

Trina F/ Mystic "Quarterbackin'"

Visit "[Quarterbackin'](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro]

[Malice] E-40 and the Clipse, yeah

[E-40] {*cut and scratch "The Quarterback"*}

[Verse 1 - Malice]

Tell the cops don't read into it, them days of slangin
Yay been finished, them days have been done ended
So far gone them days that I'm offended
Snitches can't speak my name till they get winded
Can't you tell there's been a switch made?
Now fellas decide, that they wanna run and tell like in
the 5th grade
But I'm too gone, young'n be clear
Even when you see me, I am not really there
And I ain't play fair, wit my eye on the enemy
Huggin the block just me and my mini-me
Did it and lived it, grinded here
Cops feelin where my crotch at, find it yeah
Not only was I in the game I was gifted in it
Served food to the fiends and we called them dinners
Put the raw wit the fakeout, mixed it in it
Can't explain it, cats hustle guess it just was in us,
Malicious

[Chorus - E-40]

If you got the turn cracking and ya money's stackin'
Ya, quarterbackin', quarterbackin'
Leader of the squad and you're the team captain
Ya, quarterbackin', quarterbackin'
Got a little change and you're driving a Range
Ya, quarterbackin', quarterbackin'
If you're sound system bangs and you're pushin them
thangs
Ya, quarterbackin', quarterbackin'

[Verse 2 - E-40]

Might not know what I'm talking about, if you ain't never
lived it
I see you'd a done it, see fiends vomit
Green stuff I had to clean it up wit Comet
Mean stuff, so many deaths my streets is haunted

Believe us, you shoulda seen us
Like Wild E. Coyote make super genius
Gets a lots like Serena and Venus
I only had a couple jobs in my life
But not too many thought I was grown
Who woulda thought I'd sell my scale for a microphone
And be rapping about it up in this song, sliding on
some chrome
Uh, this long money I earn, I'm bald-headed
But I used to have a Lord Jesus perm (Lord Jesus perm)
When my name was Earl, before the rap game
Running from Secret Squirrel, I had my own thang
I was raised by wolves, hyenas and barracudas,
gorillas and bulls, uh

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Pusha T]

I play the field like Vick, from endzone to endzone
Serve that ish like snow cones in the hood
And trench in the gutter, I was lost to the good
Cause I make gat stutta, like an O.G. should
Mama's lookin', so mistaken
Night's in the kitchen, thought I never finish cookin'
Way before, paid for this here that I'm mouthin'
Nineteen years young, upward of eighty-thousand
Trust me young'n, Pusha was never browsin' for
nothing
Section 8, housing; I'm stomping through like King
Kong
Claiming his home his jungle
Mumblers beware the hood hate singers
I connect block to corner like Jenga
Fall never, you seen em
Posting in ya hood, leaning fiends like the Tower of
Piza
Damn he's good

[Chorus x2]

[Outro - E-40]

Uh! Now of course ya know I ain't talking about sports
(The Quarterback) I'm talking bout runnin' some shit
I'm taking about orchestrating and illustrating
And glorifying yo paper route
Getting out there hustling, grittin and grindin
Doing yo thug thizzle, magigledale
Quarterbackin man, hustlin' mayne
Trust that manye, yeah in real life mayne
Some call it pitchin', some call it grindin'
We call it quarterbackin'

Yeah and I ain't talking about sports
Trust that, oooh-ah
{*cut and scratch "The Quarterback"*} - [Til fade]

Visit [Trina F/ Mystic](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.