

## 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

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

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

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