

## E-40 "Lifestyles"

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Desperado always drinkin' out the bottle Young hyena with the HK hollow point staple spray Turf tight, soil block warrior from the avenue Mean muggin' like I'm mad at you

Boiler make Baker's whiskey mixed in with my brew Celebratin' smoking Mendocino bud this is the lifestyle of a thug
A hooligan a heathen wolverine
Everybody on my team got a triple beam

Tossin' candy to the dope fiends
Million dollar spot, million dollar dreams
Four or five different colored techa-marines
Yellow diamonds and stones and two-way pager
phones

Plushed out SUV's smokin' Leprechaun Flowers in the back seat watchin' Austin Powers with the windows up Lost tryin' to get where we gettin' Talking to the operator on my OnStar system

This is the lifestyle that I choose We smoke tweed get keyed all day and drink brews Which of [Incomprehensible] burp and get paper Spray myself with sucka repellent and shake haters

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Every morning I got to have a nice fat joint and a hot bubble bath Wrapped in a Backwood or a Zig-Zag Eyes red like a broad on a rag My pants sag down past my waistline with the vive

When I leave the coffee table got my nine by my spine Funkin' like its goin' out of style Mo' beef than a cow speakin' ebonics

## Evonics and broken English from Venus

Intelligent hoodlums and geniuses
From the inner city Al Capones and Frank Nittys
From the ruler to the tutor hubba heada shoota
In the back for a hubble rock or crack

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I just look like this but I'm really about my scratch See what it is I want the po-pos to think that I'm just as square as a box of apple jacks I shoot craps drive GMC Avalanches and EXT Cadillacs

If you snooze you lose I know you got a lot a trust in your dudes
But check for traps and clues nobody's playin' by the rules anymore
Not even the people that made 'em up
My hood is corrupted and full of infidel one poverty

Not too much faithfulness mostly all betrayal Mostly all my folks is dead or locked away in jail Speakin' about some people that I miss Tijuana Carter, Ricardo Slay and Lisa Smith

Fred, Tito, Pat and Kobe
And OG dead brother Fab the big homie
Hillside representin' this to the fullest
And all my folks locked down pullin' bullets

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