

God Take Care of Babies & Fools

E-40

Tell ya 'bout how shit go
Narrate this shit right quick

He ain't playin' with a full deck, he been goin' through a lot of shit
Put holes in ya like a hairnet, bust his 50-clip
Picked the wrong nigga to fuck with and the wrong day to do it
He'll air this bitch out like a muthafucka pooted

And diarrhea at the mouth is forbidden
Everybody know who did it, but ain't nobody fibbin'
His cuz'n'nem on the road, they rap, they ghetto gold
In a Sprinter van, fuck a bus on promotional tour

Young niggas, they savages, they mamas is on dialysis
They daddy the streets, the streets raised them lil' bastards
So, what you 'posed to do if you was them?
If they die today, they'll go to Heaven

Nobody taught 'em bout the Lord and the afterlife
Daddy in the bing, mama on the pipe
Life is a gamble so I'mma roll the dice
You only live once, not twice

Man, the streets so ugly
Niggas dyin' out here to get some money
Aw man, if you knew what I knew
You'd be ridin' 'round here strapped too

Oh man, can't trust ya own partners
Niggas see ya comin' up and try to rob ya
All day, if you knew what I knew
You'd be ridin' 'round here strapped too, Lord

Get a check from the work move around and bent
Got a condo in the city, you don't trust shit
Not even ya bitch, got a baby by her
Ya taught her how to trick, turned her to a liar

She be sellin' fire in the intersection
Talk about her flaws and her imperfections
Lookin' for the love in the wrong section
So she only sexin' after she collectin'

When them times get wicked and yo' feelings too
And them niggas you with, talkin' killin' you
And that bitch you hit, he hit too
So, who you gon' trust when it's time to?

Puttin' mine's in the hands of the Most High
Abraham and Jacob, the 12 tribes
The Lord comin' back, wink of eye
Repent for the sins, turn back to Jah

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I got my life, health and stress so I'mma say it
When life deal me a crap hand, I play it
Hood tax? I'll die before I pay it
Not a hater, wanna see all my niggas make it

I slap E-40 and B-Le like my dad
Drunk? Call Uber or a cab
All my life I been a hustler, I ain't never been lazy
That's what I told my young comrade

I run numbers in the summer, free the weed right now
Got a nigga in Virginia, need the tree right now
Ya niggas ain't knowin', I could see right now
Put the message in the music on the beat right now

OG on the case, got the cases of slur
Bandanna on the , what you think that's for?
I'm cool with the niggas and I love the ladies
And God gon' take care of fools and babies

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