

## Tree in the Load

E-40

Keeping the torch lit, rub two sticks  
One hundred (one hundred)  
Like an old school Nolan Ryan pitch  
Who want it? (who want it?)  
It ain't going take but a minute, a new York moment  
The Bay Area backwards streets is haunted  
It'll give you the creeps if ain't from it  
They'll draw down on the opponent kaboom kaboom  
In the night time or the morning, or the afternoon  
Hella busy if the governor called I push ignore  
Even though I got 3 jacks, like Pablo Sandoval  
You can call me your highness, your majesty  
Cause I get the highest, defy gravity  
Trying to throw a party in her mouth  
What you thought? (what you thought?)  
In the AM/PM bathroom  
Hope I don't get caught (don't get caught)  
With this broccoli I bought, from the broccoli man  
My partners in though front of my van  
It's a wrap like a pita they going take me to Rita  
If they catch me me and find the squeezer  
Up under this seat is a heater, a 10 millimeter  
Illegal search and seizure (bitch)

Got the old school with the white top gold thangs sittin right on vogues  
(Right on vogues)  
Made 25 stacks last night hit the mall spend it all on clothes  
(All on clothes)  
Gettin rich only took hold up hell nah the popo don't know  
(They don't know)  
In this thang all night aight post it up blow em tree in the load, tree in t  
he load  
(Tree in the load)

Easy thousand dollars for the kit gang  
24-5 for a brick man  
Us on the table that's fish skin  
Mercedes of the lot I'll fish tail  
My little homies crazy like Columbine  
Doing anything for them dolla signs  
Boy if you hating then you outta line  
I didn't wear my watch today you outta time  
Cuttin' posse in that old school vert  
No cash hear that old school skerrt  
I don't want you nookie I am not Fred Durst  
I'm all about my cheese ho I put bread first  
Chews up cheese I done mastered the scale  
Check my record possession for sale  
Assaloni court house I got a long paper trail  
When I'm starting these rentals no these niggas can't tell a young nigga

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It's burning up in this motherfucker

Somebody cut the fan on

Got the eagle in the air nigga

I'm just looking for a spot for it to land on

Sitting in the kitchen counting chickens for west coast tricking

Bitches on a mission for the riches trapping off a cricket

Probably wanna kick it but I'm tripping cause I'm trying get it

Sipping till it's finished young menace give that ho the business

Spit the flow fool on the pro tools flip an old school riding on feet call i  
t no shoes

I strolled through I over do she so loose like a goose

She broke so it's no use I'm so cool I throw deuce

I'm sick with it couldn't give a fuck about your crew

I don't know you I've been down you so new

I'm so stuck nigga no glue straight grapes

You say I'm weak with a straight face I bounce

But until then I'm trapping when you pull up to the house you see a nigga

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