

The Story

E-40

Here's a little story I got to tell
And this dis goes on, again and again
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I think it goes, ya live by the dirt, ya die by the shovel
You can repent and come with god or you can know a devil
You can go and get a job or you can do some federal
but if I were you, I'd straighten up and do some next level
I often tweek when I drive (drives)
How can a small town like Thelel have all these homocides
Man, fools be droppin like flies
Maybe we need mo brothers sellin bean pies
And it's a fool cuz everybody mama's know each other
It ain't cool, but you know black folks like to act they color
Wonder why all the good people get put through some many
different changes of the web
And all those folks that do wrong seem like they
live forever
I wish I can rewind time
Remember when we used to get free lunch, and the
city bus used to cost a dime
Runnin around, talkin about you got the cooties
Liftin up skirts, and touchin girl's booties
Boy, take those shoes off before ya come up in dis house
And whatever you do, don't you sit on grandmama's plastic
covered couch
Why is it that when all the homeys get togethor, we get back
in the dayz
And I can remember a time we get drunk somebody bring up AIDS
Life is something you catch ball and give back
Here today and gone tomorrow
Just like that
Pat yo rats on yo back (Patch your rats on your back)
Take some time out yo waltz (Take some time out yo waltz)
And tell your love'ems that you love em as all

Uh, Uh fatty is the key to end all your walls
Contemporary crib, cash cards and clothes
But then it cause problems like guns and spids
Familys fall out and don't talk for years
Like my crome (Like my crome)
They called him big breasted
His first cousin set him up and left his ass for dead
Churches, wakes, nothing unusual, seem like every other
damn day I'm buyin and brand new suit for funerals

Have yo pockets ever lost weight, and you ain't even tried
Did you wonder if yo cash was on da diet
See, when you're up, everybody wanna come around
But when ya down, ain't nobody out there to be found
If you love someone you should tell em often
Ya never know when they'll be layin in da coffin
Dedicated to my peoples up in jail
Ya partner 40 water gotta story to tell (a story to tell)

Takin tert da ninja out da getto (the getto)
But not the getto out da ninja, give me life for 3 rocks
But I won't surrender
Oh he's a heven (heven), nigga da way he dress
He must be dealin (dealin) how did he get that Lex
Of course, if it ain't used get spokes, it's crime and coast
It's all dey work
Shootin shit up and actin tough, ridin around with gold n stuff
It's rough
How much money you earn, enough, I own my own law firm
Don't need a tux, I twerks picoods and kakis (kakis)
Levis and t-shirts (Levis and t-shirts), whatever the street's works
(street's works)
Partner douch, you been actin kinda funny lately since you even
got a few bucks
But I'm still folks with some pac, remember three flies up
And this goes on, again and again
Dis goes on, again and again
Ain't nothin changed but the tad toy
Same time, different day, different star

[Chorus]