Petty

E-40

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I'm handling my scrill and my fetti, privileges
Only smoke gas not no reggie (power)
Broccoli, organic veggies (sour)
Send him to hell not to heaven
Go through the Tell I need four fifty seven
Somebody call the ambulambs and the reverend
Teach a fuck nigga a valuable lesson
Scorpio that's my astrology (Forty!)
My Rover a autobiography (Dori!)
Oyster perpetual presi (Ching!)
The essences all up in my bezi (Bling!)
Plug rock bitch, gold digging hoe
All up in the fortune with your best friends clothes
Always starting something you a messy ass hoe
Lil groupie ass bitch on the stage at the shows
As far as these niggas they petty too (irrelevant)
They hate on real niggas like me and you (relevant)
They jealous conniving and sneaky (shiesty)
Don't wanna be them wanna be me (icey)
See me on TV all over the net
They heart full of envy butthurt and upset
They pockets is pennies my pockets a check
You say you my enemy I'm at your neck

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Awww shit
I guess I'm the one that they hate now
You bitches is played out
I made it ain't got shit to say now
You bitches is spaced out
I made my own way out the Bay now
So my crib is way out

You bitches still riding the greyhound
I pull up in race now
I got big money, all facts
Petty bitches can fall back
Got a Benz yeah I bought that
And I been the shit yeah I'm all that
Loan money I got tall stacks
I can stand on it I can land on it
I got bands homie, rubber bands on it
Yeah I got head cause I planned on it
I'm the realest chick to ever do this shit
From the West Coast now I run this shit
I'm the same one that y'all keep on talking bout
But ain't fuckin with
Trick on me but that talk is cheap
Cause y'all sneak dissing on some sucka shit
Kamaiyah be my name hoe
When you speak on me say my government
Don't be petty bitch

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