

E-40**"Undastandz Me"**

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Verse1

My niggah i dont want no hands out Ima get my shit
regardless,
My network in the relationship, game is flawless.
Where ima stop, nobody knows, Im all over the place
with my flows.
Ive fucked around with the coke and the game for
years but now im selevant,
People always ask me 40 how you stay current, and
relevant.
Im cut from leather both of these cats is cut from
polyester.
Im hard as a brick, most of these sukkahs soft, like
feathers.
Finnah knock me a chick, even better, break her for her
cheddar.
Ima keep it all the way hood, ive been living in my third
childhood, lately.
Smoking a lot of spinach lately, hanging out at this
street club lately.
I use to give them niggahs player crackers & jugs for
the bricks,
but now i be giving them discounts for hooks and verse
links.

(verse2)

I like bitches with celulite, I dont like them too lean, i
like them thick and yolked like ucla softball team.
fatter petite, cause i aint gone lie, skinny pussy be
deep. Must open the package and throw the trogan out,
and slash it, still lets the lugi out just like elastic, ima
give it to her slow like a snail or real fast like a rat & in
the bay area flatcoon, then its a habit.

Chorus:

(You Undastandz Me, Understand Me, You
Understandz Me, x4)

(verse3)

you got a zip, i got a zip, you need a zip, YUP.
You got a brick, I got a brick Yeah, you need a brick,

NOPE!

Thats what the little homey asked , when he was broke, said he needed a credit line, i told that niggah aint nobody giving out no lines, no numbers, no loans. Aint nobody giving out no zones, no chickens, no bones. said his mom was about to lose her home, his sister on dialisis, older brother didnt call about his younger brother on cadab, kus his daddy in for armed robbery, uncle in for grand lard, his auntie in for bad checks, credit cards & money laundrying. kus his fish, so he thinks he needs protection, not only that but his broad hAuled & pregnant, quite as damaged shes been doing a lot of sexing. getting it in, with the niggah bestfriend. So i pushed him in the mix, with a month in a half, or 6 weeks or so. he moved up to 36, 36 zips of bow equals a grip we call a kick, in the bag, its a fool. it's a trip, walk straight, dont look back, it aint cool. "BITCH!"

Chorus:

(You Undastandz Me, You Understandz me, You understandz me, Understand Me, You Understandz Me, x4)

Verse4:

Im a street niggah, walk with my head up, stick out my chest, i dont like private jets, i fly south west. & you'll never catch me wearing a fucking wire, thats how you get your head deflated like a tire, I dont be gossiping, and running off into lip and name dropping. i be hustling in the traffic, repping shoulders and hold down, getting gusty & galavaty. politicing and moon walking, desert eagle, hold a slick caution, verified ficture from the v, so ima celebrity, heavy, so dont be fucking with me. im having my fanny born and ready ever since i came out the coochie, i was a nosey little mustache infactuuated with cash tryna get some ass fast, finger fucking broads in class, i get dressed at the mall, brand new kicks and fits. Where you be getting yo hats from, man i buy them from Lidz. Im with the shit but I dont really sukkah shit that , ya so fake, that im on some real type like bernard.

Chorus:

(You Undastandz Me, You Understandz me, You understandz me, Understand Me, You Understandz Me, x4)

