

## **E-40**

# **"Hillside"**

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[Reporter:]

Thus topic of news right now surveillance cameras  
Captured a terrifying attack at a store in Vallejo

[Chorus:]

Ridin through the turf, on Magazine  
You know I stay strapped, with a magazine  
Put it to your face, like a magazine  
I stay on the case, cause I'm from Magazine  
Nigga I'm from Hillside  
H.I.L.L.S.I.D.E  
Nigga I'm from Hillside  
H.I.L.L.S.I.D.E

[Verse 1:]

H.I.L.L.S.I.D.E  
M.A.G.A.Z.I.N.E. Vallejo, California my city  
No pity, for a sucka can't be no sissy  
Motherfuckers smoke weed like a hippy, get tipsy, like  
Wine-O's, stay whisky  
Country ass city boys with honey rifles bring the ruckus  
Beverly Hillbillies big old corn-fed motherfuckers  
What'cha mean my nigga, got every narcotic in the  
world for sale  
I ain't Wayne Brady but let's make a deal  
Like Drew Carey, mane the price is right  
I got pills, trees and that white white white  
The Hillside, have money have heart  
Just like the Watts column we got the kidney walk  
That's the hood landmark like John Davidson Park  
Cutlass Oldsmobile thangs cruisers and larks  
Posted with thumps ginormous oversize guns  
Me and my potnas my brothers and my cousins

[Chorus]

[Verse 2:]

Uhh!  
When I was a young cope a lion though a young cat  
baby buffler  
Money and muscle born in the struggle, turf wars not  
tug-a-war

Shootouts, high speeds, on top of the roof and trees  
On the side of the house with cages, rifles and 223's  
Back then it used to be pagers not Wi-fi and 4G  
When I was seventeen me and my crew went half on a  
key  
Now I'm making more in a day and my momma making  
a week  
Jewelry, clothes, new shoes on my feet  
Having my cabbage hella slap a laffish trunk full of  
prop  
Roofers, tweeters and horns, doing they fuckin job  
Getting em up thrown em, bobbing and weaving  
beastin'  
Nickeling up with OG's in the middle of the street in  
Earning my strips and medal no process Zurich-est  
gold  
Pickos in the summer, even when it ain't cold  
I throw my H in the sky, everywhere I go makes you  
wide  
If they ask you where I'm from, tell em Hillside

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]

Alhambra, Beverly Drive, La Brea  
Earl Street, Carmel, Didion Court, Wilshire  
Hollywood Ave, Volute, Magazine Street rolling  
Half of my cash yolkin, punching the gas smokin'  
... parking my car in the grass feeling good  
Sitting on top of the hood be flicking and serving  
knocks pushing bags, giving them love juh  
24 hour shift and grittin everyday all day  
7-11 turf for even a lil warmed up in the microwave  
Hillside for life, always been about my bread  
Look up to Alick, Rick Young, Too-Shay, Ju Ju and OG  
Nitch  
Jon Jon and Robert Craig, Victor, Cook and Tyrone and  
em  
Miss Smith and Loney Smurf, Jimmy Blackman and all  
of them  
See the spot right here, this used to be Mr. Jimmy's  
Why give a Wine-O a dollar to buy a beer for me?  
Around the corner from the Travelodge and Mickey D  
You 'lible to find me at the Kit-Way Bowling alley  
BEATCH!

[Chorus]

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