

## Azn Dreamers

# "From the Ground Up"

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[E-40]

Testin testin

It's game orienfested, size six-ex vested

K-Cizee.. JoJo... that boy Too Sheezee, Todd Shaw

and Earl Stevens, a.k.a. Charlie Hustle

Hey Todd, you on? (Am I on?)

\*K-Ci and JoJo singing\*

[Too \$hort]

The foundation was laid several years ago

I built a whole empire in your stereo

Got a four leaf clover representin the Bay

Oakland, Frisco, Vallejo, and EPA

We keep the shit together, let's keep it that way

From Sacramento all the way to San Jose

We in a new era, for ten years you made hits

so what's up E-Feezi? (We still the shit) Beotch!

[E-40]

How you think I got this pot belly, overnight?

Shet a nig-ga was hongry, I had an appetite

Just like a lie to my people that's caught up in the  
struggle

Motherfuckers tryin to bubble, niggaz tired of slangin

Barney Rubble, gettin in trouble and fuckin up

Parole got me makin my kids piss in a cup

It's cold, that's why I got a few bucks, I put up

from sellin greens, investing in some vending  
machines

From the ground up

Chorus: K-Ci and JoJo

We started, with nothing

From nothing, we made something

Nobody really gave a damn about us

From the bottom, we started

We started, with nothing

From nothing, we made something

Nobody really gave a damn about us

From the ground on up!

[E-40]

From the ground up, here go some details  
This verse right here was made, said strictly for the  
females  
Don't y'all know it's time for y'all to blow up, like  
Napalm  
Instead of sellin Tupperware, and Avon  
Get your business license, go on and put the peas in  
the pot  
Tell your baby to get your baby daddy to buy you a nail  
shop  
or a beauty saloon, since he come to be the biggest  
tycoon  
with methamphetamine laughs and heroin balloons

[Too \$hort]

Six po-lice pulled me over laid a nigga on the ground  
Searched my car real good I know you know what they  
found  
I had the trunk, full of that junk  
X-Rated lyrics, laced with the funk  
No doubt, I was just about to flood the streets  
Big boxes full of tapes with them dopefiend beats  
Two white boy groupies, mad as hell  
Black men makin mail, couldn't take him to jail

Chorus

[Too \$hort]

I spent sixteen hundred makin Born To Mack  
Used my niggaz gold ropes and his Cadillac  
I was broke to start with, didn't give a fuck  
Couldn't tell me Short Dawg wasn't comin up  
When motherfuckers roll by bumpin your stuff  
It makes you feel good, like when you bust a nut  
Now I'm a millionaire, and can't get enough  
Forty tell em how it is (way too tough Short Dawg)

[E-40]

When I first started rappin motherfuckers would cap!  
"That nigga fake he sound like Woody Pecker on crack  
(ha ha ha HA ha)"  
Niggaz would laugh and say I rap too fast way back  
then  
But now I be catchin all kind of motherfuckers  
tryin to sneak my little old style in  
And that's a compliment, cause I ain't trippin on the  
money  
(what about the money what about the money)

Ask me, sheeit, I think there's enough money up in this  
bitch  
for all of us, we can Sasquatch pimp the system without  
a doubt  
All we gotta be is bout our paper route

Chorus

[E-40]

That's real, Too Sheezee, Ant Banks, Forty Fonzarelli  
K-Ci and my nigga JoJo we all come from the ground up  
BEA000TCH!

[K-Ci and JoJo]

Right from the bottom to the top  
From the ground up we never stop  
Right from the bottom to the top  
We never stop  
(repeat 2X)

Never stop, no we will never stop baby  
We will never stop, we will, we will never stop  
We will never stop!  
From the ground up, from the ground up  
from the ground up, nooo  
From the grouuuuund up, from the ground up  
From the bottom to the top baby  
Baby baby baby baby...

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