

E-40**"Country Grammar"**

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(Hot shit!)

Hmm

I'm goin' down down baby, yo' street in a Range Rover

(C'mon)

Street sweeper baby, cocked ready to let it go

(Hot shit!)

Shimmy shimmy cocoa what? Listen to it pound

Light it up and take a puff, pass it to me now

I'm goin' down down baby, yo' street in a Range Rover

Street sweeper baby, cocked ready to let it go

Shimmy shimmy cocoa what? Listen to it pound

Light it up and take a puff, pass it to me now

Mmm, you can find me, in St. Louis rollin' on dubs

Smokin' on dubs in clubs, blowin' up like Cocoa Puffs

Sippin' Bud, gettin' perved and getting dubbed

Daps and hugs, mean mugs and shoulder shrugs

And it's all 'cause, 'ccumulated enough stretch

Just to navigate it, wood decorated on chrome

And it's candy painted, fans fainted while I'm

entertainin'

Wild ain't it? How me and money end up hangin'

I hang with Hannibal Elector so feel me when I bring it

(Hot shit!)

Sing it loud I'm from the Lou' and I'm proud

(What?)

Run a mile for the cause, I'm righteous above the law

Playa my style's raw, I'm "Born to Mack" like Todd Shaw

Forget the fame, and the glamor

Give me D's wit a rubber hammer

My grammar be's ebonics, gin tonic and chronic

Fuck bionic it's ironic, slammin' niggaz like Onyx

Lunatics till the day I die

I run more game than the Bulls and Sonics

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Who say pretty boys can't be wild niggaz?
Loud niggaz, okay Corral niggaz
Foul niggaz, run in the club and bust in the crowd nigga
How nigga? Ask me again and it's goin' down nigga
Now nigga, come to the circus and watch me clown
nigga
Pound niggaz, what you be givin' when I'm around
nigga
Frown niggaz, talkin' shit when I leave the town nigga

Say now, can you hoes come out to play now?
Hey I'm, ready to cut you up any day now
Play by, my rules Boo and you gon' stay high
May I, answer yo' third question like A.I.
Say hi, to my niggaz left in the slamma
From St. Louis to Memphis
From Texas back up to Indiana, Chi-Town
K.C. Motown to Alabama
L-A, New York Yankee niggaz to Hotlanta
'Ouisiana, all my niggaz wit "Country Grammar"
Smokin' blunts in Savannah
Blow thirty mill' like I'm Hammer

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(C'mon)
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Let's show these cats to make these milli-ons
So you niggaz quit actin' silly, mon
Kid quicker than Billy, mon
Talkin' really and I need it mon
Foes I kick em freely mon, 'specially off Remi, mon
Keys to my Beemer, mon holla at Bennie Man
See me, mon, cheifin' rollin' deeper than any mon
Through Jennings mon, through U-City back up to Kings

land
Wit nice niggaz, shiest niggaz who snatch yo' life
niggaz
Trifle niggaz, who produce and sell the same beat
twice, nigga
(Hot shit!)

Ice niggaz, all over close to never sober
From broke to havin' dough, 'cause my price Range is
Rover
Now I'm knockin' like Jehovah let me in now, let me in
now
Bill Gates, Donald Trump let me in now
Spin now, I got money to lend my friends now
We in now, candy Benz, Kenwood and 10's now
I win now fuckin' lesbian twins now
Seein' now, through the pen I make my ends now

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