

E-40**"Smashing The Gas"**Visit "[Smashing The Gas](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

intro [e-40]

Uh, uh, hah!

Alright, mystikal, (bitch! hombre!) mystikal.

Alright nigga, this e four o.

Huh, e four o, e four o, huh.

Finna get it crankin up in this biatch, what.

Finna get it crankin up in this biaiatch.

V-town (v-town), new orleans.

Check it out.

[e-40]Thangs fine, in the middle of the street, sirens
and violens silenceMuthafuckas play for keeps, violens and diamonds on
my grand piano

Turn the channel, lemme see that, gimme that back

Muthafucka fool what's your problem? (what's your
problem?)

Nigro, why you wanna pull all on the side of my column

Column, shot em shot em, got em, stick em, lose em,
stock emBitch em, dodge em, block em, stock em, rock em,
chop em, scheme emPlottin plot em, 45 special, 45 special, nigga with the
four five realize[b-legit]I got this monkey on my back, shit be funky
that's a factScreamin up in them swamps though, pocket fulla
twamps though

To stomp hoe, totin my pis-tal

Up and down them side streets up in my vehi-cal

Calli still, rally's fell, french quarters at night

Smoke blunts, get the money, and make shit right

We're smokin weed pipe, niggas stuff it and roll

Just some fools bout they paper, way out of control

Now, here we go

(chorus [b-legit & e-40])

Here we go, time to let these niggas know

Here we go, here we go, uhhhhh

Here we go, here we go, time to let these niggas know

Mystikal, p go get the four door
Here we go, here we go, time to let these niggas know
Here we go, here we go, uhhhhh
Here we go, here we go, time to let these niggas know
Mystikal, master p go get the four door

[mystikal]A-i-n-t-n-o-l-i-m-i-t
Nigga, we b-o-u-t-i-t-b-o-u-t-i-t
Fonzarelli, gimme the mike
Let me get in they ass
And with the ice cream man we kickin ass
Came way from the project in new orleans
Where the drug dealers slang and the killers they blast
Pass the grass, gimme the weed, smash the gas, we
actin bad
We lookin for the bitches with the pink cookie
We already got the plastic bag
Nah-nah-nah-nah-nah
Our money don't stop, it multiply
Could this fucker be, p lemme in the pool
Lemme show ya I pull my size
I know some of y'all niggas gon probably
Have a problem with everything we say
Bitch, g-e-t-o-f-f-m-y-d-i-c-k
Always been the shit, so i'ma be the shit
Fuckin with niggas like e four o and b-legit
Y'all niggas got a pay to feed the men, we the men
Do it fast or slow, we dressed up straight from a
fashion show
Passin hoes, ain't nothing on the wall
In the hall but platinum and gold
I put the dick on the track, and break they back
To the mighty n.o., came fame, when I brought it to the
top
Here we go, in this b-i-t-c-h

Chorus

[master p] (talking with echo)
Represent, ughhhhhhhhh!
Ha ha! that's how we gon bubble.
No limit style. mystikal, nigga.
E-feezy, b-legit, and master p.
The kisarme. yeah baby, yeah.
Represetin ya heard me. how ya do dat dere.
707, 504, we gettin y'all ready for that there.
It's a new beginning, a new millenium.
No limit.

