

E-40**"Give Her The Key"**Visit "[Give Her The Key](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yeah (Ehhh!!)

Yeah (Ehhh!!)

Ahh Huh!!

Ahh Huh!!

Uuuugggghhh!!

Yeah Mane!!

It's Magic!!

E40 & my partna T-Pain

(Nappy Boy!!)

CHORUS

Open up that garage

It's a big fat car

With a big fat bow on top (on top)

It's a Bentley Coupe with the roof let back

Now shawty you know that's hot

Imma give her the keys

(Uuuggghh!!)Ooohh (Uuuggghh!!)Ooohh

(Uuuggghh!!)Ooohh

(2x's)

Now shawty sang it to me

Oooohh!! Ooohh!! Ooohh!! Ooohh!!

And Imma give her the keys

Oooohh!! Ooohh!! Ooohh!! Ooohh!!

E40

Uuuugggghhh!!!!

From a bucket to a Benz

A Benz to a Bentley

Down with me from the start

Got my back like a tank top

When I used to be on the block

She hid my rocks in her yacht

Got a special place in my heart

She knows how to play her part

Every time I look at you darling

I get a hard on

You sexy without your make up on

I wanna bone

Move you out the hood
I told you I would
I'm not phony
We both from the same place
Grew up on fried bologna
They say the opposites attract
But we gotta a lot in common
Behind every boss player is a boss woman
Imam fiend when it come to our cooking
You do your thang
Throw down like Paula Dean
Neck bones & collard greens

CHORUS

E40

Born in the mud, raised in the trap
Down ass broad, never been a sap
If I ever need bail, went to jail, got popped
You'll be Johnny on the spot
You'll come & get me out
A loyalist, not just a friend to me
We was meant to be
We got chemistry
You like when I lay this pipe
Been around each other so long
They say we starting to look a like
Starting to think a like
Getting our money right
Fuss, fight, then make love all night
California king on a California queen
My California dream
We make a good team

CHORUS

E40

It's the little things that count
Any means much
Can't nothing come between us
Can't nothing separate us
You're my backbone
You my rib
You my chick
You my backbone
You my rib
You my chick
It's the little things that count
Any means much
Can't nothing come between us
Cant nothing separate us

You my backbone
You my rib
You my chick
You my backbone
You my rib
You my chick

Yeah mane!!
It's a drought on loyal females
The good ones is hard to find mane
So when you find a good one
Hold on to that broad
Mane you hear me

CHORUS

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