

E-40

"Doin' The Fool"

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Nigga up in this motherfucker
I mean I been fuckin' with this motherfuckin' burgundy
carpet pimpin'
What about you pimpin', I mean I know you fuckin'
around with that
Purple bag you know what I mean? That Crown Royal,
oh boy!

I mean, we got, we got a whole bunch of player-ass
niggaz
Up in this m'uhfucker right here today
We got that nigga, E-Feezy, Too Short, knahmean
Pimp C up in this motherfucker, nigga Pastor Troy

Damn fool I hits free it ain't wholesale
Just got through hittin' it so well, at a hotel
But don't tell I cuss your fuckin' ass out bitch
Fuck yo' drunk-ass and watch you pass out bitch

And when you wake up, I tell you anything
You fucked me so good bitch, you deserve a wedding
ring
I practice what I preach, ridin' vogues and findin' hoes
I told her I'd buy some clothes, but I'd be lyin' to hoes

I ain't buyin' her shit, bitch I can't do that
I had to jump in my car, and call you a cab
'Cause I'm out, you know I'm all about fuckin' hella
good
Take the rubber off I'm in your mouth comin' to a town

Near you, real soon
Infiltratin' hoes nigga, we some real fools
And it's true and baby girl knows it too
Ask her shit she'll tell you how I do it fool

Doin' the fool
Ain't no love motherfucker we breakin' the rules
Doin' the fool
Niggaz like me ain't got nuttin' to lose
Doin' the fool
We servin' you haters straight off the top

Doin' the fool
Just to let you know this shit don't stop

Okay okay up next, oh, it's the boss, from the home of
the Braves
Down here chillin' with E-40 'cause it's time to get paid
C'mon, actin' a fool, 'cause y'all know how I'ma do
She fucked me, Pimp C, and short too

I drank no brew, it's Remi, that special kind
Don't fuck with who? My nigga, you out yo' mind
Fresh off the grind, my niggaz is the killers
Actin' a fool 'bout this motherfuckin' scrilla

No one no trill'a, but tell them, I'm down mayne
Go grab my leather, and get into some gangster shit
So if it's cool, it's cool
But, but just that quick, I act a fool

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But I ain't never been a sucker
I ain't never been a mark
I ain't never been a busta
I ain't never been a simp, potnah I always had heart

Papered up hustlin' never 'posed to handcuff a
beotch, mon
Pimp to the hoe, protect the trick beotch, mon
Be extra mannish get some skull
Purple bag, Crown Royal

Gotcha beotch actin' mannish, think she spoiled
Mummar Kamali all over her body, she used to that
Potnah big 40 had it like that
Cadillac sittin' on buttons, 32 valve

The DTS half a gallon to the mile
Platinum chest lite brite, love to smile
What a mess horny fucked me on my desk
Kitchen tile then she swallowed up the rest

Ask me how a fat ass cum shot on her breast
She said, 'It's been a while since I had sex'

She said, 'It's been a while since I had sex'
She said, ooh ooh oh boy
C'mon c'mon, okay okay!

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C'mon c'mon

Comin' down in candy car, smokin' on some candy bar
Everyday I'm choppin' blades, comin' through on old
school maids
Got in this game so heavily, just like Frankie Beverly
Silly nigga that Southern girl put cocaine up in your
world

'Cause I'm a young ass nigga on the slab
Comin' through in a whippin' Nav'
I used to be out on the ave
But now all my keys got the Midas stamp

Change my name to Sweet Charles
Smell like sixty-four dollar cologne
Comin' down in burgundy Brougham
And I keep a chip off in my phone
Sweet Charles, bitch! Hold up smoke somethin'
C'mon c'mon

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