

E-40

"Breakin News"

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Well I mean man, Ranking Scroo 'long side E-40, ya hear?
All crew, pick up yourself thou respect who say, every thing's kool
Fa sho, fa sho

It's either gonna be him or me and I ain't finsta be either or
Fear no man, bar none, be a hog like a wild bull
Playas don't keep score
Let 'em know that this is grown man shit ya fucking with
Autoloaders, hunting rifles ya fucking with

Somebody gon' mind somebody shit ya fucking with
We give a fuck about who ya with and whatever horse ya rolled in on
Ya ain't finna take me outta my zone
'Cause I'ma stay getting my money on and be about me and mine
Watch out for salty ass niggas during daylight savings time

'Cause that's around the time of the year when the splitter splatter
Folks be losing the lives, they kidneys and gall bladder
We in the stink of it man, me and my runners and gunners
We come through dumping with those autoloader turkey hunters
Never lose sleep, never worry, never weep

You could spend that time praying that what the preacher be speaking
Them suckas like to cheat, watch the beef say it's kool
Them double back pull out them hammers and tools
And bettybye your them Harrington riches and varmen rifles screws
For bragging rights, just to say he made the news

Well is no one going? No step flowing
With real king news now we all stop joking
Money in my pocket, come try take it

He run up and don't want but if ya want them come get

'Cause when the morning come yes we breaking news
Evening come yo we breaking news
So lift up ya foot and put it in ya dancing shoes
'Cause if ya fuck with us yo ya bound to lose

Breakin' news
If you mess with the bull your gonna get the horns
When the clouds is dark that means it's finna storm
If ya car is parked and the music is loud
That means ya setting off alarms in the crowd

When ya spider senses tell you that something is up
Then I suggest you go with ya gut, don't ignore your
first mind
Always pay attention to your warning signs
Always be awake, always be aware, always look over ya
shoulder
Always be alert of the rollers

When ya perking and ya sliding sipping Saint Ides or
King Cobra
In ya scraper, feeling ya paper rubbing Donny Taylor or
Clarence Carter
A lot smarter than the average Joe
Straight out the ghetto they call me E 4 0
Still hungry, still rapping like I'm still 'spose

Still money, still money on my mind folks
I never play out I'm just like Pea-Cokes
I survive in a drought, I sit on all my dope
And wait for the value to sky rocket
Make them client pay top dollars so when they comin'
cop it

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Breakin' news, this just in
Have heart, have money, have when, 'cause ya never
know when
Ya gotta fight to the death, you can't be running out of
breath

Get in shape before it's late
I'm at 320 now but I used to weigh 358

My doctor made me lose weight, my doctor said
"Charlie Hustle, we gon' turn all this fat that you got
into muscle"
But fools gon' think that I'm smoking, no they ain't loc
You got High blood pressure
The leading cause of death among black folk

Er' since yo ass was just a 'lil kid
The slave masters would give him all the left over and
crap from the pig
Enough of that, I said what I said
Now let's get back to bussing heads
Know when to act a fool and who to act a fool with

Know who to be cool with and who not to be cool with
'Cause the same dude you grew up and went to school
with
A be the same dude that cross you and try to get you
hit
'Cause misery loves company and company loves
misery
And money causes jealousy and envy

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