

T.P.E.**"The Shit That Will Fuck With Your Brain Boy"**

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[E-40 and (B-Legit)]

Money, money, money by the ton
A nigga livin' life, thangs well (Way too fat man)
Gold, diamonds, and rubies (Just plushed out)
Sittin' in the lounge, puffin' on indo
Hoes, Nintendo, and doobies (Lovely)
Brothers gettin' bored from the daily routine
(Let's go deep in the Chevy, look at motherfuckers mean)
Man those motherfuckers can't rap (Well let's sag)
Homeboy you ain't livin' life
The motherfuckers ride is souped up (Souped up)
But if hot ones if fired, niggas better duck
And I'ma make the Chevy run faster than a money counter man
D Shot hangin' out, what you wanna do with a mack 10 stand
These are the things ya need to know man
This shit I'm spittin' niggas don't understand
When I first heard this shit I even tripped
And I made it up, ain't that a bitch
I was burnt, twisted, full of it and drunk
You know, just like you sayin' "40 ain't no punk"
(Wild as a cat, man this nigga got some game)
(Servin' for the purpose you know, not for the fame)

[Hook]

This is the shit that will fuck with your brain boy
It's the shit that will fuck with your brain
This is the shit that will fuck with your brain boy
It's the shit that will drive you insane

[B-Legit and (E-40)]

Brothers kickin' it with DeNiel (Mack D Shot)
Gettin' busy bout the motherfuckin' mail (Straight paper)
Don't worry about a sucker (A punk motherfucker)
Cause I throw these thangs too swell (Tea cake)
Hopped in the motherfuckin' drop (Like that)
Struck to the motherfuckin' block (Better knew as the spot)

Seen a man in tan tryin' to serve on my land
And shine dropped a motherfucker like he was hot (Lil'
ol' pimp)
My people from the Bay understand this (Like me)
And when shot from my mouth, I don't miss (Bullseye)
A word, phrase, now a clause
I spit game just for the cause (Money hurt G)
Renee called Nicole (That's my ho)
And Shawn fired up the weed (Zesty)
Nicole on the scanner had heard the word
That we was caught in a high-speed (Now that's drama)
In a cell with no bail, so what can I say
Caught a case of seventeen on his way to I-A
(Yeah, so why does county sheriff try to get with my
brother's program)
(But you know that I know that mack D Shot don't give a
damn)

[Hook]

[E-40]

It's about cash, cars, hoes, money
Coke we deal and that shit ain't funny
I been around this type of shit all my life
A nigga can't tell me shit about the price

[B-Legit]

It's like a school fool and I get paid
Havin' any room for any teachers made
The bullets that I drop are hot like gonorrhea (*
Gunshots *)
(AHHH!!!)

[E-40]

See ya
Never learn and so ya burn my friend
And now ya know that niggas wasn't even jokin' man

[B-Legit]

Niggas try to jon my click so they can get with me
Come to find out the faculty has no vacancy
Ain't that a trip, ain't that a bummer

[E-40]

Man those motherfuckers tried to apply last summer

[B-Legit]

It's bitches on my tip man, I can't shake her
I send her to the track, tell her come back with paper
I need mail another word for money (Oh)
I want it fat like King Kong Bundy

[E-40]

Pager boomin' seriously
Material bitch in agony
Need to penetrate the crevice very badly
Get with the program slut, don't just interrupt
It's way too many skeezers out there wantin' me to fuck
The Bay Area my borthar, that's where the real shit
happens
Niggas don't be barkin' just mackin' and campin'
Slappin' hoes, triple Daytons and Vogues
Top half strikin' in the 89 Rolls
Never would let a nigga play me like I'm bad though
boy
My haircut is done by London Pope
B go get the four door, mob station wagon (Like that)
On the double cause niggas can't be laggin'
Load up the back with gas, we need a boat-load of
ammo
This shit is real, not the movie "Commando"
And this'll be the light em' up scandal
And when I'm done (Blow em' out like candles)
See what I'm talkin' bout, don't take the wrong route
Ya try to get in the mix and get took out

[B-Legit]

Yeah, as far as you tryin' to fuck with niggas man
Who really and truly can't get fucked with man
You don't understand
It's way too serious on this Northside of Cali man
But you don't hear me cause you think this shit is funny

[E-40]

It's about cash, cars, hoes money
Coke we deal and the shit ain't funny
I been around this type of shit all my life
A nigga can't tell me shit about the price
13-8 a cake, it ain't fade
Sliced and rocked in thirty-six fuckin' ways
Sold to the public, to the boys, to the gangstas
Crews, staff, tribes, clans, clicks, and pranksters
Break down the D, cut it up in boulders
Brothers with the heart to roll, I call em' soldiers
Now I'm gonna stall and pause and take a sip
Finish the remains of the forties that I ripped (* Burps
*)

How about that!

