

E-40 "Jump My Bone"

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I hope we can all get alone tonight I'm tryin' to take me somethin' home tonight Lay on my back talk on my phone and get my head lay on

Then after that she gon' jump my bone

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Gettin' tweeded up in the club, niggas in the parking lot Sasquatch pimpin' bitches from different cities And I'm tryin' to stick my ding-a-ling Between one of these super bad ass bitches

Say, ho, oh, you don't want me to talk to you like that? She say, "Oh I got your hoe, besides nigga I don't even listen to rap" I said, "How you know a motherfucker rap?"

She say, "Ain't you 40-water? I read an article on you while I was up under the dryin' net Magazine Double XL

I heard that, okay what's crackaleezie, what's the heezie deezie?

Why you try to act like you was God's gift to the world A few minutes of a keezie leezie? All my dentures gathered around to take a look At this bankded beauty Dolly Parton gluteus Maximus Ass big enough to fit a cup on her booty

Straight Centerfold Suzette

I'm in the mix, check it out, I'm in the mix like a blender Stay right down the street from Paul from the Diamond Center

I used to cut grass for a livin' But now I count cash for a livin' bitch I hope we can all get alone tonight I'm tryin' to take me somethin' home tonight Lay on my back, talk on my phone and get my head lay on

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Now, there was a cool little old fuck Smoked a little broccelius then we stopped by the burrito truck Stuck, man this shit here's crazy I'm in a Ford, Fix or repair daily

Old school antique lifters tickin'
With a gas leak radiator off the heater reads
I'm in a desperate need of some antifreeze
Shit, shit, shit, shit, shit
What the fuck's wrong with this car?
Shit, shit, shit, shit I should've drove my Northstar

Dependable, new school get you Where you need to be when you need to be Enemies aimin' at me with they darts While I'm footin' it, walkin' to Kragens Auto Parts

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A week later, everything was fo' sho' My album was about to drop so I went on a promotional tour

Bus driver why you cruisin' dude? Where we headed? Houston Texas, one mo' mile, two mo' exits

Quarter to three me and the Mossie checkin' in at the Double tree

Lemme call my dudes, who? 8-ball and MJG

Ball where da hoes?
All the hoes be at Poppago's

Later on that day, say you know a motherfucker Can't come to Houston without visitin' Little J The Scarfaces, The Drapers and The Greens The Northsides and Club Boomerangs and bitch

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