

E-40**"Hope I Don't Go Back Video Version"**

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officer tapping on E 40's car window with nightstick]
[E 40] Whas happenin?
[PIGG] You need to take it inside.
[E 40] Take what inside?
[PIGG] You're disturbing the peace.
[E 40 looks the other way and goes 'Pssssh!']
[E 40 having a playalistic converstaion with Ice T]
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 [edited]
What? Uhh, and ahh, and a VHS camera *Ice-T cracks
up*
And a VHS camera
I promise you playboy
It was somethin serious, felt so damn good
Chorus: repeat 2X
Hope I don't go back to slangin ya-yo
Slangin llello, to get my maillll
[Ice-T talking to a cat who LOOKS like E-40
after they walked into the studio]
[cat] See a lot of people don't know
the legendary status of which I come from
[cat] Old school like Cab Calloway
[IceT] Right
[cat] Hot damn I taught him his thang he do
Verse One: E-40
Been a hustler since birth, mama sellin dubs in church
Red-handed, caught me stealin money our 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 propers
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
Chorus

Verse Two: E-40

Business spot up in the wilderness, coyotes and wild
boars
? days like this were made strictly for outdoors
Twenty inch gold super Bravos on my ? 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
robably 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
Chorus

Verse Three: E-40

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 ??"
I tell em, "Hell yeah that's a done deal.." drew them off
the hinges
? 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!
Chorus
Singer: There's too many jealous brothers in this game,
I can't stand
the
same...I gotta mine
Chorus
Singer: I gotta get my money on
[Outro]
Singer: Don't wanna go, don't wanna go, back to the
game, hey

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