

E-40**"Jellysickle"**

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Hey, all you haters, stop
Man, this be this, what?
Rick rocker, T9, E-40, jellysickle, y'all

They hate it when you bubble
See 'em in they huddles always making trouble
What, who? Jealous fellas, man
Fall up in the spot and from the jump they don't like me
Hat to the back and I'm felling real hyphy

I'ma star so I'm in with the belly pistol
That's 'cause the haters be sucking on jellysickles
That mean the cycle of jealousy's real thick, man
I'm feeling, it's 'bout to pop off real quick, man

But I ain't trying to have the fedas come and pinch me
'Cause he's plotting on my cheddar on my minske
Never tempt me the grench, so you better never
Let another knell, 'nother fella come against me

Off in Missouri it's jellysickle city jealousy
Watching and it aint the right stare, nightmares
Don't let me go and rock the red spiked hair
They hate it when I do that right there, yeah

Take a lick of this, what? Jellysickle sickness
To much will make you sick, you acting like a trick,
biatch
Take a lick of this, what? Jellysickle sickness
Jellysickle sickness, you acting like a trick, biatch

Quit bumping your gums spark your tongue
Keep a real pimp game up out your mouth
If I get on your line and dump two on your spine
Like it a 80's drought, I'm about that Valley Jo
Po Po, be throwing tantrums, 'cause I live up on a hill
With a view on a acre in a big white who white mansion

I be all up in the dirty, where they cook them fried
turkeys
Be up in Houston with Mike Jones and Paul Wall

You want that fast quota, I want that slow nickle
Everything I got, I worked for, so quit hating on me,
nigga

Look at the trees, look at the sky, look at the moon
Look at these keys, look at my ride, I'ma tycoon
From the land of the gangsters and pimps and hustlers
Where a hundred will get you three hundred dollars
worth of hubba

Every time, I look around, every time I look around
Somebody done bit my style, wanna smile in my face
And take my place, hate but it ain't gone be no way no
how, wow
I'm lit like a candle and they hating 'cause I'm hot
Like a left sink handle

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Jellysickle, look at how that jelly trickles
Down his elbows and you can smell those
Playa haters from Calabassas to Melrose
During his jail pulls and knocked him out of his shell
toes

When I walk into the spot them suckas sucking on them
sickles
Hate to see me shining get to tripping when they off
they ripple
I get these rappers dripping jelly to the third degree
Most of them in my city never know me but yet they
heard of me

At the BET awards, chilling with the federation
Never forget the woman at the door giving
Away the shoes didn't really want me to have 'em, man
I had a ticket, I had to grab 'em

Come to find out I was in a rhyme battle
A couple years ago, here's the blow
'Cause I rake up dough, she was one of the women

I left behind up at the wake up show

Congratulate me 'cause I'm a go getta
For sho' hitta, E-40 and Nina, some flow spitter's
But that don't mean you gotta hate
Jealousy's a sickness take another lick, mitch
You actin' like a trick, biatch

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