

E-40 f/ The Federation

"Go Hard or Go Home"

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[Intro]

Introducin (E-40) the almighty, 7-0-7
(Rick Rock, The Federation) We in the buildin,
WAHHHH!
Go go go go go go go go go, hey, hey
(Go hard.. go hard.. go hard.. go hard)

[E-40]

Ooh! Verbal vomit, I keep it one-hundred (one-hundred)
Dr. Scroll but you can call me Ebonics (Ebonics)
Sideshow goin nutty dumbin out
Take the wrong turn and get your roof stomped out
(roof stomped out)
Old school vans doors open, me in my Coupe (uh)
With some stoners we get high like Shaggy from
Scooby Doo (Shaggy!)
I'm whiskeyed, I'm hit, I ain't got no patience
Pimpin I'm a couple of tacos short of a combination
(uhhh)
Get on yo' head like a shower from the gravel
when them scandalous dope deals be goin sour
Recount, swivel, Gold Medal Flour
Want the fast quarter, fuck a slow nickel, six bucks an
hour (\$6 an hour?)
From the rooter to the tooter
He's the driver, I'm the shooter, don't be fuckin with my
gouda (with my gouda)
Ballergasms, side pots, and trill phones
Sidekicks and ringtones {*T-Mobile ring*} go hard or
go home (go home)

[Chorus]

Go hard or go home, go hard {*repeat 7X*}
Go hard or go home

[Goldie]

From the boom to the moon I coon like {?}
My goons take no prisoners, what fool?
What's beef? (Beef is when E-40 on a fat verse)
Swing 'em in the drive-through, smashed up further

Gettin off, if you from the Yay, that's North
Open up the do's, go (go) four on low
Four-fo' heat sick, monkey on my back
Psychos all on milk, won't let me go
Down my throat, yes (yes), cuz (cuz), buzz (buzz)
What (what), I (I), go (go), numb (numb)
Slack hoes like Droop-E's
Put in thumb, run it back like Rick on the NPC - go hard

[Chorus]

(Like I did it, originally)

[repeat 4X]

We jumpin on the top of your scrape-ella deuce
Three or four niggaz tryin to cave in your roof

[Stressmatic]

Little purple, cuss like a sailor
Hammer on my waist, Tim the Toolman Taylor
Get rich, hate bein po'
Cause my bitch keep askin for juicy couture
In the club, you know we strapped up
My white tee shirt look like coke wrapped up
Forces and jeans, can't wear slacks
Got good hair, no wave cap
This whole block, standin on the curb
Same niggaz with me I been knowin since the 3rd
Tryin to get it, sucks bein bummy
("Never shoulda gave you niggaz money!" - Dave
Chappelle)

[Doon]

Bop B's, rock C's, drop H's
Grind more than Haitians or Jamaicans
Ain't about money then ain't got patience
Don't bring money then don't have relations (what
else?)
Some like Hannibal, I'm a mammal
Ain't with monkeys like Mike and Emmanuel
Change the channel, rearrange panels
Oh-seven like the perm on cavi
Your bitch babby, she don't bring patties
She can't ride shotgun in the Brougham Caddy
Put my nigga in, let him campaign
And don't cut him off like Jay did Dane (I go hard)

[Chorus]

Sick Wid It

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