

E-40

"Say I"

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(with Too \$hort)
(feat. Wiz Khalifa)

[Chorus:]

All in favor of giving ripped and gone
And you're gonna have to call someone to drive you
home

Say I I I I I I I I

All in favor of getting super high
You might start to feel like a bird that can fly
Say I I I I I I I I

[Verse 1: E-40]

Brought me in and watch me go, bad on a hoe ass
nigga
Don't give me no more I'm on my second fifth of liquor
Once I'm power up it's hard for me to power down
I fuck a nigga up, and put tears on em like a clown
I went from rags to riches, riches to rags,
Top convertibles, Benzs and Jags
Smoking me herbal, sipping me wine,
Or should I say turbo 'cause it's green and it's lime
Ever since he was infant he was raised around pimps
When he took his first step, he walked with a limp
Man this nigga hard headed damn fool
His teacher sucked his dick in high school
Supercalifragilistic ex be ala hooligan
Breakin down the diesel mixing cookies with the
headband
Went to jail on a Friday, didn't get out till Tuesday
Got a DUI for drinking too much lou, bitch

[Chorus:]

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[Verse 2: Too \$hort]

I. Got a DUI, why? I didn't even have to drive
Now, I'm in jail for a crime, made bail and I paid the
fine
My lawyer charged me high ass prices,
DNV, bout to take my license
Insurance, is going up, and when I go to court I know
I'm fucked
All this shit, just for drinking
Need a designated driver, I'm to drunk for thinking
Two hands on the steering wheel
Don't let a friend drink and drive if you being real
Might crash the whip, might lose your life
If I get too high tonight just make sure
I making home safe and you do the same
Now let's get fucked up and lose it man, bitch

[Chorus:]

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[Verse 3: Wiz Khalifa]

Roll the paper so loud I wake up the neighbors
The boss I don't need no favor
You pussy so fuck a hater bitch
Now that my cake up, my crib got an elevator,
My new shoes is alligator
And ever meal got a waiter with it
And I'm all about pour drank up
While I'm rolling the stank up
Sweat my wife out her make up,
Blow a pound when I wake up,
See the cars they don't wanna race us
I do it big niggas do it A Cup
Walk up in the club then gonna bring some champagne
I'm a blow a lot of drugs, I put money on it,
Spendin all this bank let a fuck nigga hate
Real nigga show love sound funny don't it
All this money think I lucked up,
All this Gin got me fucked up
Man I live life the taylor way
Drinking Bombay and lemonade, rolling up some paper
planes.

[Chorus:]

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