

**C-Bo****"40 & C Bo"**

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[Featuring E 40]

[C Bo]

It's all about that scrilla scratch flossin a bad batch and  
pushin

somethin luxury when it ship the sector snack my  
semen

Drank the diamonds geechie dub shinin

Ninety seven sport drop Benz gettin mine

You can hate and catch the tip of the blade of my  
sawed A K

It's West coast mafia for the Midwest to the Bay

But I'm from the Valley of Cali we specialize in cap  
peelers

Straight thug niggaz, quick to draw like Matt Dillon

Outlaws, strap in drawers, ready for war -- push up  
on the side of your Ford Explorer and start dumpin  
through the doors

We realers; with so much scrilla can you hang with G's?

Start uhh, who busy Jesus said

[E-40]

Fuck cowboy keys now I ain't never been nobody's  
sucker

Nor have I ever been any coastal fake

"He got too much too lose; he ain't gonna bust in the  
ring!"

Out of state deputy license plates fix a ticket window  
tinted

I could shoot to kill -- dressed up like a old man in a  
Bonneville

Disguised, ready to chastise and dissapoint my prey

Surprise, the element, apply pressure

Get back at the motherfucker, snatch back at the  
motherfucker

Bust caps at the motherfucker... motherFUCKER!

One-Time up in the Valle-Jo

Follow me and Bo to Sacramento

Spend it on some ol high performance, Catastrophic

Get some stunts, turn some tight ones, blew a head  
gasket

Chorus: repeat 2X

It's fo'-oh and C-Bo, quick to blast

Break niggaz like the Task, without the mask  
Water, bring the noise like we on stage  
Boom, break em down like a twelve-gauge  
[C-Bo]  
Back at cha I rose, Chuck Taylors and double-oh's  
Young thugs, ready to protect with fo'-fo's  
On a mission mashin, nonstop til we cashed in  
All out assassins known for down and dirty and blastin  
on sight smashin, anything no question asked  
Runnin up with no mask and dumpin caps in that ass  
This one life we live, is to be lived without sin  
But I'll be damned if I die without a damn thing to give  
[E-40]  
Don't make us have to be the one to grab the gun  
And get to dumpin on your crew! That's what we do,  
check it  
Drop it like it's hot assume the position on the flo' butt  
naked  
Give me erylhing you got  
or you gonna end up comin up missin and I won't  
regret it  
Still Water run deep (how deep?)  
Uhh, all I find all I keep, uhh  
Pay the price to have a sucker put on ice  
Got just as many Hot Ones as my nigga Spice  
Chorus  
[E-40]  
But if they, locked you up and throw way the key, what  
would you do E?  
I'd be up in that motherfucker watchin my latest video  
brought to you  
by  
Trass G and Trey Dogg from the California Music  
Channel Broadcastin  
Rap Show the Bay Area's own Number One network,  
cable station, C.M.C.  
(BEYOTCH!) Love letters to my wife, ba-bee I miss you  
This mornin I learned how to make a pair of dice out of  
some toilet  
tissue  
Fan mail from my fans, get up out of jail  
Waitin for my court ap-pail  
[C-Bo]  
Nigga pass the strap and let me blast  
I'm quick to get off in that ass  
It's Forty Water and the Loco Bitch so kiss dick and kick  
cask'  
from Sacramento down to Vallejo, on a mission about  
that mail  
We specialize in collectin pays  
if you come short, we dumpin facials I holds down the

fort  
with two Magnums culture go toe to toe  
with any one of you bitch ass niggaz  
that think you can fuck with me and fo'-oh  
It's old school trick, new school fools they catch clips  
Forever money over bitch, we'll never caught snick  
considered licked  
[E-40]  
Hell yeah, ay  
See that's what I'm sayin that shit is realer than a new  
fifty dollar  
bill

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