

E-40

"To Whom This May Concern"

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Shit, if the shoe fit,
Wear it, fuck it, bitch

To whom this may concern
All you rappers with all that fetti to burn
The industry is finicky, so let me make this clear
They'll have a new nigga next year

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I know you're shinin' like a light
I know your record sales, is politics and hype
I know you're boohoo'n
'Cause none of your royalty statements
Never had a check attached to 'em

Famous but unrecoupedm, circumstances predicated
on
Large ass video budgets and takin' out advancements
Uhh, March and September, that's quite a ways, 40,
40?
Oh, he get paid every thirty days, shorty

Uhh, I ain't no lame
I'm different from y'all, I come from the game
From the game, I ain't gotta explain
I been hella raw, I been spittin' game

I seen you on the Billboard
I saw you when you got that MTV Award
Uh, number one on SoundScan
Congratulations playa, dude, can I shake yo' hand?

Oh, you don't wanna shake my hand, now you too good
now?
Oh, it's like that you 'sidin on yo' folks now?
Enjoy it while you're here
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Uhh, air play, program directors from the Bay
Don't support they rappers in the Yea
They figure we ain'ts real hip hop
They lookin' for some mainstream flip flop

But I ain't finsta sit down
Sit down and wait for this shit to come back around
Shit, I just like to perk, whatchu like to do?
I like to get out there and network

Charlie Hustle fall off? I doubt it
Shit, when niggaz stop talkin' about me
That's when I'm gon' worry about it
And if they do, I'ma take the independent road
A hundred thousand units on the underground
Playboy, that's ghetto gold

Never breakin' a sweat
Slangin' albums from the Internet
Ain't nuttin' but respect here
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My loyal fans wanna know why it's so noticeable
And how come none of E-40 lyrics
Ain't never been in The Source 'Hip-Hop Quotable'?
To tell the truth it's kinda irkin' me 'cause I don't know

I ain't rappin' too fast, see y'all just listenin' too slow
You can ask 'Zomba', I'm about a thousand songs deep
Spittin' ghetto anthems that I done had
I shoulda been ran out of heat

I had to prove myself first
I didn't get my record deal based on a sixteen measure
verse
Uhh, damn right and ever since dude 'Pac passed
away
The West coast ain't been eatin' right

If he was alive, I'd ask him for his opinionation
And if he was me, what would he do in this sort of
situation
Would he take off on these journalists, tell me what you
think?
For assassinatin' motherfuckers characters with all that
bad ink?

How they gonna have me Top 50, number forty-three?
I'm a hog, shit, that's why I don't fuck with Blaze
I fuck with Murder Dog

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Bitch, see what I'm sayin'? This shit is finicky
It's a fool out there, ya dum dums
Smell this nigga?
Charlie Hustle, millenium ballers nigga, bitch
Thought you thoughtamajig, hoe

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