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E-40 "Circumstances"

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Uhh, dry as the fuck and I'm one left with yo-yo Seven houses down, black street, dark folk don't matter tho'

I don't know who to trust, what to look fo' How many niggaz wanna kill me?

I'm havin' a, hard time tryin' to determine If that's the homey or the enemy Ol' shady-ass, no build for that Just lookin' like he plottin' on somethin'-ass nigga

But I wanted to mack like he fin' to do somethin' And I'll get to be dumpin' on yo' ass nigga One of the main rules of the game without a doubt Nigga don't you ever pull a gun and don't use it Nigga that's a good way to get your brains blow out

Motherfucker like me get to flashin' then I lose it Leave that ol' shit up to me and watch me prove it Nigga, you betta be real about this shit If you in it you in it don't be no punk Nigga this ain't no baseball game Niggaz don't forfeit no damm funk

Two brothers goin' sack for sack in the back of the 'llac Takin' a whiffle, strippin' the fuck up out of some willow Poppin' ecstasy like Skittles It'll get you in the long run, sniffin' them long ones

Way girl burst ya dick and now it got ya on one Came up shorted, circumstances nigga quote it What goes around comes around tryin' to steal this Brady hostess

Keep your focus and never the love of the hocus pocus Set up hoes lovin' to get jackers to come and smoke us

Die-hard soldier, T-Pup-alicious, cops get vicious No mercy on haters or no bitches Got in my clitches waitin' for a nigga to take some chances

So we can deal with these hardco' Sic-Wid-It-ass circumstances

Takin' all these chances You might never ever, ever get them circumstances Takin' all these chances You might never ever, ever get them circumstances

I said the world is full of crack babies
I remember when the world went crazy
Till I copped a sack and put it down like that
And rolled out like it didn't even fade me

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Nigga, slang suga delight enough to get my hustle right

It's double like a flip new Benzo with the bubble lights Scuffle fights with rats and roaches, I was the brokest Motherfucker, now I'm the closest nigga to ballin' ferocious

Motherfucker, dust a nigga off like wax off, cracks off a hard

Pimpin' ain't easy and motherfucker, only if you breezy Easy does it, I does it do it off the fluid Come with the newest shit I come through with

Bitch, don't you hear the music? (Don't you hear the music? Too sexy for my shirt) Too sexy for my shirt so bad hurt niggaz on the turf Aanna put my ass up in the dirt

'Cause I skirt a Lex-o and slurp a genie bottle full of X-O Or maybe 'cause I'm with 40-Water and a jug of ethel You can't love it, don't leave the ghetto Me and I'm heated like two jugs of methyl

Damn, cydal shit when vital shit starts to happen
Eager to be the nigga just for cappin'
Strappin' up ain't no thang, it's survival
It's makin' sure you all good when it comes to enemies
and rivals

It's higher learning, but it's True Lies When it comes to the Superfly Speedy Gonzalez destroys from the Eastside Is it ridicule or stardom? Did we hurt yo' feelings, pardon I'm makin niggaz fall like cops on Rage in Harlem I'm on some moonshine shit Bit the cork off the Cristal I'm drunk so let me chill for a while

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Aww, yeah, yeah, now niggaz know
Well, ain't no sense in me fuckin' around
My stompin' ground be the H I double L S I D E
Bound to touch you with them tecs and make them
marks

Bounce like checks Slide a faulty bitch up under these niggaz And killin 'em off with sex

Ain't no tellin' what angle I'm comin' with these circumstances
Penitentiary chances, nina ruff fluffin' tap dancers
On your hood for breedin' snitch' bitch-made niggaz
Don't fade triggers so they quick get sprayed niggaz

I fuck with wig-splitters, Colombian neck-tie throat slitters

Take a long time business to get paid to get rid of you cheater

Chatter police-ass niggaz takin' chances Man you can't fuck with these circumstances

And all you O.G. motherfuckers better stop tryin' to mark them yungsta

'Cause sooner or later, they gon' dump, like some garbage dusters

Tryin to throw yo' weight around like you gon', uhh, take over a spot

Nigga don't you know these youngsters nowadays Be off that water and hot? Takin' all these chances You might never ever, ever get them circumstances Takin' all these chances You might never ever, ever get them circumstances

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