

# Straight Like That

E-40

I went from gettin' a bag to hittin' the dab  
You can run off with the cash but I wouldn't do that  
Got hittas to blast, deliver the gas  
Get a line on your ass then we run through that  
Stocks when it's rainin', Forgi's when the sun out  
Whatever nigga do, please don't bring the gun out  
We be in the dugout; bitch probably dug out  
Wherever money at, tell her B-la in route  
Cookie, that's my old bitch, I been had that  
Jello and Gellato four door is a pack  
Summertime dip season all at Durant's  
Gon' take the whole navy just to trim these plants  
B-la got a plan though, AR commando  
Mac named "Fernando", daddy play the banjo  
We gon' take the plan slow and rock on out  
Catch the early harvest, we gon' crop y'all out

Uh, ay, ay, straight like that  
Uh, ay, ay, straight like that  
Uh, ay, ay, straight like that  
Uh, ay, ay, straight like that

BIATCH! I'm on that fuel, that oil  
Tycoon vodka and ginger beer in my cup, Moscow Mule  
If I get caught with my tool, it's gon' be drastic  
Rather be with than without instead of laying up in a casket  
As a capitalist, it's a habit, it's magic, I make it happen  
These bitches be on a player like a K-9 on a package  
Every time that I'm on the phone I'm talking Pig Latin (Pig Latin)  
"Baby girl" is when you rappin' and you trizznappin'  
I know a whole bunch of suckas that say they real but they some cowards  
Without the liquor, the powder, the crystal meth and the pills  
I grew up in the Hills on the other side of the gravel  
Where we keep our lips sealed and we don't talk, tell or tattle  
I give back to my people as I should (as I should)  
I don't fuck with niggas that's no good (that's no good)  
Do unto others as they do unto you  
And never turn your back on your crew (real spill... BIATCH!)

Ay, ay, ay, straight like that  
Ay, ay, ay, straight like that  
Uh, ay, ay, straight like that  
Uh, ay, ay, straight like that

Po-po handcuff us and put chains on us just like a tire  
Like a car in the snow in Mount Washington New Hampshire  
My bill straps on walrus, they hella fat and they blubbery  
Might go to Caesars, spend 20 racks on some Burberry  
The amount of bluebacks I've been making is stunning and groundbreaking  
I be triplin' and doublin' my moola, ain't no mistakin'  
Earl Stevens out'chere movin', I'm proven, no hustlin' backwards  
Hella rappers I thought was real need Emmys, they really actors  
Non-factor, non-actor, don't matter  
Smoke fatter, bitch badder, zip shatter  
Stick louder, click-clack it for chit-chatter  
Brick stack, on the ground with six bangers  
Moonlight, baby, I'm the child of the sun

You lookin' like money, probably getting me some  
Yeah, they lookin' like dummy, you ain't getting me none  
Now I'm lookin' back like, "Nigga, huh?" (Nigga, huh)

Ay, ay, ay, straight like that  
Ay, ay, ay, straight like that  
Uh, ay, ay, straight like that  
Uh, ay, ay, straight like that  
Uh...