

Click "Actin' Bad"

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Touchdown from all angles...and what have you

[E-40]

Make like a tampon and soak up this game
While I teach ya bout my dictionary book of slang
I used to fuck with the triple, coconut popsicles
Been tellin' time on the grind, but never got caught in
the pickle
My doctor say I drank too much, cirrhosis
But I'm pissy drunk till my liver bust cause I'm hopeless
Hope I don't miss my target
Hope I don't and tinkle all over the toilet

[B-Legit]

Money plus game four keys and a glock
A fat ass sack and I ran the block
If it wasn't my brand it wasn't on my corner
The only nigga plugged with the border brush
Got that white bitch, tight shit, right fo' sho'
Hook me with a pot and some soda and watch me flip
the snow
Niggas know that when I'm droed that I be gone
And don't know what the fuck page I be on

[D-Shot]

Back in 86 was a motherfuckin' trip to me
A young hustler actin' bad on the city streets
And never givin' a fuck about nathin'
Who's that man that got jacked, who's that fool on the
pavement
Damn whatever it takes to get my grits
Stackin' large mail, tryin' to get my pockets thick
And fuckin' every bitch that I could
But what about those niggas actin' bad in my hood

[Chorus]

Niggas actin' bad (Ooh)
Niggas actin' bad (Actin' bad)
Niggas actin' bad (Real bad)
Niggas actin' bad (Niggas actin' bad)
Niggas actin' bad (Real bad)
Niggas actin' bad (Ooh, ooh)

[E-40]

I grew up listenin' to Too Short and Freddie B.
It's some nigas out there between Magic Mike and
Calvin T.
Kind off U-T-F-O, KRS
Blow Fly and Rudy Ramone and girls with sex
I ball up in my truck lookin' cleaner then cozi
Burnin' mo' rubber than a pussy on fire
See there ya go, 40 flashin' like blue light
Man fuck his ho, that bitch ain't in check

[B-Legit]

I once heard a ho say pimpin' was dead
But me and that niggas smoked back to the head
We was choppin' up game just between us playas
The nigga tellin' me that he runnin' for mayor
With his campaign strong, got his money on
Front a brand new Jag when he wrapped his home
Growin' up in motherfuckers doings
Catch me out there bad, actin' foolish

[Chorus with variations]

[E-40]

Look, actin' bad unorthodox behavement
Celebratin' breakin' bottles on the pavement
Put some Barbarians on ya squad that don't be joshin'
Flip a 1970 Cut and spoil it rotten
Every doobie roll thick to the Cali convention
Handin' out cassettes all we want is distributin'
Forced to sell tapes out the trunk of our vehicles
Tirty day assignments to sheet and leopolds

[B-Legit]

Shows out of state on some concert dates
Plus ice skating on some chrome 1-8s
Motel plans cause the game was hittin'
Seventeen G's cause the game was spittin'
Hangin' in the halls in my draws and shit
Groupie ass bitch on my balls and dick
They makeme sick with they broke ass
Now who y'all know that need that dope fast

[D-Shot]

Now who's got my back
Now that I'm fucki' with keys, hey yeah I gots to have
my strap
Too many fools want to take my place
But I'm a sharp ass nigga and I'ma damn sho' stake my
bank

I flips and flops, buster ass niggas drop
Pop the glock, drop my top, it don't stop
Fuck these po-pos they always try to question me
Cause actin' bad is where a young nigga be

[Chorus with variations to fade]

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