

## E-40

# "Quarterbackin' (Dj Quick Remix)"

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[Intro]

[Malice] E-40 and the Clipse, yeah

[E-40] {\*cut and scratch "The Quarterback"\*}

[Verse 1 - Malice]

Tell the cops don't read into it, them days of slingin  
Yay been finished, them days have been done ended  
So far gone them days that I'm offended  
Snitches can't speak my name till they get winded  
Can't you tell there's been a switch made?  
Now fellas decide, that they wanna run and tell like in  
the 5th grade  
But I'm too gone, young'n be clear  
Even when you see me, I am not really there  
And I ain't play fair, wit my eye on the enemy  
Huggin the block just me and my mini-me  
Did it and lived it, grinded here  
Cops feelin where my crotch at, find it yeah  
Not only was I in the game I was gifted in it  
Served food to the fiends and we called them dinners  
Put the raw wit the fakeout, mixed it in it  
Can't explain it, cats hustle guess it just was in us,  
Malicious

[Chorus - E-40]

If you got the turn cracking and ya money's stackin'  
Ya, quarterbackin', quarterbackin'  
Leader of the squad and you're the team captain  
Ya, quarterbackin', quarterbackin'  
Got a little change and you're driving a Range  
Ya, quarterbackin', quarterbackin'  
If you're sound system bangs and you're pushin them  
thangs  
Ya, quarterbackin', quarterbackin'

[Verse 2 - E-40]

Might not know what I'm talking about, if you ain't never  
lived it  
I see you'd a done it, see fiends vomit  
Green stuff I had to clean it up wit Comet  
Mean stuff, so many deaths my streets is haunted  
Believe us, you shoulda seen us

Like Wild E. Coyote make super genius  
Gets a lots like Serena and Venus  
I only had a couple jobs in my life  
But not too many thought I was grown  
Who woulda thought I'd sell my scale for a microphone  
And be rapping about it up in this song, sliding on  
some chrome  
Uh, this long money I earn, I'm bald-headed  
But I used to have a Lord Jesus perm (Lord Jesus perm)  
When my name was Earl, before the rap game  
Running from Secret Squirrel, I had my own thang  
I was raised by wolves, hyenas and barracudas,  
gorillas and bulls, uh

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Pusha T]

I play the field like Vick, from endzone to endzone  
Serve that ish like snow cones in the hood  
And trench in the gutter, I was lost to the good  
Cause I make gat stutta, like an O.G. should  
Mama's lookin', so mistaken  
Night's in the kitchen, thought I never finish cookin'  
Way before, paid for this here that I'm mouthin'  
Nineteen years young, upward of eighty-thousand  
Trust me young'n, Pusha was never browsin' for  
nothing  
Section 8, housing

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