

I Don't Like Em

E-40

I don't like 'em, blood, I just don't
Phony, fake muthafuckas, man, I don't like 'em
It's a reason, I mean, I mean, I'm a good person
I love ev- I love a lot of people, man, but I can see evil
I can look right through you like Scotch Tape

I don't like muthafuckas that ain't ever had no money
And when they finally get some money they act funny
I don't like 'em, I don't like 'em
I don't like when fools tell on their co-defendants for reduced time
Knowin' they both did the crime
I don't like 'em, I don't like 'em (Ooh)

I don't like when niggas drag me in they mess
"E-40 said this, E-40 said that"
That's some sucka shit, you pussies hella fake
Got my name in their mouth 'cause my name carry weight
So many really fufu, game-goofy cornballs
Where your daddies and your uncles at? Who raised y'all?
If the shoe fit then wear it, my nigga, please
Niggas don't wanna see you blessed, even when you sneeze (Achoo!)
I don't owe nobody shit, I didn't get a loan
At the beginning of my career, I was all alone
No matter what you do for fools, they ain't satisfied
They wouldn't send their condolences if your mama died
Damned if you do, damned if you don't
Frenemies become enemies, it's fonk (Fonk)
We don't play Checkers no more, we play Tonk (Tonk)
I'll smash on one of you niggas, say I won't (Biatch!)

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I don't like niggas that rat (No snitches)
So don't bring that sucka wit' you when you come through to the trap
I don't like when niggas try to cap (Uh-uh)
I don't like when niggas smile in my face and talk behind my back
Niggas can't keep it a rack (Can't keep it a rack)
Not ready to buy lows, how you run off with a pack? Type of shit is that?
Type of shit that'll get you whacked
I don't like when bitches play with this game, I got the shit you lack
Put the house on it, bet, that's a fact (Bet somethin')
I don't like when I pass my weed and a nigga don't pass it back
Smoked out and I'm tacked
I don't like when the police walk up to my car and want my windows cracked
Take that somewhere else
I don't like when a dirty-ass bitch don't care about her health
I don't like shit but that stick on the shelf (That's it)
I don't like shit so I sticks to myself (That's it)

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Ay, nigga on that wave shit, capsize
Playin' with them hog ties, front door motorized
Trap house televised (Televised), I don't like 'em (I don't like 'em)
They cooperate (Cooperate), so they indict 'em
Playin' with them alphabets then gotta eat your soup
That one for my young bull who ain't comin' off the stoop
I don't like the temperature, I'ma go adjust the dial (Okay, nigga)
It's enough for everybody, Golden Corral, nigga
(Come on, say that, come on, come back)
Nigga, Coke and smile, nigga
Big bag of that loud, nigga (Big bag of that loud, boy)
I don't like when the eavesdrop (Nigga)
Get so high, nigga ears pop
Switch up with that bread, he ain't really know what's up
His shit wasn't real, nah, it wasn't heartfelt (Hell nah)
I don't cover up for people, I don't make excuses
And I don't like them bitches wanna be around us, users

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