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## E-40 "It's All Bad"

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(E-40 and son talking)

(E-40)

Why was I born in these trifling ass times?

Why is it mandatory that I carry nines?

Don't be to civil 'cause even white folks get jacked to

Doctors, high class lawyers and even Japs too

You ask me why I speak the real the way I feel

How come we call bitches hoes and you call us negros?

They want to do me like they did Stacks

What is this young black man doing with all that

scratch? huh

I see some timahs on the yayo track readin they mail

Talking bout "I got white girl for sale"

But they ain't talking to me 'cause I'm an oldie and they

knows that

I used to be just like them I tell them "y'all get that

scratch"

Magazine was never nothing like Bel Air

High speed shot outs and shit, but I loved it there

40 where you've been playa, it's been a while?

Marinatin' accumulating paper pal

Y'all kind of doin it huh, you still grindin?

Hell yeah, you know them tapes you keep rewinding

Money ain't changed me, money changed the way

people think about me

When I was broke all I had was my family

You know what kills me doe them fuckin' numskulls

I hate when blacks be clowin blacks on all these talk

shows

It's bad enough we shootin up each other tradgically

Two days ago they found some brother smothered

badly

Nobody's to be trusted in this day and age

To much jealousy and envy on the wrong page

And fuck the po po because that 39% tax I pay

Don't get me nathan but a choke hold and some pepper

spray

Chorus

Our father who art in heaven

hollow it be thy name thy kingdom come That's the prayer that I say so spread the word And if you feeling down and out read proverbs You know that I've been tweakin off something strange Startin to see a lot of womens at the shootin range Domestic violence but here's an old ghetto myth My potnas auntie scold her boyfriend with some hot grits I'm from the G-E double T-T to the oh no Where only few dare to go (e-40 Jr.) I spits game like a soldier tonk since I told you this Rap kingpin giant, six year old vocalist You don't want to see me Do it like I do that All up in your tall-can face I tell you get more scrilascratch Y'alll need to get up on it The game is way to deep I'm not your average hustler I be creepin while you sleep Game, Straight game Get up on it, Straight game

Chorus-It's all Bad

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