

Go Hard or Go Home

E-40

Introducing...E-40...the almighty...707...Rick Rock...Federation...(Whooooooo)

Go Hey hey.

Go hard

Ooh...Verbal vomit...I keep one on it

Not the scroll but you can call me ebonics

Sideshows going nutty dumbing out

Take the wrong turn and get your roof stomped out

Old school vans doors open, me and my coupe

And some stoners we get high like Shaggy from Scooby Doo

I'm whiskeyed, I'm hit, I ain't go no patience

But I'm a couple tacos short of a combination

Ooh...Get on your head like a shovel from the gravel

When them scandalous dope deals be going sour

Look how swivel the metal flower want the fast quarter fuck a slow nickel 6 bucks an hour

From the rooter to the tooter He's the driver I'm the shooter

Don't be fucking with my goon

Orgasms, high pots, and trill phones, sidekicks and ringtones

Go hard or go home

Go hard...

Go hard or go home

? To the moon I coon like high school

My goons take no prisoners...what fool

What's beef. (Beef is when E-40's on a fat verse)

Swinging through the drive-through, smash the front

Jackin' off. If you're from the Yay, that's what.

Open up the doors, go (go) ?

Sick, Monkey on my back

Psychos on my milk, won't let me go

Down my throat, Yes (yes), cause (cause), buzz (buzz)

What (what), I (I), go (go), numb (numb)

Slack folks like Droop-E too

Put thumb on the back like Rick on the NPC

We jumping on the top, man, scrape hella cool

3 or 4 niggas trying to cave in your roof

Little purp, cuss like a sailor

Hammer on my waist Tim the Toolman Taylor

Get rich, hate being poor

My bitch keep asking for juicy couture

In the club, you know we strapped up

My white tee shirt look like coke wrapped up

Forces and jeans, can't wear slacks

Got good hair, no wave cap

Smoke block, standing on the curb

Same niggas with me I been knowing since the 3rd

Tryna get it, sucks being bummy

Never should've give you niggas money

My bitch wanna see drop H's

Grind more than Haitians or Jamaicans

Ain't about money, then ain't got patience
Don't bring money, then don't have relations
Some like Hannibal, I'm a mammal
Ain't with monkeys like Mike and Emmanuel
Change the channel, rearrange panels
0-7 like the perm old cabby
And this baby she don't bring patties
She can't ride shotgun in the Brougham Caddy
Pull my nigga in, let him count paint
Don't cut him off like J did Dane

Sick Wit It