

E-40**"MrFlamboyant 2k11"**

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[Singing: E-40]

I was out there on the yola track
Try'na make my motherfuckin money back
Po-po beat me up and took all of my feddy
Uhh! All my feddy
I think they almost had enough to cop me two or three
Two of Oze's of that good candy
But I was goin take just a second for me to get back on
my toes and feet
On my toes and feet [laughs] uhh
BEATCH!

[Rapping: E-40]

Yeah, this one of em throwback, mobbed out, yola
coppin'
Truck robbin', sparks some coke, crack a bottle and sip
some yac beats
Muthafucka, crack a bottle and sip some yac beats
Mutha-muthafucka
Yeah, this one of em throwback, mobbed out, yola
coppin'
Truck robbin', sparks some coke, crack a bottle and sip
some yac beats
Muthafucka, crack a bottle and sip some yac beats
Mutha-muthafucka

[Verse 1:]

When I was born I was designed to be a boss
Good to be able to get with anything that I came across
(came across)
Uhh! Throw off med cause I'm wore this glass-
terboyant
Now scout across when I was out there in the traffic, be
flicking and serving knocks
A place in the danger street used to make that tension
shoot pella sober-bees?
One of the most faithful weapons of choice remitting
rifles, 223's
Some of em in the plastic fresh out the box with the
cleaning kit
I was quiet when I was sleepin' if you fuck with me I

empty the clip, uhh
Basically me and my goons was oversea and my
relives was really unit-less
It was my job I got Brenton to hold down the whole
muthafuckin block
Now I'm the nigga I'm that dude I'm the man (I'm the
man)
This shit I spittin' niggas don't understand
BEATCH!

I'm gonna give you ten percent of the tape
I'm gonna give you ten percent of the tape
You got enough stuff in here to send us up for life
You got enough stuff in here to send us up for life
I didn't try to take it over, I took it over
I did-I did-I did-I did-I didn't try to take it over, I took it
over
You got enough stuff in here to send us up for life
You got enough stuff in here to send us up for life
Mr. Flamboyant

[Verse 2:]

Mr. Flamboyant, yeah that just might be yo handle
Blackjack, crafts, Relent, high rolling, mud and gamble
Whole water like a Campbell, never tell or never snitch
On a mission to get rich, slap the shit up out a bitch
I'm a fixture having chips, been doing it for a grip
Might not gangbang but I set trip
I been out here 24/7 nothing more or nothing less
Written my ass off, smelling like feet, butt and breast
In the mean time in between time I be mobbin'
(mobbin')
Backing and dodging Batman and Robin (Robin)
Live up my life in the fast lane no jogging
Capitalizing and taking advance every time I hear
money calling
They tell me I need to be pumpin' my brace I'm legal
too quick, I'm rushing
I open a nigga up I'll bust my gun mane I ain't bluffing
Minimum musclin' hustlin' try'na get this cake
My hood didn't breed no chimpanzee my hood
breded a ape
Sinister mob music, excruciation throb
Two Turks and four east in the trunk, doin his fuckin'
job
I'm hella far from being a punk, all my life I been a hog
The only freeway in this express just a cough and this
refrigerators and walls
In the Bay we got earthquakes, in the south they got
tornado
In the Midwest and the east coast either rain, sleeted or

sleep
When it comes to pushing I'm a pro, clever about the
moves I make
Legal with my ideals and choices that I choose to chose
to take
Beeatch! (beotch)

Be kinda careful what'chu say
Be kinda-be kinda-be kinda careful what'chu say
You just try and cross me and see if I mean it
You just try and cross me and see if I mean it
You can't expose me to the police?
You can't e-you can't e-you can't expose me to the
police?
You just try and cross me and see if I mean it
You just try and cross me and see if I mean it
Mr. Flamboyant

[Verse 3:]
See he course, he treats tribulum put em in plastic
baggies
Medicine draws, saran wraps, FedEx or UPS
Whatever you need I got it at your request
Got the lowest prices in tantums as far as quality got
the best
Me and my niggas don't take no risk you real niggas
proolly goin need it
Everybody gotta squeeze through these lays, rifles and
SK's
Stuck in my stubborn ways, hella mannish with it
They ain't guilt in 12gauge, you damage with
Moving em at they own gang, all the po-po know my
name
My fame bigger than my bank, I'm throwing heavy
change
You can find me at the shooting range perfecting and
practicing my aim
Me and my young life, knuckleheads, Thunder Cats
and hooligans
The only way to get out is to go in
So cover me I'm going in like Daniel in the Lion's Den
Roll with us or get rolled over man, crushed a swad a
beer can
The only man I fear is in the mirror man
BEATCH!

I been waiting for a break like this in years
I been waiting for a break like this for years
Aye why didn't you tell us you were such a big shot?
Aye why didn't you tell us you were such a big shot?
Mr. Flamboyant

I been waiting for a break like this in years
I been waiting for a break like this for years
Aye why didn't you tell us you were such a big shot?
Aye why-aye why didn't you tell us you were such a big
shot?
Mr. Flamboyant

I've always had a preference for geminate enterprises
I think you been going to high off lately night and day
I've always had a preference for geminate enterprises
I think you been going to high off lately night and day
I've always had a preference for geminate enterprises
I think you been going to high off lately night and day
I've always had a preference for geminate enterprises
I think you been going to high off lately night and day

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