick with a pair of appliers, got him for a bird

It's gettin' stanky, got my curiosity arousin'  
See, herbs a factor, he's worth seven hundred thousand  
GTE mobile net cellular communication  
I got his voice mail number, let me try and page him

I'm hecka cool, he hecksa cool with me  
He called me back said, "Let's go party on them fools E"  
I said, "Where you at?"  
He said, "Where you at?", I said, "I'm in Vallejo"  
He said, "I tell you what, let's hook up me and you at Denny's in the Vill"

I said, "Roger", he said, "Over and out, don't fake out"  
I said, "What time?" He said, "One o' clock  
If it's traffic, go the back route"  
Ya see, sloppy jobs ain't my forte so no mistakes  
We do it right and when it's done bring the yellow tape

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The yellow tape

Wassup, my Naga, you ready to ride  
On these hoe ass block busters  
That's me an Herb talking outside of Denny's

Smoking a beedie sittin' in my Cutlass

It's only a handful of them suck L's, I can count them on my fingers  
Fuck, letting this shit die down, I'm ready to hear the fat singers  
I'm 'bout my gats but can't make cash with niggaz  
Breathing all down my ass

Therefore I must explore by taking a few lives to even the score  
My ace Boon, my sugar low, blood pressure high [Incomprehensible]  
Drinking and crying, two four seven my stomach in and out

I know this one botch that got my nigga  
That just got out of jail's baby  
She'll play hop scratch she works for  
Pacific Bell and she just might maybe

Help me pull these niggaz coat tails true [Incomprehensible]  
Find out where they sleep by looking up there address on the computer  
Herb hollard, "Bingo, tomorrow we ride, my naga  
Fake ass niggaz done stuck there fingers in  
Some permanent shit that they can't wipe off"

Yeah, motherfuckers fail realize the size of this  
Oh, it's gon' get done, three or four more hot ones  
Added on to the fire that already got 'em  
Ain't no kind of [Incomprehensible] to me

My dick get hard off this type shit, boy  
Tell that botch to get the 707's  
On them niggaz residential spots  
By tomorrow afternoon and it's on

Think I didn't, got on it right away  
Finally got me a chance to use my  
Heckler & Koch collection throw-aways  
And when we did it, I guess you could say we did that  
And after that niggaz gave me my 'spec

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