

This Goin' Up

E-40

Up, up, and away we go
Got a fifth of that oil, and a bag of 'dro
That I copped from the soil, that we finna blow
Higher than Pluto, that's where I'm tryna go
Mars, Saturn, out the hempmisphere
(Did you say hemisphere?) Nah, the hempmisphere
Bars, patterns, hella far from here
Buzz Lightyears, not Bud Light beer
We been doing this every day, the same thang
Mobbin' and mashin' and switching lanes
Wylin' and spazzin', it's a shame
Trappin' and traveling, planes and trains
Seriousness, out of body experiences
Mysterious, curious, furious, hilirious
If you test my cool, I'm a do the fool
Leave your ass slumped over
I'm the same way every time you see me, fool
Drunk or either sober
I don't just only like to fuck but I like to get fucked up
I don't just only like the white, I like the dark in my cup
Never sell myself short (sell myself short)
I'm always in and out of court (LIVING THIS GHETTO LIFE)
Trying to get rich twice (rich twice)
Three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven (eleven)
Never leave the crib, never left without my weapon (weapon)
Me and my niggas go with our first mind, not our second
(BIATCH!)

Bitch, we mob so mainey
I can't stop if she don't pay me
Yeah this slap is so damn crazy
'Cause I mob so goddamn mainey
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I'm a goddamn maniac mobbin'
So every time you see me, bitch, bass throbbin'
Golasoaso, Jesus Cristo
Husalah guapo, I live illegal
Sold perrigo, dump with choppers
Husalah Husalah, bend blocks with mobbers
Suckas holla'n a "mob" but they really ain't mobbin'
Green light on sight, being stripped and robbed
Gettin' sucked in the Chev' like a schizo, then bitch
Put a rack on my kicks so the bitches on my dick
Eleven-hundred on my shirt 'cause I rep for the turf
Yeah, I'm beautiful and gorgeous but chopps is rippin'

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Dopeman, dopeman, pharmaceutal
Early on the block with a cup o' noodle
Kick door, kick door, no problemo
If I think a nigga got it, I'm through that window
Gangsta crazy, sniffing coca
Pop, pop, pop, my la vida loca
No comprende, speak no English
If it ain't about money, potna, it ain't my business
Old school money like Troop and Fila
Five chains on, got that Mr. T look
Pull up one deep, take your wife off
I swear I got a Benz that'll fuck your life off
Bitches out here choosing 'cause they heard I do it big
Bitch, don't give me half of nothing, I need every dime you get
(Get up on me)

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