

## **E-40**

# **"Drugs"**

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[Verse 1: E-40]

This thang all the way on my got this thang beaten the trunk loose  
I'm on a big ass bottle of beast on some ocean spray cranberry juice  
And I strongly suggest that you don't sit in my transportation  
Cause the slap is so severe, and the beats excruciation  
My amps my pop your ear possibly collapse yo lung  
What color is your exterior? The same as grey poupon  
What is you a baller? Yeah but not Lebron  
Then what kind of baller are you? The kind that sell heroin  
The kind that lives his life illegal, toted gun and desert eagle  
Mobster like Bugsy Siegel I listen to 40 music  
Don't fuck with too many people mane most of them rappers fake  
See Feezy be speaking on some shit that I can relate  
When I was in the shoe they see Desus what got me through  
My nigga from the Brass to put me up on due, uhh  
The grit don't quitting my hustle'll never pause  
UH OH! Here come the law I got dope in my draws  
BEATCH!

[Hook: x2]

We be grinding seven days a week, heat under the front seat  
Bendin hella corners in my new school, one deep  
Every hood I'm in I get love from the plug  
And i probably sold your family member drugs (drugs)

[Verse 2: B-Legit]

How much money can a man make?  
I'm on the block cooking chickens with the pancakes  
And my fan base love to get high with me  
Get tipsy proolly set they own self a Mickeys  
Get em ricky  
Beaver he be militant  
Send the whole fifty clip through ya ligaments  
Got a knot pocket full of them Benjamin's  
movin bricks like I'm try'na build a pyramid  
Shit

40 Glock with the laser dot  
And I can make mash potatoes outta tater tots  
Ask ya parking; I don't really like to talk a lot  
Block move like James, Wade and Chris Bosh  
Let's get it I'm the real boss with the plug  
I don't play I'm the nigga man I run the club  
Keep it rough I'm the mayor doing hella stuff  
Pass puff and they smell it when I light it up  
Nigga what?  
[Hook: x2]  
We be grinding seven days a week, heat under the  
front seat  
Bendin hella corners in my new school, one deep  
Every hood I'm in I get love from the plug  
And I probably sold your family member drugs (drugs)  
[Verse 3: E-40]  
What you do for a living a little bit of this a little bit of  
that  
If I ain't got it I know where to get it or I can take it to  
where it's at  
I can probably get'chu a deal, get'cha thirty percent off  
the sack  
Depending on how many you want, and how much you  
know that a hustler got  
Fuckin' right now y'all beefing, then circling yo block  
Came to the right place, I got chops fresh out the box  
Can have a foosy grape, if you want me too I can  
But I gotta be honest with'chu it's goin' cost you twenty  
grand  
And a build with the gumble bout two, I was thought  
with the best Raul  
See Raul been a neighborhood iron chef since 1982  
Raul stay clockin' loo, boys in blue ain't gotta clue  
Raul ain't never pop comp with a spoon or residue  
Well what about some weed you got it I beg your  
pardon  
I gotta hella connections my Negro my people they got  
garden  
Need a fake ID or benefit card times is hard  
You know Christmas is coming up, I got them gift cards  
[Hook: x2]  
We be grinding seven days a week, heat under the  
front seat  
Bendin hella corners in my new school, one deep  
Every hood I'm in I get love from the plug  
And I probably sold your family member drugs (drugs)

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