

This Shit Pound

E-40

When I entered the world and took my first breath of air
The doctor gave me a blunt and a 40 ounce of beer
Sat me in the chair, told me to prepare for the worst
He said, "Life can be good and life can stink like a berth"
There's gon' be a lot of back-stabbin and betrayal
So always pack a hammer and some nails
As I got older I hung around older folk
That's why I'm so dope and spit the game I quote
I used to practice lookin hard but now I practice bein silent
I keep [?], can't let 'em catch me out of pocket
Haters'd love to sneak me and try to remove me from Earth
But if I find out who's schemin, they gon' get hauled off in a hearse
I'd rather be judged by twelve than to be carried by six
I said it befo' and I meant it
This thing wringin, it's rotten, it's beatin they ass like a belt
If you ain't slappin' E-40, you need to slap yourself

My partner from the V, my nigga from the Town
Roll that shit up, nigga, pass it around
All in the game like we pitchin off the mound
Four in the box and you know that shit pound

If you don't like it you're a sucker
You dont' bump this, you a stupid motherfucker
All these years makin all these songs
You never heard 'em? What planet you been on?
The old ladies and the lil' kids
Love 40 and Short, we so real with this
You think about the game and what we sayin
Since elementary school, what the fuck they playin?
Born to Mack In a Major Way
75 Girls, Tha Hall of Game
Life Is... Federal
Game Related, Turn it Up - there they go
Our shit been poundin all yo life
Most of y'all niggas, we raised y'all right
Gamed-up hustlers, you ain't no chump
We some real OG's, tell 'em where we from

We some bad motherfuckers
E-40 and \$hort, two brothers from another mother
We just laugh at the suckers
They hate on real niggas cause they some couch potato hustlers
Treat the rap game like the dope game
Substitute verse licks for the cocaine
Some of you niggas need to be potty-trained
I'll beat you with my belt like Pootie Tang

It's just another sunny day in the Golden State
My other money's made when the hoes get paid
I keep it in my sock, spend it when I shop
Everything you want is everything I got
Why you stallin, won't you gimme the scratch
Never ask how a real pimp gets sacks
When you get it from the Bay you just got it like that
If you grew up on E-40 and them Short Dog raps, you a mack

You remember
when you was a lil-ass kid
in the car seat listenin to some E-40
Mom and daddy bumpin Too \$hort
in the old school
I know you remember
You grew up on that shit