

E-40 "This Goes Out"

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"This Goes Out"

(feat. Turf Talk)

[Hook: Turf Talk]

This goes out to the triple OG'z
Young homiez shootin dice on ya knees!
Out the window putcha chain in the breeze!
Stay aboutcha paper route stack cheese!

This goes out to the thick breezies!
Juicy Couture, paper, denim, and cloth jeans!
Dark Skin, red bone, ladies!
Stay aboutcha paper route stack cheese!

[Verse 1: E-40]

Drinkin aftershock! on the soil smokin a beedi
Fillin my wheaties in the trenches, lookin out for em Po-
Po-Heezies
Hoppin n hittin em fences livin the life of a hustla
watchin out these scandalous suckas
they dirty and cold them brothas totin and packin
pistola
quarterbackin yola stockin and drivin a rova (rover)
Blackberry Motorola! (beep)
Livin lavish from peddlin that tragic magic
immune 2 the beef and static
and thumpers and automatics!
Droppin off packages, savages!
After tryin, and shinin and grindin, blinkin and blindin...
and F-f-flossin n flamboastin my DIAMONDS (blinggg!)
If she knew better, she'd do better
she didn't know no better!
told her to come up outta that cold!
and get up under some of this here sunny weather!
Pressure bust a pipe! Am I right? am I wrong?
Told her I'm rightin my wrongs!
Convinced her to give me dome.
I put my mack hand down then I put my best foot
forward
Then I place my bid like a playa, pimp! Better know it!

[Hook]

[Verse 2: E-40]

Pull up to the club! (cluuubb) In front of the buildin!
Feelin like a million dollas! whaa!?! (whUHH!?!?) they
ready n willin
We some seven figure hittas, big triggas and dojas
ferocious!
Some of these suckas be sellin wolf tickets! Don't think
I don't notice!
I got my designated ridas and souljas, weopalization &
folkers the coldest!
We slang good look from Minne-snow-ta, to South Da-
Cola
pushin that yola, we puttin it down for the soil! Be
perkin n smokin that doja!
Rockin n rollin them boulders, duckin n dodgin the
rollas
Major packers of paper? Bogus, we come from the
shouldas.
Whatchu want? A poodle, sweetie? Or a big tycoon like
E-feezy!?
Some people hate e-feezy, cuz he be all up on T-V!
Lookin hella teezy! Wit a couple of playas and
breezies!
Sippin some num-num juice! In the boxed up chevy
capreezy!
That boy there livin proof! And go on to stay off the
heezy!
Not used to wearin suits... just levis t-shirts n beanies!

[Hook]

[Verse 3: E-40]

Uh!

If you like it, I love it!
Subbin and subbin the dead away
When they hear my sub... rockford fosgate!
Speakers n tweeters penetrate through the hood like its
weight.
Disbelievers n suckas hate when I'm up in my peruvian
flake!
Yola white scraper makes the haters be mad at u!
Me and my whistlin pipes! tinted windows, park
avenue!
(oooohhh!! park avenue?) Restricted, pimpskillet!
Talk to me! I'll talk back! I know you feel this track!
Throw ya hands in the sky! real real high n say
"Feezy! Tell me somethin slick n sly!"
Let's get tipsy, stoned, keyed, and twisted!
Pissy, drunk, tweeted, splifted! Wooooow! (woww!)

Scared man can't win! look at all these broads! Look at
all these gorgeous women!
Look at all that junk in her trunk! Look at all that body
almighty!
Look at how she shakin her rump! Look at what she do
off bacardi!

[Hook - 2X]

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