

Don't cha' know...

Yeah, it's another one of those potentate, dope, laid back  
Mob style, sippin' yac, top of the line rhyme,  
Fuckin' em' like that therapy, don't cha' know  
Fuckin' em' like that there beats, don't cha' know  
Yeah, it's another one of those potentate, dope, laid back  
Mob style, sippin' yac, top of the line rhyme,  
Fuckin' em' like that therapy  
Fuckin' em' like that there beats, I'm just a hustler

I'm goin' federal, justice ain't no damn miracle  
Fuckin' em' up like that, puttin' in work something terrible  
So before you mention to step to me  
You better get up on my history  
I'm known to the world as Mr. F-L-A-M-B-O-Y-A-N-T  
Killin' motherfuckers off crucial  
Sittin' em' down mutual  
Spittin' that ol' playa, gangsta shit  
Tryin' to maintain a strong grip  
V-Town, California where I was born and raised since  
1979 I been a hustler on the go  
Pop-pos wanna harass  
Me and my Keesh I needed cash  
Rocks wasn't groovin' at the time  
So way we got out money was cuttin' grass  
Leader not a follower, became a Hill-Side baller  
Put together a group called the C-L-I-C-K  
And I was the shot caller, I'm goin' federal

I'm just a hustler, I'm just a hustler don't cha' know  
I'm just a hustler, I'm just a hustler don't cha' know

Why don't cha' get up on this mic  
And spit some of that ol' gangsta shit back at em' man, would ya

I'm on the last nickels, they only made like four of  
Front-row seats at the fights  
Takin' long, expensive flights  
I love playin' hully-gully  
Cause I ain't nothin' nice on them dice  
So before you gamble against a hustler, I advise you to think twice  
Napoleon, macaroni, we serve hot-bellied pig  
96, 6 big screen television I bought for my kid  
Livin' kind of comfortable  
40 comin through with the real number  
From blocks and blocks away you can here the boom, blam, bumble  
Full tank of petro, up the metro, I'm like federal  
Hoes wanna get sexual cause they see me on a pedastal  
Nibblin' on my jock, like my big, ol' black tool is edible  
Tellin' you man these heifers now days is incredible  
Dishin' them one time scouts  
Through dark alleys, takin' other routes  
Hoppin' over barb-wire fences, ditches, puddles, crickets  
Mobbin' and squadin' hoggin' and guardin' bitches, check it out  
Takin' and shapin' and makin' a bunch of riches  
Yeah man, you can call me federal

Yeah man, these motherfucker be ridin' around here  
In these bootsy ass cars and what not man  
Takin' these penitentiary chances  
And they ain't even got they grin on  
Ya aughta be like my boy 40, while he Mr. Flamboyant

I got boys from my team with the up-most respect for me  
For-real lunatics that's willin' to kill for me  
Way too much love in my organization, I can't afford to take no loss  
MC's be seelin' them wolf tickets, but I be serious as fuck boss  
It's all part of the rap game and that's the way it should be goin'  
E-40 tellin' em' like it is, shootin' the gift that I be flowin'  
Might as well go on and admit it, it's who you know  
Not how damn good you are  
Everybody and their mama wanna rap fast but I'm the superstar  
E-40 why don't you slow it up a lil' something and go and speak on it  
Man I just be spittin' this shit to keep these suckers timid  
Well what about them ones that don't be recognizin' ya game  
Must be stuck on something either that or they're lame  
Funny style pop or rock, naw that ain't my forte`  
I'm sellin' a bunch of units underground without any airplay  
Folks be wantin' to hear this type of shit when they roll  
Man I'll never sell my soul  
Motherfuckers you didn't know, I'm federal

Uh, E, you still fuckin' em up like, E  
It's been like three years in this motherfucker

Hell yeah, you know a hog like me had to put the peas in the pod  
Let these motherfuckers know what's goin' down in the rap game  
You know what I'm sayin' (Yeah)  
I'm a money-hungry motherfucker, you know what I'm sayin'  
All about my scratch, artillery, fire arms and gats and shit

You know like that, that's right  
But you know it's still some folks out there  
That try to put bad names out there for you and what not  
What cha' gotta say about that, to those type of niggas

Oh, you know what I'm sayin' I got some good shit for them  
You know what I'm sayin'  
I'll just get to spittin that ol' shit for they ass  
Then I'll just come through with some mo' shit like this here  
Ya want me to drop that shit (Drop that shit) check it out

You can't stop me man  
I'm takin' money to the bank  
Didn't have to pull no licks  
Cause I'm makin' hits  
You can't stop me man  
I'm takin' money to the bank  
Didn't have to pull no licks  
Cause I'm makin' hits, ha

40, I'm goin' federal  
Young Bucksy, he's goin' federal  
Suga-T, she's goin' federal  
Now D-Shot, he's goin' federal  
Little Booch, he's goin' federal  
Levitti, he's goin' federal  
The Head Point, he's goin' federal  
Studio Time, he's goin' federal  
Can't forget Legit, he's goin' federal

The whole damn Click, is goin' federal  
Celly Cel, he's goin' federal  
Cavio, he's goin' federal  
Def Daddy, he's goin' federal  
Rap Dogg, he's goin' federal  
Mr. Flamboyant, oh right that's me  
California livin', can't fuck with me  
Yeah motherfucker, that's what's really goin' on