

## **E-40**

# **"Gasoline"**

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Elite alloy candy coated custom paint, Verizon wireless phone

Jacob watch with interchangeable bands and five time zones

Tryin' to holla at a redbone, smokin' on some cactus

Sippin' on some super duper extra strength

A buck fifty, a shot Louie, the thirteenth

Head hard as a rock, stop by the barber shop

Shoot some craps in the back then hit the block

There go the Elroys, they handcuffin' my boys

They fittin' to take 'em to the prestink

Couldn't say they ABC's backward, so?

Shoot, I can't say my ABC's backwards when I'm sober

E-Figgady, a different pedigree than most of these suckers

Up in this industry be trying to copy me

Trend setta, game markin' decta, Vendetta, big chedda

Soil block protectas

Hey, hey, ey

Fuck rallies, ride gold ones mang

Sick wid it, nigga, what you claim?

My niggaz spit gasoline

Hey, hey, ey

Fuck rallies, ride gold ones mang

Sick wid it, nigga, what you claim?

My niggaz spit gasoline

Never low on gas, never on an empty tank

High octane for the brain, puffin' on some dank

Traffic backed up like a toilets do, bumper to bumper

Music on slap, sounding like a concert

Drink in my lap, finger on my thumper

Twist wig back, head crack, flat line, alpine, deck

Rolla supplier, quiet as it's kept

I wanna retire but I can't, the game needs me

The game would be boring without E-Feezy

I wake up every morning to a shot of liquor

A shoebox full of herb and some grits and turkey  
sausage  
For my liver, sellin' units out the trunk of my car  
And just think, I started with a pickle jar  
From a sixteenth of yowder to a quarter kick of blow  
To a whole thing of some of that, you know

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Sick wid it, nigga, what you claim  
My niggaz spit gasoline

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Yo, yo, yo  
I'm close, I'm doing the most, I flamboast  
I coast, take my foot off the brake  
Then I casper the friendly ghost up the interstate  
Gettin' neck motion, deep throat, honey, 'bout to choke

I got brigadels to see, marbles to make  
Drop the prices from state to state like the West Nile  
Virus  
Prolly gammas miralicious, big spit, game vicious  
Man on the microphigadelian foshelian  
It's nothin' but the forty water

Always on, uh, some unreasonable  
Can't fuck wit' it, if it ain't equinomically, um, er, uh, ta,  
uh, feasible  
Me and my weoples stay yayered up  
Got a just say no to drug bumper sticker on my truck

And an American flag so I can camouflage my image  
I'm smokin' on some spinach  
I need to play some tennis before I go to court  
The water might be finished if he don't report

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Gasoline, gasoline, gasoline, gasoline  
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Gasoline, gasoline, gasoline, gasoline  
Gasoline, gasoline, gasoline, gasoline

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