

These Days

E-40

The throb slap in the Ghost
Put your finger on the trunk, feel the pulse
I never leave the teepee without the toast
You see the liquid on my chain, I flamboast
When I'm higher than Pluto, I eat menudo
Pastel de elote, might think I'm an esé
I sleep with my cuete, I'll leave your ass wete
Vallejo, Cali-harm-ya, 7-0-siete
The Good Book is my buckler and shield
Death could come outta nowhere, like when the rock hit your windshield
That's why I always keep a rototiller
When I'm out there in the field in the traffic making deals
Every stack I get, like Kaepernick, I kneel
Ain't talking about no dinner but I need a meal
Release my niggas down waiting for appeal
In a gladiator tank, sharks and eels...BIATCH!

And these days, gotta watch who you trust
Keep that pistol by my side, in this block I trust
I came from nothin' so I had to run it up
They just wanna see me fail, they don't wanna see me up
And I know the Lord chose me
To have the vision in what most don't see
I got money, started hating on me
Niggas that I used to love tryna stonewall me
And I know money bring hate but I'ma keep getting this cake
And no, my soul won't change
Real niggas can't relate to the fake
And niggas wanna see me fall, so on my momma, I'ma ball
I know niggas wanna see me fall, so on my momma, I'ma ball, ball

Off top Tommy, rollin' up a mummy
Thumbin' through his money, thumper by his tummy
Blowin' on a branch, higher than an avalanche
Hazy like a forest fire in a Napa Valley ranch
Cash flow Cliff, sippin' on a fifth
Spill more liquor on his shirt, got a hole in his lip
Sitting on some cheddar and them niggas know better
Semi-auto wetter fly your head like a feather
Honey coochie slap, smell like a Life Saver
Baby booty stacked like a Sunday newspaper
Bitch, I'm a mack, not a caped crusader
Captain-Save-a-Batch? Nope, I check yaper
Money on my mind, money on my mind
If I do the crime, I'ma do the time
Never drop a dime, never drop a dime
Hold water on my chest, high alkaline

And these days, gotta watch who you trust
Keep that pistol by my side, in this block I trust
I came from nothin' so I had to run it up
They just wanna see me fail, they don't wanna see me up
And I know the Lord chose me
To have the vision in what most don't see
I got money, started hating on me
Niggas that I used to love tryna stonewall me
And I know money bring hate but I'ma keep getting this cake

And no, my soul won't change
Real niggas can't relate to the fake
And niggas wanna see me fall, so on my momma, I'ma ball
I know niggas wanna see me fall, so on my momma, I'ma ball, ball

(ProHoeZak music)