

E-40

"Hope I Don't Go Back"

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What's happenin'?
You need to take it inside
Take what inside?
You're disturbing the peace

Yeah yeah, I done got too big to be hoppin'
Over barbed wire fences, right?
But I had this one broad
She was so damn sprung she use

What? Uhh, and ahh, and a VHS camera
And a VHS camera
I promise you playboy
It was somethin' serious, felt so damn good

Hope I don't go back to slangin' ya-yo
Slangin' llello, to get my mail
See a lot of people don't know
The legendary status of which I come from
Old school like Cab Calloway
Right
Hot damn, I taught him his thang he do

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Been a hustler since birth, mama sellin' dubs in church
Red-handed, caught me stealin' money out her purse
Got branded, permanent whip scars on my back
'Cause I used to get beat, with racing car tracks

But now me got wealth, holdin' a conference call on my
Hands free car telephone lookin' like I'm talkin' to
myself
Shootin' the breeze cuttin' it up real smooth like
Choppin' it up like two business men

Talkin' about it, by the way B
What we doin' this week on SoundScan?
If I ain't in Japan, I'm in the Valley
Or maybe next door in Gary Payton bowling alley

Or maybe at the shootin' range, me and Banks
Or on the golf course, with Merton Hanks
Or we lay in the sun, give me my props
With a beat that's out of this world, lookin' down on
doctors
Sippin' on the porch, watchin' my kids play basketball
In the backyard on a 40 by 63 foot long sports court

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Right
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Business spot up in the wilderness, coyotes and wild
boars
[Unverified] days like this were made strictly for
outdoors
Twenty inch gold super Bravos on my [unverified]
everybody ain't poor
To be blessed with success with an independent-ass
record label

Check it out, marbles, I got the game from my Uncle
Saint Thomas
Used to bank across the street at Wells Fargo
But now it's Merrill Lynch
And just think, I used to sit the bench

I remember gettin' chased by the cops, had to get my
stomach pumped
Full of a quarter ounce of rocks, late afternoon
Probably waitin' for me outside of Vallejo Kaiser
Permanente
Emergency room with glocks, ready to ride

And hang me to death, somehow I managed to make
my escape through
The back of the cafeteria by the vending machine
department quickly
Found myself runnin' through the Friendship Apartment
Complex
Over there by the railroad tracks, around the corner
from the

People's Continuation High School
Somewhere off in the lights, behind Je-nai's Liquor ooh

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Get my mail, check it out, dope game ain't goin'
Now it seems the, white-collared crimes, are hookin' up
phones
"Charlie Hustle, I got a few homies, I'm doing a
compilation
Should I go with [unverified]"

I tell em, "Hell yeah, that's a done deal", drew them off
the hinges
[Unverified] them did my cover and my bus benches
Game warrior invested, worldwide sick-wid-it clique,
independent chips
Lay that down, lay that down, that's what I'm sayin'

I'm gonna tell you it's cool, 'cause your playa partner
Take his other money right, and then he'll sit up here
And he'll take it then he'll say, "Hold on main"
Let me handle some phone booths

Let me get off into the business, dealers, ballers
Let me get off into the florist business, Beamers,
barbershops
Get into commercial lots
Merchants, whatever fertilizes the right way of livin'

You dig what I'm sayin' man? Ay look
Playboy, I look at myself and I say, "Hold on main"
Lemme see what's down, lemme translate it
Lemme translate it into some marbles
Lemme liquidate my revenues
You understand what I'm sayin' 40-Watermelon

Ay, but look here, I'm here to sprinkle my
Godzilla brawler playboy potnas untouchable
Mafia game warriors to adjust to the situations
That goes down in they life, I ain't playin' wit it man

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See a lot of people don't know

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Old school like Cab Calloway
Right
Hot damn, I taught him his thang he do
There's too many jealous brothers in this game
I can't stand the same, I gotta mine

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Slangin' llello, to get my mail
See a lot of people don't know
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Old school like Cab Calloway
Right
Hot damn, I taught him his thang he do
I gotta get my money on

Don't wanna go, don't wanna go
Back to the game, hey

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