

E-40**"Turn Up the Music"**

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[E-40] Turn up the music [Chorus 4X: E-40] (*"Turn up the music!" - 3X*) Turn up the music [E-40] Pockets starvin, niggaz hurtin, money gone (money gone) It's kinda like tryin to pass a kidney stone (kidney stone) But I got hustle in my veins in my bones in my skin Motherfucker I'ma win! One foot in the grave (grave) the other one in the pen (pen) One hand on the scale (scale) the other one on my extennndo Heartless, empty the cartridge raw Darkness, get out of Dodge so far Now I don't look for trouble but trouble be always seemin to find me Suckers don't wanna schuffle but suckers'll rather try to die me Blind me, grimey, sneak up right behind me Creep up on a fixture and give it to a nigga {*BLAOW!*} You might be slick mayne, but I'm much slicker (I'm much slicker) You might be sick mayne, but I'm much sicker (I'm much sicker) That's yo' wife mayne, but she my ripper What'chu want peeyimp? [Chorus] [E-40] Watch this though... I was talkin to my mentor, look what I do I said that I tell him I told him you don't know what I've been through You don't know what I can do, you don't see what I can see But I'ma listen to you cause you my motherfuckin O.G. You can learn from an infant, you can learn from a baby You can learn from a dopefiend that appear to be crazy Family I'm lifted like a toilet seat, high as fuck I'm hazy But there's somethin about that hit on me that make a hustler angry With a slap like this that make my next door neighbors wanna hate me Call up police and snitch report a hustler to the federales Man I'm about my chips, I'm concrete and I'm solid (solid) Rubber bands, fuck a money clip or wallet (wallet) Send a sucker to hell or either heaven With my AK-47 or my FM-57 .62, my Mac-11 make you sing the blues Blow you out your shoes, your only clue is Headline News [Chorus] [E-40] Uhhh! Turn up the music Never pull a pistol if you ain't plannin on usin it (mm-mm) And around around it goes Roamin stop nobody, no skatin in my Oldsssssss-mobile Sittin on top of the hill Smokin on some kill, burnin the rubber off my wheels Lettin her know that I'm for real, showin off my skill Me and my, redbone, french and black, maybe Creole I'd rather not

shoot you, I'd rather fight I just look like this but I'll be
the first one to strike! Fucked this broad the other night
Had the mm-mmm, her monkey was hella tight Her ex
lookin like he wanna take flight Knowin that the nigga
softer than a baby wipe He tryin to prove it, I knew it,
and that fluid'll do it Before I lose it... turn up the music
(beitch!) [Chorus]

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