

**T.P.E.****"Hot Ones Echo Thru the Ghetto \*"**

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\* also appears on the soundtrack to "Tales From the Hood"

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E-40:

C-C-L-I-C-K-C-K

Shit don't S-M-O-B

Smob shit

Check it

V-Town in this bitch

Studio Ton

I'm in some deep shit

Got some niggaz from another click

On that ass tryin' to run me off the fuckin' cliff

What should I do, where should I go, how could I fake 'em?

Bust a bitch on that ass and try to shake em' bake 'em

Call up cousin B on the phone, all 'cuz I be in a little bit of trouble, a fruithead out here tryin' to turn your kinfolk

into a vegetable

But I'm hexa-smart smebbin' high performance Dodge

They in a Buick Skylark

B-Legit:

Meet me at the fo' niggaz

Got the dough sit real low

I'm on the roof with the fo' fo'

Drive slow

What they ridin'

I'm aiming for they engine block

And when they stop I'm closin' down on they shop

Suga baby they done fucked up

Won't you wait in the cut

While I bust and buck on these nuts

Fuck mercy on a nigga tryin to take mine

Mobb shit with the click'll happen every time

D-Shot:

Heard some shots

Fireworks fully auto chops  
Sound like they come from around my corner near my  
knot spot  
Must be folks they done fucked around and went to war  
I know the sound that's my nigga B's fo' fo'  
On the scene they say a nigga got peeled back  
A Skylark wrapped around my neighbor's Cadillac  
A pretty sight but a nigga can't say that though  
Hot ones echo through the ghetto (through the getto  
Bitch!)

Levitti  
Hot ones echo through the ghetto  
(No gat too black sent hot ones to the back)  
Hot ones echo through the ghetto  
(Ridin' shotgun lettin' loose hot ones)  
Hot ones echo through the ghetto  
(But if hollow points is fired niggaz better duck)  
Hot ones echo through the ghetto  
(Hollow point hot ones dipped in garlic)

Suga-T:  
I'm in the underbucket  
Blastin in the cut  
It's the glock goin' buck buck buck  
I'm like damn whats up  
I had that glock that fit the script  
Some of that high powered shit  
'Cuz all along I was smoking out them tricks  
Hot ones echo through the ghetto lit  
This way that-a way I split them dope fiend's wigs  
They had me fucked up  
Ph-ing on my click  
We pound the frowns on those punk ass bitches

B-Legit:  
See your nigga be's a ridah  
Hops inside  
7-4 malibu with the do dirt crew  
What they wanna do  
I ain't shootin' for the stars  
Cars or homes  
I'm from the town leaving bodies face down  
I'm tryin' to stay real cuz niggaz they will  
Put you in the cross, fuck around have you halled off  
I got moss with the these fools in a major way  
Down and dirty to my death day

E-40:  
Gotta watch them riff raffs  
Hittin on you when you piss-ass niggaz

Wanna slap my kizz-ass  
Might as well have pussy ass niggaz  
Hot ones echo through the ghetto bullets ricochet  
Bush comin' sheriff better duck that ass down in the  
bathtub  
Dope track late night should be poppin' bein it's off the  
hook  
See if they stay fienden' foamin' at the mouth better  
feed them rook  
Niggaz better be careful just like jell-o shit be goin'  
through metal, sheetrock and stucco hot ones echo  
through the ghetto

Levitti:

Hot ones echo through the ghetto  
(No gat too black sent hot ones to the back)  
Hot ones echo through the ghetto  
(Ridin' shotgun lettin' loose hot ones)  
Hot ones echo through the ghetto  
(But if hollow points is fired niggaz better duck)  
Hot ones echo through the ghetto  
(Hollow point hot ones dipped in garlic)

Hot ones echo through the ghetto  
Hot ones echo through the ghetto  
Hot ones echo through the ghetto  
(Where they echo at where they echo at nigga?)  
Hot ones echo through the ghetto  
(B-Legit, you up in this bitch with me nigga)  
(Fa sho' boy)  
(C-L-I-C-K while...)  
Shit is funky  
Better keep a trey-eight, quit the bullshit  
Better be bullet-proofed out  
Better sleep on the floor if you wanna survive  
Better know about those hot ones  
I said you better know about those hot ones  
You better know about those hot ones  
Cuz' ain't no names when they fly

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