

## **E-40**

# **"The Story"**

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Here's a little story I got to tell  
And this dis goes on, again and again  
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I think it goes, ya live by the dirt, ya die by the shovel  
You can repent and come with God or you can know a  
Devil  
You can go and get a job or you can do some federal  
But if I were you, I'd straighten up and do some next  
level

I often tweak when I drives  
How can a small town like Vallejo have all these  
homicides?  
Man, fools be droppin' like flies  
Maybe we do need mo' brothers sellin' bean pies

And it's a fool 'cuz everybody mama's know each other  
It ain't cool, but you know black folks like to act they  
color  
Wonder why all the good people get put through some  
many  
Different changes of the weather and all those folks  
that do wrong  
Seem like they live forever

I wish I can rewind time, remember when we used to  
get  
Free lunch and the city bus used to cost a dime?  
Runnin' around, talkin' about you got the cooties  
Liftin' up skirts, and touchin' girl's booties

Boy, take those shoes off before ya come up in dis  
house and  
Whatever you do, don't you sit on Grand Mama's  
plastic covered couch

Why's it that when all the homeys get together, we get  
back in the days  
And how come every time we get drunk somebody  
bring up AIDS

Life is something you can't borrow and give back  
Here today and gone tomorrow  
Just like that

Pat yo rats on yo back , patch your rats on your back  
Take some time out yo waltz , take some time out yo  
waltz  
And tell your loved ones that you love 'em every so  
often

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Fetti is the key to end all your woes  
Contemporary crib, cash, cars and clothes  
But fetti 'cuz problems like guns and spears  
Familys fall out and don't talk for years

Like my crome, like my crome  
They called him big bread Ed  
His first cousin set him up and left his ass for dead

Churches, wakes, nothing unusual, seem like every  
other  
Damn day I'm buyin' a brand new suit for a funeral  
Have yo pockets ever lost weight, and you ain't even  
tried  
Did you wonder if yo cash was on a diet

See, when you're up, everybody wanna come around  
But when ya down, ain't nobody out there to be found  
If you love someone you should tell 'em often  
Ya never know when they'll be layin' in a coffin

Dedicated to my peoples up in jail  
Ya partner 40-Wada gotta story to tell, a story to tell

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You can take da ninja out da ghetto, the ghetto  
But not the ghetto out da ninja, give me life for 3 rocks  
But I won't surrender, oh, he's a heathen, heathen  
Look at the way he dress, he must be dealin', dealin'  
How did he get that Lex?

Of course, if it ain't used get spokes, it's crime and  
coast  
It's all dey work, shootin' shit up and actin' tough, ridin'  
around  
With gold an' stuff, it's rough, how much money you  
earn, enough  
I own my own law firm

Don't need a tux, I tweaks pea coats and khakis  
Khakis, Levis and T-shirts  
Levis and T-shirts, whatever the street's works  
Street's works, partner  
Dude, you been actin' kinda funny lately since you even  
Got a few bucks  
But I'm still folks, Wilson Park  
Member three flies up

And this goes on, again and again  
Dis goes on, again and again  
Ain't nothin' changed but the territory, territory  
Same time, different day, different story

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