

E-40

"Drought Season"

Visit "[Drought Season](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yeah, E-40 and the muthafuckin' c-l-i-c-k in this
muthafucka, you know
I got my cousin Kaveo on the muthafuckin' side of me
We fin' to spit some of this old flamboyant shit
Check game

It's another one of them drought spots, a ha bin cost is
like fuck it
Niggaz taken loses that they cant make up
Gettin' gaffled for some of that shit call cake up
Strechin' the crap, making a bad batch
The screen from a tweekers pipe turns black

So they go crazy, get hot headed, start actin' a fool
yellin'
But y'all know there ain't no refunds in the shit that I'm
sellin'
'Cuz during the drought season niggaz be lookin' for a
reason to rush ya
So I suggest you put up your boot sees man and pull
out your buckets

Here's another part of this shit that a niggaz up lift
about the game
The drought season main, 'cuz this shit here never
remains the same
And a brother ain't about to let his muthafuckin' capital
go mien
So instead he got to get scandalous
'Cuz he can't keep up and handle his buisness

Like he use to and he ain't really wit being through, get
to it dude
Gotta pull a straight come up, lick catchin' muthafuckas
Outta bounds swerve breakin' they punk ass leavin'
scared
'Cuz this is the type of shit that occur
So don't get caught loose on perv

I got meals, wheels, and about 5 thousand dollars
worth of bills
Bank account way on the red, fuckin with the highest

overhead
Jacklin off my money yo ass is out boy and I promise
you that
I'm a money hungry muthafucka and I'm so serious
about my scratch

So you're best bet is
To check yourself before you wreck yourself punk
botch
I gets down and dirty like Dr. Ruth and I put that on the
goos
Dropping muthafuckas just like a bad habit, dag nab it
Tricks wanna get outta line I let em have it

Now bag it, I got ice cream candy and all kinds of
things of that flavor
And maybe later I might be willing to go low as long as
you buyer before
'Cuz I'm the only muthafucka with a-1 yola
None of that ol cake with baking soda

It gets released, ceased, and then the prices rises like
yeast
Those who got leftovers will become obese
Tripling my mail off the triple beam scale
I even got enemies with envy asking me for ya yo

The drought season niggaz lookin' for a reason
It's like thanksgiving without the feast
The drought season niggaz lookin' for a reason
It's like thanksgiving without the feast

A niggaz tryin' to work hard on a meal ticket so I can't
stand to be dry
'Cuz after the stronger man supply
But in the drought season its too hard to get by
Niggaz be runnin' off with d gafflin' muthafuckas,
startin' at chances

'Cuz a niggaz mail ain't to muthafucka fancy
Rollin' around with a deuce and a quarter
Can't get caught lose on the border, sittin' on them
thangs like 40
Stay fuckin' with a bitches brain

Can't be affected by the great depression
This country is in a recession, I reckon
So let me give yo ass a funky lesson

Never let a muthafucka know what you got or what you
buyin'

It's dem boot see muthafuckas in your town that's
always dyin'
Stay low, play the background, keep your shit on a hush
mate
Hit it hard one time and then hibernate

Now check game I'm tryin to do my own muthafuckin
thang
But shit just ain't right
For heaters that just got way to tight, jacking
muthafuckas on sight
But I'm a nigga that don't give a fuck
When I'm tryin to get my cash flow up

And render them seasons what ever the reason may
be, niggaz comin' up
Short tye, gag, watch em short out from sea, for sale
signs on a niggas shit
'Cuz he ain't got no muthafuckin' d
Sellin' up everything made of material g the drought
season

The drought season niggaz lookin' for a reason
It's like thanksgiving without the feast

I'm really not all sure about them thangs that fin to
mature
But let me find me a nigga with a grip and hit his ass
quick with a lick
What's your definition of a lick?
Takin a niggas shit

Hey, put that on sumptin'
I put that on the click
If you consider yourself a hustle can't be no busta
brown
Stacking mail, straight come up in, when funk come
around be down

A niggas gotta have some type of hustle
Whether it be sellin dank or robbing banks
Snitches cant go to the pen cuz they fuck around and
wind up shanked
In the presence of drought season shit gets hectic
Niggaz losing they lives when they least expect it

It's E-40 and my cousin Kaveo lettin' muthafuckas know
main
Spittin' that ol' shit that muthafuckas don't understand
an
Tardy to the crazy ass game, never gotta be clever

Specially in this type of weather, ya know? The drought
season

The drought season niggaz lookin' for a reason
It's like thanksgiving without the feast
The drought season niggaz lookin' for a reason
It's like thanksgiving without the feast

The drought season niggaz lookin' for a reason
It's like thanksgiving without the feast
The drought season niggaz lookin' for a reason
It's like thanksgiving without the feast

Thought he had cane but it was gold medal flour

Visit [E-40](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.