The Pack Attack

E-40

Droopy on the beat

Hmm... Full load in my load I won't leave it with you
If you broke we move dope and I'm eating with you
Rob your ass, what the world meaning to you
40 on me make me put this Earl Stevens to you

Oh we got mollie, cocaine and heroin
He thought he got it for a pint there was K roll in it
Too much pimping my veins can't hate no nigga
If you ain't in my gang, you ain't my nigga

Hit me when you outside
Get the sucka offsides
Why y'all nigga cross lines just to get it there
Meet me on the dark side
Hit me with the 4-5
Whole gang gonna slide if we take it there

They fly oh yeah...
Land, land
The pack attack
The pack attack
The pack attack
The pack attack

I got a plan, a plan?
The pack attack
The pack attack
The pack attack
The pack attack
It's the pack attack

Balenciaga shoe box, lump sums in large amounts
I grew that shit now I got savings and checking accounts
From a eight of them flowers to a pick of Europa
Same hustle, different products just trying to get over
The institution of the streets will have them rush ya'
I got octopus arms, reach out and touch ya'

Any place I plant my feet, I told her toasty
Wrap a sucker up, fold him just like ravioli
Stay in the car, I ain't got time for carpool karaoke
This ain't musical chairs hoe, this ain't no hokey pokey
The pack has just landed 06:30 sharp, a.m
Sent the bitch to receive down at the other end

Semi, semi, semi, semi, semi, semi
RIding with the hemmy, hemmy, hemmy, hemmy
It's ugly it ain't pretty
Sending it back on pack attack to your city, biaaach
They 'bout to la-a-a-a-a-and

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Boss landed, all we need's a address
I'm a million dollar nigga, I got assets
Put your bitch on the road, tell her cash that
Blue cooking enchilada is the best bet
Every nigga want war, you know we stress that
We gon' pull up with them choppers and a hatchback
I just let go the sun and my neck dance
My little bitch drinking a dub, she just left Lancet

Put her right back on a roll she just go the cancer
Bitch keep asking all these questions like I got the answers
50 niggas I know, man i bled like the black panthers
2-2-3 struck you down, you shoulda ran faster

I put a quarter on my wrist just for speaking words
I put a tracker on my bitch thanks to them birds
My nigga Scooper and his bitch on a surfboard
Try to reach for one of us, you'll get hurt for it
They 'bout to land

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Uh...

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