

## Carpal Tunnel

E-40

Mack game, let me explain the fundamentals  
Charge a bitch like incidentals  
Put the peas up in the pot without the lentils  
When it come to getting paper, I'm low-key instrumental  
You bound to find me up in an Avis mini-van rental  
Player wanna lock this dog up in a kennel  
Hustle hard, never gentle  
My life is a movie, it's action-filled, it's suspenseful  
Play to win, never play to lose, I refuse  
Kids gotta eat, need some school shoes  
Can't spend my cop money, gotta cop  
Gotta pay my lawyer in case I get popped  
Stapler in my Under Armour boxer briefs  
We don't play for give, bitch, we play for keeps  
When it come to getting gouda, nigga, I'm a beast  
Bring it to your door like Uber Eats

I know how the streets work  
Residue on my T-shirt  
Hatin' ass niggas be disgruntled  
I'm sitting up counting this paper, paper  
I'm getting carpal tunnel  
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Residue on my T-shirt  
Hatin' ass niggas be disgruntled  
I'm sitting up counting this paper, paper  
I'm getting carpal tunnel, carpal tunnel

Took her to the strip club, dropped her off  
Gotta watch her, though, 'cause she sell soft  
Met her off Smirnoff, Red Bull  
Like it in her gut with her hair pulled  
B-la fuck around, like to smoke weed  
Bunch of purple shit and palm leaf  
140 acres, all trees  
Carpal tunnel, nigga, when we off these  
I don't think they know, I'm the one to count  
Pitcher from the block tryna strike me out  
Pack turned down, called to psyche me out  
Trips out of town then they wipe me out  
Sick Wid it, my nigga, we follow no law  
G-string, little bling, nigga, no bra  
Counting hella dough, hella cole slaw  
She wake me in the morning, she be old flow

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Block jumpin' like a trampoline

Nigga gotta move mean  
They smirky and they lurkin' and they plot and scheme  
They strung out on that crystal and promethazine  
Be careful who talkin' 'round, watch your speech  
Put a contract on my head, it's gon' get breeched  
Reverse the bounty, turn the hit around  
I know all the ones on your soil that's really getting down  
Yeah, bet your money on a rollercoaster  
Nigga livin' good 'til the wanted poster  
Then it's retreat up out the streets  
Different city every week, all bunch of suites  
And beware of the paper trail  
Never use your debit, nigga, they could tell  
Have you shut down in a cell  
Hoping you'll snitch, won't even tell

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