

E-40

"From The Ground Up"

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[E-40]

Testin testin

It's game orienfested, size six-ex vested

K-Cizee.. JoJo... that boy Too Sheeze, Todd Shaw

And Earl Stevens, a.k.a. Charlie Hustle

Hey Todd, you on? (Am I on?)

K-Ci and JoJo singing

[Too \$hort]

The foundation was laid several years ago

I built a whole empire in your stereo

Got a four leaf clover representin the Bay

Oakland, Frisco, Vallejo, and EPA

We keep the shit together, let's keep it that way

From Sacramento all the way to San Jose

We in a new era, for ten years you made hits

So what's up E-Feezi? (We still the shit) Beotch!

[E-40]

How you think I got this pot belly, overnight?

Shet a nig-ga was hongry, I had an appetite

Just like a lie to my people that's caught up in the
struggle

Motherfuckers tryin to bubble, niggaz tired of slangin

Barney Rubble, gettin in trouble and fuckin up

Parole got me makin my kids piss in a cup

It's cold, that's why I got a few bucks, I put up

From sellin greens, investing in some vending
machines

From the ground up

Chorus: K-Ci and JoJo

We started, with nothing

From nothing, we made something

Nobody really gave a damn about us

From the bottom, we started

We started, with nothing

From nothing, we made something

Nobody really gave a damn about us

From the ground on up!

[E-40]

From the ground up, here go some details
This verse right here was made, said strictly for the
females
Don't y'all know it's time for y'all to blow up, like
Napalm
Instead of sellin Tupperware, and Avon
Get your business license, go on and put the peas in
the pot
Tell your baby to get your baby daddy to buy you a nail
shop
Or a beauty saloon, since he come to be the biggest
tycoon
With methamphetamine laughs and heroin balloons

[Too \$hort]

Six po-lice pulled me over laid a nigga on the ground
Searched my car real good I know you know what they
found
I had the trunk, full of that junk
X-Rated lyrics, laced with the funk
No doubt, I was just about to flood the streets
Big boxes full of tapes with them dopefiend beats
Two white boy groupies, mad as hell
Black men makin mail, couldn't take him to jail

Chorus

[Too \$hort]

I spent sixteen hundred makin Born To Mack
Used my niggaz gold ropes and his Cadillac
I was broke to start with, didn't give a fuck
Couldn't tell me Short Dawg wasn't comin up
When motherfuckers roll by bumpin your stuff
It makes you feel good, like when you bust a nut
Now I'm a millionaire, and can't get enough
Forty tell em how it is (way too tough Short Dawg)

[E-40]

When I first started rappin motherfuckers would cap!
"That nigga fake he sound like Woody Pecker on crack
(ha ha ha HA ha)"
Niggaz would laugh and say I rap too fast way back
then
But now I be catchin all kind of motherfuckers
Tryin to sneak my little old style in
And that's a compliment, cause I ain't trippin on the
money
(what about the money what about the money)
Ask me, sheeit, I think there's enough money up in this

bitch
For all of us, we can Sasquatch pimp the system
without a doubt
All we gotta be is bout our paper route

Chorus

[E-40]
That's real, Too Sheezee, Ant Banks, Forty Fonzarelli
K-Ci and my nigga JoJo we all come from the ground up
BEA000TTCH!

[K-Ci and JoJo]
Right from the bottom to the top
From the ground up we never stop
Right from the bottom to the top
We never stop
(repeat 2X)

Never stop, no we will never stop baby
We will never stop, we will, we will never stop
We will never stop!
From the ground up, from the ground up
From the ground up, nooo
From the grouuuuund up, from the ground up
From the bottom to the top baby
Baby baby baby baby...

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