

**E-40****"Yee featuring Too \$hort & Budda"**

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[Chorus]

That's the call of my thugs  
When they step up in the club they go yee  
When you hit the prison bricks from Vallejo or the rich  
they holla yee  
You can catch me in the traffic in the cutlass or the  
maverick hollarin' yee  
If its lookin' like some static we gonna bust them  
automatics like yee

[E-40]

My area code grows some of the best weed in the  
world  
My ninja we aint no punk  
They say we need to take a bath in tomato juice  
Cause we always smell like skunk  
Sloppy drunk nine times out of ten every time you see  
me  
Bending corners in my brand new Dodge Durango  
Hemi  
Pimpin' the law up on us - Officer Smokey and Mr.  
Johnny Law  
Always pullin' me over and searchin' my fucking car  
Searchin' my Gluteus Maximus - flashlight in my jaw  
Actin' like some batchesses - thinkin' I got rock  
Doin' it big, take a swig, sip a sip, twist the lid, smoke a  
spliff,  
Earl bent, push ya wig, bout' my nig  
Everybody wanna talk that talk, wanna walk that walk,  
wanna bark that bark  
Everybody wanna plot that plot, wanna drop that saw,  
wanna peel up top  
I get a call from young bop, he up out my zone  
He said yo hillside nigga Ned on his way home  
I said well tell him to call me - I love his ass to death  
Any nigga hatin' we gonna take his last breath

[Chorus]

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[Too \$orth]

Biatch ! It's yo partna from the town ma'an

I see yall doin' it big you getting' down ma'an

Yeah I fuck with the V, Richmond know me

Where every niggas ballin' that's where bitches gonna  
be

You can go across the bridge fucking wit a bitch

Don't matter which side you be all up in some shit  
before you know it

It aint like it used to be

Everybody got straps to shoot you or me

I give a fuck about who, I don't even know you

Sup - yeah pimpin' I got my thang too

And its coo cause I know you know it

I aint even gotta pull it

I aint even gotta show it

Don't blow it - that's what a black man's thinkin'

I'll be laying underground in a casket stinkin'

If I slip I gotta keep my poise you here that 808 bumpin'

Whats all that noise

[Repeat Chorus]

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Get ya head busted in - im not your boy or your friend

Get ya head busted in - im not your boy or your friend

You said that do that, pull that, shoot that

Now where your crew at

What you gonna do next

Im a west coast nigga yee

Im a east coast nigga yee

Im a down south nigga yee

Im a Midwest nigga yee

[Repeat Chorus]

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