

E-40

"Come On"

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Bitch, I'm a hard head nigga, so don't ask me
I know a gang of motherfuckers, say they gone blast
me
Catch me dippin' to some screw
Attitude rude, drippin' sweat, about to finger-fuck this
tech

I leave 'em stretch, reaching for a rifle
Got him a pump before a nigga to duck to duck
I ain't no punk, nigga, this be mine for cease
Before them chippers and cheese see we thieves

Give me some Valiums and some Robitussin and watch
me do it
Dip my cancer stick into some {unverified} balmin'
fluid
Show your I.D, then pass it right back to me, cousin
'Cause see I'm a minor and these wet daddies
Got your partner sweating like drippy ass vagina

Let me up in this bitch-ass club, security or me
And my guys gone bum, rush these doors
Make it so it won't be no more rap shows
Yeah that's what I thought

I see wall to wall hoes, bitches everywhere
All over the place niggas
Tippin' off their green marbles just so hoes can sit on
the face

(Distorted come on)

A funky lesson number one, mind ya own, don't be in
no mess
Number two, when it's confidential, hold it on your
chest
Number three
(Three)
Don't be fuckin' with me

Number four, no more toe to toe
The only way to let these motherfuckers know, is to flex

Wet they ass up leave em' bleeding like a Kotex
Boy, we one tight bad ass clique

Niggas in my outfit gone be rappin', rollin over sticks
Spillin beans, tattle tellin

We be thievi', connivin', they way that we survivin'
No, this bitch that's ballin, and tonight's she's callin,
Wantin, to know, "What's up B, when we gone work it
up"
If we can go kick it and smoke

Get her keyed as hell and maybe hit a hotel
I'm on my cell thinkin', yeah, I'm cool with that
Hit the Kit-Kat and get her sprees before I get the
cheese
Pimpin' is a game and I'm lovin' to flirt
While my fingers up her tennis skirt

(Distorted come on's)

Bitch, I'm dedicated, you know, to this mob shit
Talk back, fuck that get your jaw split
Raw spit, that's what you niggas pay me for
A hundred thousand fuckin' off down in Vegas Hoe

And you know we the one to get the function bumpin'
No shit, we the clique, bullshit ain't nothin'
See you fuckin' with some fools
Niggas with no rules mobbin' in they old schools, bitch

{Unverified} with the windows up, man, with the heat,
on heat on
Man, we in a land tacked out
Funked in a hamsac smokin' on {unverified}

I say it said, producing, rapping hustlin'
That's my bread and butter
You niggas better hurry up
'Cause there's money in this motherfucker
(Money in this moneyfucker)

Reverend is so hard to find like good boy's
'Cause shit be droppin', have your ass
Pissin' yellow discharge, taking Tetracycline

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