

E-40

"Behind Gates"

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Say Earl, let's get it crack a latin in this bitch
Uh, nigga, nigga, y'know, y'know
(Y'know)
Uh, Ice Cube and E-40 up in this motherfucker
(Ice Cube and E-40)

For those that don't know
We do it like this, we do it like this
(Like how?, like this)

I gotta say some shit 'fore we start the single
I'm sick of motherfuckers bitin' 40 lingo
Every time I see yo' bitch ass you got a jingle
And you ain't wrote shit, got it from my people

Your whole ego, is evil, negro, fo'rizzo, we go
Get the Desert Eagle, blast on your Regal
Your dub, no "California Love," California slugs
From California bloods, and Calfironia 'cuz

Dip ridin' them little itty bitty ass wheels
In the town like you might see on shoppin' carts
If I ain't ridin' mustard or mayonnaise zinas
[unverified]
And bowed toes, [unverified] low on horse
Then, I'm bluffin', I'm less than nothin', a constipated
dude

Constantly fartin', but I'm really supposed to be, shittin'
on fools
Peep, Ice Cube and E-40 doin' a track together
That's heat, players it don't get no better than this
pimpin'
That's heat two of the most grizzliest and Godzilla ass
niggaz
To ever touch the mic
(Touch the mic)

Behind gates, heaven or hell, mansion or jail
Keepin' it real, two niggaz from the hood makin' mill's
Behind gates, heaven or hell, mansion or jail
Was destined to have somethin' pimpin', be about your

mail

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Now, I might talk a different language but I'm not
Scottish
Got more homies in jail, than I do in college
I'm a cold piece of [unverified] slide through the park
And come back every fifteen minutes in a different car

On the strength of flamboastin' purposes
Smokin' burners
(Burners)
Finger on my thumper in this concrete habitat
(Thumper)
Never know when you just might have to, put a head on
flat

Our status, is penthouses, yo' ass, is rent houses
We got, ten houses, can't even, spend ours
We go, invent ours, in about, ten hours
Comin' with that mob ass shit, it's a hit bitch

Broke bitch, turn into a rich bitch
Every trick bitch wanna be a legit bitch
We got big ol', big gold gates
We got big ol', big gold, nickel plates
(Who is it?)

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Behind gates, heaven or hell, mansion or jail
Was destined to have somethin' pimpin', be about your
mail

Let me tell you, broke niggaz can't offend me
Evidently, yo' Bentley musta said "rent me"
I see you rollin', lookin' stolen, L.A.P.D.
Is actin' just like me, they can't believe what they see

Pull you over, it's over, nigga, can't be sober
Rollin' through this neighborhood fool nice to know ya
Fakin' like you got the bacon, with that tickin' ass Rolex
A nigga blast 'til the soul reflects

My roots grew up tearin' projects, players shootin'
craps pimpin'

Placin' side bets, hair full of naps pimpin'
Bunch of ruffnecks, play the old tracks mayne
Money cars sex, servin' cocaine

White girl, wedding dress, in the dope game
Block cleaners, poppin' out of my Ford Excursion truck
With heaters, poppin' at all of my enemies better duck
Even though I'm makin' tapes I'm still stuck

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