

**E-40****"My Hoodlums and My Thugz"**Visit "[My Hoodlums and My Thugz](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

I pledge allegiance to the ghetto  
I pledge allegiance to the game  
I pledge allegiance to the money and the cars  
And the pussy and the bitches and the fame

I pledge allegiance to the ghetto  
I pledge allegiance to the game  
I pledge allegiance to the money and the cars  
And the pussy and the bitches and the fame, beeyatch

To all my, to all my hoodlums & my thugz with their  
mugs on  
Up in the ghetto and the hood with the platex rubber  
gloves on  
In the kitchen cookin' chicken, diamonds, hop and gab  
Droppin' off packages and grindin' outta taxicabs

Throw it up, throw it up, throw it up, ugh  
Throw it up, nigga, throw it up, throw it up  
Throw it up, throw it up, throw it up  
Throw it up, nigga, throw it up, throw it up

Fuck talkin', I'm chalkin' niggas, best ta get ta walkin'  
It's the shadiest, Charlie Hustle and my nigga the  
chicken hawk in on  
That throw it up ,throw it up, dip as I dips, skip with the  
Euro clip  
Hangin' for chips on 100-spoke whips

All I know is pussy, money and color bandannas  
And tryin' to get my kids some more chickens than  
colonel sanders  
Play us by the trigger so I'ma live by the trigger  
And rivals, seven bitches for all my hoodlum and thug  
niggas

[Incomp.] regulations in the game, never snitch  
Never sang soprano, wild gravy, bustin' kilograms,  
goin' platinum  
Door and panel, never dustin' up, never crackin' under  
pressure  
Seems to me I do my time and I get out whenever

Early people say I smell like glocks, what kind of car  
you got?

I tell 'em "Brooklyn cotch", Johnnie walker, snapple  
lemon-squeezed

And scotch is what I drink a nigga up under the table  
While all you powder puff niggas take all my votes

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Throw it up, throw it up, throw it up, nigga

Throw it up, nigga, throw it up, throw it up

Well, it's that old Inglewood gang bang, hustlin' ass  
nigga

That dope game, flossin' ho, bustin' ass nigga

Still grindin' while rhymin' now up to seven figures

Low-down, duct tapin', 2-11 lick hitter

Bangin' sendin' birds outta town on the bus

If ya in to sellin' crack, nigga fuck with us

I got cars and a mansion with wine in the cellar

And a bitch on my team that'll kill when I tell her

Back with ninjas so ya know

I do this for folsom and Susanville, fo' sho'

My niggas in Quentin and Vacaville, before I

From Chino to Tracey to hatched by to Rikers Island

Pelican Bay solid, dat long park and terminal island

Keep on smilin', dialin' and callin' connect

'Cos you're my focus, you know, I'm accept

A za, a zap board, deuce amps

Shoot dice with, to all my stamps beeyatch

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Could it be me or was it this chronic or bombay?  
That got me puttin' it down for all my hoodlums around  
the way  
Lex spares, money dippin', bullet-proof vests and sack  
warriors  
All my street niggas, east to the west to the souths, I  
can't hearin' ya

If it ain't Charlie Hustle, it's that nigga mack Manson  
While the g homies boogie, we keep they hoes dancin'  
And we stay lexed up wit the parlay features  
Sportin' beamed-up chucks wit the flamed-up creases

I represent the flat lands, the alley ways, the moms and  
pops  
The Chinese, the AK, the fiend, the rocks  
The liquor store on every corner, the laundromat  
The quick to run up on the nigga to peel my cap

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A dollar bill y'all, a dollar bill y'all  
A getcha, a getcha, a getcha scrill y'all  
A dollar bill y'all, a dollar bill y'all  
A getcha, a getcha, a getcha scrill y'all

A getcha scrill y'all, a dollar bill y'all  
A dollar, a dollar, a dollar bill y'all  
A dollar bill y'all, a dollar bill y'all  
A dollar, a dollar, a getcha scrill y'all

Beeyatch  
Beeyatch  
Beeyatch  
Beeyatch  
Beeyatch

