

Whip Out

E-40

UH!

I'm paper, he plastic
I go hard, he go soft
He play hopscotch like a broad
I play boss games like golf
I be giving 'em joogs, 25 percent off
That's pretty good, dang near sell it to 'em at cost
They call me Jack Frost 'cause I got that snow white
Roll with us or get lost, cut off your water and your lights
Now your money so funny it's telling jokes about you like Wanda Sykes
It's bad out here, it's dusty, dirty, bedbugs, lice (UH!)
I'm so mackish and pimpish, he's so sappish and simpish
If it was some funk, he'll run and leave his homies diminished
He was the only one with a gun, they gave his potnas the business
Did in an alley with a drum from a distance (BLOW!)
Around Christmastime, the crime rate rises
Santa down the chimney ain't the only surprises
Tiptoe bandits ran in my house
But I was ready for 'em so I whipped out
Biatch!

I'm trying not to but these suckas always push me and I always gotta flash and WHIP OUT

(Whip out, whip out)

They think I'm playing at the dice game so I had to tell my little niggas WHIP OUT

(Whip out, whip out)

I hit the corner on the side of your house in a van with no tags and WHIP OUT

(Whip out, whip out)

Don't trust nobody 'cause your potnas say they love you, when you come up they try to WHIP OUT

(Whip out, whip out)

Too many murders in the streets
Fuck him, hurt him if he's weak
Every day there's a drive-by
In the news they only talk about homicides
Nobody cares when you shoot and miss
Little homies in the hood get used to this
When he left out the house, he ain't choose death
He got killed, you know, when you lose your breath
In a fight for your life, you can't win
It's something in your lungs, it ain't wind
It's no air in there
He got shot, whole lotta blood in his hair
He never had a chance
Didn't even make it to the ambulance
He was dead on the scene, investigate
Another unsolved murder yesterday
Whip out

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I got a potna that rap, go by the name of E-40
'80s retired D-boy, real niggas adore him
Fake niggas ignore him, they think that he's butt
They think he's a cutting board, they stay choppin' him up
Got his name in they uvula, in they teeth, in they mouth
They jealous of him 'cause he gouda'd up and he ain't a slouch
I fucks with the nigga because he solid than steel
I bust my gun for that nigga 'cause he be keepin' it real
Realer than a hundred dollar bill with the line imprint
Pants saggin', looking like he shitted and went
Pamper pack skeez, leave your head with a dent
Money mac and cheese, smile for the camera, pimp
When you come to the West, I'm a support
Especially when come to 40 and Too \$hort
I argue with niggas (You and who?) Me and my guys
They music raised me, them boys saved my life
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