

## **E-40**

# **"Gargoyle Serenade"**

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Scrapin the pavement with his knuckles, gorilla like with it

Run a background check, bet you they say he livid  
He got a voice out there mayne! He don't wear a muzzle

West coast fixture, disrespect him you in trouble  
Niggarish nigga, dig that with a shovel  
Broccoli in the air, gathered up in a huddle  
'Bout to blast off - like a space shuttle  
RealHustlersUnite.com, born in the struggle  
Cain't be weak, gotta earn your keep  
Gotta stay woke while everybody else asleep  
Cause they dusty mayne, they dirty mayne, they'll try and sneak

Creep up on you from beind and make yo' melon leak  
Watch yo' back, and yo' front  
Gotta pack the kind of guns that hunters use to hunt  
Braveheart, not a punk  
It can go down at any time, be prepared for funk  
I was built for this shit, seen cats get peeled in this shit  
for either flappin they lips, or warrin over a chick  
Either that or they snitch or owe somebody some chips  
Used to flea flick and pitch, fucked around and got rich!

So damn focused ferocious, man I don't know if y'all noticed

I'm tryin to bubble like sodas it's funky like halitosis  
Stanky gritty no pity, it's a killer in every city  
On the ave where it's mannish, posted up with the many

Uhh! Back from a leave of absence  
Got the block pregnant, now it's havin contractions  
All boys, not girls like the Braxtons  
Sellin that white like the Kardashians  
On the track like a weave! Loaded as fuck, geeked  
Got a pint of that there oil and a zap of broccoli  
And I wish a bitch WOULD, try to slide through I'm ready

I'ma send him back in a box and I ain't talkin 'bout a Chevy  
I'm totin somethin heavy, that'll fuck a fucker UP!

A cinnamon roll, look like a snake curled up  
Ka-ka-ka-ka-ka-ka, goes the hundred round drum  
WOOOOOO, the amba-lambs, here they come  
Flatlined, folks cryin, "My baby was an angel sir!"  
But little did she know that her lil' devil was a finagler  
A robber, a thief, a stealer, always into somethin  
A peeler, runnin, from the po'-po' and the soil, he had it  
comin  
BEOTCH BEOTCH!

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