

**E-40****"Nice Guys"**Visit "[Nice Guys](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Chorus:

Nice guys finish last and stay broke,  
Bad guys finish first, and push coke  
From the bay, where they made the word playa hater,  
Where they shoot instead of squabbin' like hockey  
playas  
X2

I still got a mirror in my pocket,  
The kind of career I'm havin' at this age defies logic  
I'm tryna get my one's up, stack my issue?  
Finger on my stapler, or should I say pistol  
From the bay, where they made the word playa hater,  
Where they shoot instead of squabbin like hockey  
playas  
Fat ass wad full a' hundreds, I ain't got no cents  
40 Water, bring me up to speed, pimp  
Nice guys finish last and stay broke,  
Bad guys finish first, and push coke  
Ain't nothing new under the sun  
Because the gab god? blessed me with his tongue  
In cahoots with the streets and the vocal booth  
Solified, documented, partna' I got proof  
Mouthpiece, shoulda been a pimp  
I'm more than just a rapper, my n\*gga, I'm an event.

[chorus]

California ain't always sunny  
California nose kinda runny  
Might go to church on Sunday  
And sell dope on Monday  
One hand on the scale, the other one on the bible  
Askin' the Lord to protect me from my enemies and my  
rivals  
Posted with my Bushmaster chopper assault rifle  
From those that ... Lookin out the window like Malcolm  
That's dramatics music straight from the gravel that  
underground  
If I give you the script, you best not read it upside down  
Man I drink too much, I got two dranks

Man I think too much, I got two brains  
E-40, Fonzarelli, man I got two names  
I got two chains so I tote two thangs.  
Sick-wid-it click thick like Wu-Tang  
I'm the heart of the Bay, the artery and the veins  
The club was crickets till E-40 walked in, I get it poppin'  
Man, it was so quiet you could hear a mouse pistol  
cockin'

[chorus]

Man, it's the block brochure, man, the ave almanac  
The hustler's handbook, the really lived that  
Run off wit' my sack and get yo' helmet cracked  
Have you gaspin for air, like an asthma attack  
I'm from that 80's era when we didn't wear no mascara  
When we played by the rules, and sudden? turned on  
dudes  
Anything can be confused, any beef can be fixed,  
Long as nobody got knocked down, ill try to f\*ck your  
b\*tch  
Some of my fellas so grimy that they ain't never been  
to a club  
Some of my fellas so street that they ain't never been  
outta they hood  
Hold court on the soil, not in front of a judge  
â€¦. Ain't no need for holdin' a grudge  
My.. my speakers, my whole system go  
40 what kinda amp you got? Memphis mojo  
Feezy where you been, playa, it's been a while  
Waitin around for this real sh\*t to come back in style

[Chorus]

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