

## Click "Blowin' Hot Air"

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[\* Beep \*]

[Answering Machine]

Good evening, at the tone

Pacific Standard Time will be 7:07

[The Click talking]

Ya know how us bosses step up, know what I mean

Ya do what we do and do what we do to get paid

We get paid, some quintessential, real ass niggas

Stack chips and make some money up

Ya know, I said r-realize the game

Stack chips and make some money up

I said r-realize the game

Stack chips and make some motherfuckin' money man

I s-said realize the game, mob hit nigga

Stack chips and make some motherfuckin' bank

I s-said realize the game

[E-40]

Look here, abominable, honorable

Countable, astronomical but monumental

I used sell and serve pops up out my auntie's Pinto

Still keepin' it ghetto, barbecuin' in the front yard

Slappin' bones, ton of niggas perkin'

Recitin' lyrics from my songs

Ain't nobody hurtin' we all workin'

Tryin' to have loot, in the studio

With hangovers tryin' to re-coop

I get down, ballin' like Kobe Bryant

You niggas is lousy, small things to a giant

How you gonna be swappin' up my style

And goin' off by a crack in my units

I'ma stick to the shit that made The Click

The super kind, I love to spit

That nigga 40 vicious, he got speech I heard him

Took his music out of the streets

Policy out on a small fee

Now to be clear, without equal

Both young and new MCs out for dinner

Crackin' ho ass niggas off something gravy

Especially when I get to doin' it by the way, hey  
So that nigga told me, that's square  
But why ya wanna get in on that sucker sauce B  
I didn't ask you to get on this album  
Cause he knew I'd fuck him off

[Hook]

Click shit makes the motherfuckin' money  
I s-said realize the game (I said ya blowin' hot air)  
Click shit makes the motherfuckin' money  
I s-said realize the game (I said ya blowin' hot air)  
Click shit makes the motherfuckin' money  
I s-said realize the game (I said ya blowin' hot air)  
Click shit makes the motherfuckin' money  
I s-said realize the game (I said ya blowin' hot air)

[D Shot]

I couldn't hold myself back my niggas  
I'm no longer in the background niggas  
It's 2000 and I'm shittin' on niggas  
I'm callin' shots to the streets my nigga  
So niggas, they run and hide under bosses  
No longer in California cause it's too many crosses  
You fucked around and got a tip from a mad bitch  
Cause you was next on the motherfuckin' hit list  
You got ya ghetto pass revoked cause you ain't real  
If you didn't get to steppin' you was gettin' killed  
Rapper, slash street hustler  
They both the same, a buster is a buster  
Ain't got no chance to revive yourself  
Get that buster out ya soul and ask God for help  
Nigga, times is a wastin'  
What the fuck ya gon' do, ain't nobody got no patience

[B-Legit]

Nigga this ain't no fun, dat nigga (Nigga)  
Nigga this'll have yo hat tacked nigga (Nigga)  
Lay ya head flat dat nigga (Nigga)  
Smashin' up the wrong way nigga (Nigga)  
Niggas side to side, shoulder shoulder  
Ain't never stepped foot outside without my bulldozer  
Hops off in the Nova, we keeps it cheesy and real  
greasy  
Like Church's with game for you to purchase  
Keep bitch niggas nervous  
Nigga this Click shit, don't get it misconscrued  
It's nothin' to catch yo bitch ass on a move  
We don't lose, nigga we like them V's we batter and  
bruise  
And leave ya ass leakin' sloppy for the ten o'clock news

[Hook]

[D Shot]

I'm off that Click shit, sick shit  
Hog shit, mob shit  
Fuck with my family you get yo jaw split  
Off the 2-11 still reserved, I'm on one  
Strike a inner in a T-Bird, I blow one  
We on that nigga shit, I can't believe it  
Ya so damn niggashit, best believe it  
A got some bad come holler at me  
Ya hope to take the THC, hit ya for the half P

[B-Legit]

I'm slippery, see it's trickery to get with me  
Claimin' victory, leavin' niggas hickory  
Party history, things remain a mystery  
Got the quick of me, niggas ain't shit to me  
Swiftly ain't no ands butts or ifs with me  
I'm sickery, state pen stickery  
Ice pickerly, main vein literally  
It's part of me, I'm hard on the arteries  
Got the arch with me, fuck a nigga parking E  
Cross this T, then send him out to sea  
Where the bodies be deep and titanically  
Frantically, some niggas panicky  
I'm the sample G, I handle things savagely  
Above average things, especially for the cabbage tree  
Niggas mad at me and really ain't around me  
For your anatomy it's fully automatically

[E-40 talking]

And I said to myself,  
Ya know what pimpin'  
Dude a lot of these niggas is tardy and they need a  
tutor  
Due to the fact that a lot of these niggas  
Wasn't brought up under the umbrella  
Ya know, and a lot of these triple OG ass niggas  
They ain't really been passin' the game down  
Like we was laced and groomed on  
Ya know what I mean back in the early 80s  
Ya know what I mean, to these young niggas man  
I mean I analyze this shit nigga  
I mean it is small things to a giant  
The way I do these damn things man  
I mean a lot of these niggas, hey you know what  
I've been caught between a rock and a political hard  
place  
On how to explain the game to these squares man  
I mean these niggas is just a square

As my motherfuckin' back pockets man  
I'm off this Colo Vasey, this is Click shit all day  
On you bitch ass niggas

[Hook]

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