

E-40

"End Of The World"

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It's the end of the world
Everybody's lookin' for some satisfaction
I just want me a girl
Every motherfucker with some weed start passin'

It's the end of the game
All my fuckin' homies, chasin' G's, ain't nothin'
It ain't hard to explain

Came in the game with a few dollars, I left the game
with a few mill'
That's the way I woulda retired from this rap game fo'
real
Get a distribution deal, brush up some of this dirty
scrill
Live up on the hill, like E-40 Fonzariggadale end of my
history

Showin' some love to all of my thugs, all of my folks
incarcerated
Liftin' waterbacks and drinkin' mud, walkin' the yard
with they elbow up
Poppy grains crushed up, big A and little A
My cousin Freddy Smith and Mack North, see ya when
you touch down

Man I'm doin' alright, I missed your call the other day
But I got yo' kite, you know my cousin
Such and such done, got back on the pipe
They took her down the other night for tryin' to steal a
bike
Anyway, we walkin' on, man, I can't wait 'til y'all get
home

Man there's so many funny style ass negroes on this
earth
The real ones gone, hoe shit, lead to mo' shit
Gats is cheap, man, ain't no mo' money left out here
Man I'm one of the last of the Mohicans

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My gunspray'll pop this off the world, keep stackin

Uhh, I ain't tryin' to be landin' in a [Incomprehensible]
For whatever it's worth, I'ma get off first
Better him than me though, I done got down on fools
befo'
Come with the package, 'specially when you're out
there pitchin' blow

I wear these glasses to look like a nerd, square off like
Urkel
Movin' too fast like turbo, gotta slow it down like turtles
Scrillionaire, millionaire, overcomin' obstacles and
hurdles
There's somethin' 'bout my circle

Surrounded by Saggitarius, not too many Virgos
Just Scorpios and Aries, like
Like right now, I'm in the local booth, whassup slugger?
Hey, Pimp Juice, ya alright? Oh fo' sho', Fa shiggadale

You got some tweak? Nope, I smoked it to the
fingernails
The fingernails? Yeah, 'cuz o, the fingernails
Man, I'm so high right now that I can barely even spell
Barely spell? On the real pimpin', I can't tell
Pimpin', you lyin I, yeah, mayn I'm drunk as hell

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It's about a quarter after nine, I know, I opened up
A verse with that line before, but I'ma say it one mo'
time
I think I drunk too much wine
Anybody got a Motrin? I feel like my head's explodin'

Wakin' up in the mornin', squeezin' and fartin' and

yawnin'
Smokin' a joint to the dome and
Talkin' on my burnt out phone and to my breakin' broad
that ain't knowin'
To my mistress broad be hoein', my mistress broad,
that's hoein'

In lieu of my pregnant broad that's showin', glarin' and
glowin'
Ready to drop the load explode, sittin' on the porch,
lightin' a torch
Puffin' on a clove, in and out of church, back and forth
Hustlin' gangster mode, run back in on that turf, sellin'
that Nerf

That soft, white, rocky road, dolla danglin' for danglin'
gangland
Manglin', set you up and bangin', claimin'
The park in the game that rainin', off there drinkin' and
thinkin'
Chokin' and sparkin' and flamin', barely maintainin'
Hopin' and wishin' and dreamin', the Lord'll let me into
his kingdom

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