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E-40 "Sinister Mob"

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I don't know if you don't, I know, whenever the wind blows I be chasin' all of my cheese, think I'm lyin', silly negro, please My niggaz is out to get rich, better watch out man 'cause they sick Somebody better get this dick, I'm about to get sick with this shit

Although them niggaz is tight As tight as me they never will be So what? Some niggaz is famous man Some niggaz is out for they G's

Some niggaz is lovin' hookers man Some niggaz send hoes to they knees Some niggaz will rescue a bitch Some skanless niggaz'll let the ho bleed

If you gon' ride, nigga go'n ride If you gon' hide, nigga go'n hide, witcho' bitch ass If you gon' shoot, nigga go'n shoot, doo, doo, doo, doo, doo, doo If you gon' spook, nigga go'n spook

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The cherries, sirens, got me layin', po po penelopes make Noises throughout the night, bring the yellow tape They so lost, bodies bagged up Streets blocked off, victims air lifted up

Lieutenants, bosses, block monsters, kingpins Funkin', beefin', killin' they best friends And to prevent bloodshed we used to try to reason But right now it's a drought and ain't nobody eatin' So therefo' there the problem right there Ain't no jobs provided so I'ma blame the Mayor Sinister mob throughout the town Y'all grew up on this shit, y'all love the sound

Y'all threw up on the shit, all on the tar Got you twisted with the shit, dang near wreck yo' momma's car Dirty needles, welfare checks Poverty, despair, housin' projects

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Smeb with me and Nate Dogg M.D. 20/20 see that them breathin' alcohol Drinking too many to the head with me Eightball, let your anger out, throw it up against the wall

I dropped a C-note, didn't miss it A little skank from the other side, picked it up and kiss it like Good luck, you deserve it and you makin' it Even though my boyfriend, them be hatin' it

I'm a top hat, them cats is mouses I sport ice, cost mo' than niggaz houses I'm nothing close to bein' fake I tried to tell them tricks a long time ago To get in this rap game, but it's too late

I'm on my way to my, where? Studio session Switchin' ears, tryin' to get a better reception Changin' gears, super size Poppin' wheelies in my brand new ride

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Glow in the dark night vision, solar ray tinted glass Power heated side through mirrors, brought back airbags Off the new with the stump My Cadillac DTS Deville, 32 valve ain't no punk

Get up outta here some ol' Jacklin and square Hollered adjitudes and ate the gravel I said, "I ain't no mark ass any ol' rapper Potnah I was built for battlin'

And about all that ol' jaw jackin' You doin' potnah, I ain't playin' You get your head put on flat, Think it's a game, I got choppers

Done fucked with jelly jaws Screwed a few bitches in my car A temper problem, I can't hide Issues, violence, problems deep inside"

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