

## Rappin' 4-Tay "360 Degrees"

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Weeble-lations!!

(\*E-40\*)

Weeble-lations testin, testin.

Testin, testin,

hey, turn my mic up, this a bitch, I got my dudes up in  
this mutha

fucka, that boy Eightball, 4-Tay, Speeze-weeze, Spice-  
weeze, ya smell

me? It's E-feeze. Mutha fuckaz ain't understandin the  
signs of this, I

cuss a mutha fucka out.

(\*Eightball\*)

Niggaz gonna be feelin, what I'm revealin,

tryin to do some healin, an at the same time make a  
million,

vibrate love an happiness in this ghetto maze,

hate us playaz got this ryhme stayin in a rage,

kill wit a pill, broke game like Nintendo,

three hours an fourty-four minutes straight to Frisco,

bumpin the Rappin, 4-Tayzee baby,

me an 40 Water in the big body Mercedes.

(\*Rappin 4-Tay\*)

Four hundred, five hundred V-12 black coupe,

none of my weebles wake that barkley comin out the  
roof,  
  
choppin major game on the strength,  
  
man we goes back juss like them splinters an 'em  
temps, uh  
  
met this bitch that was in Houston, said she was from  
Houston,  
  
said her profession was stackin major paper roll,  
  
first at times it seems, gold credit cards we get that  
ass,  
  
went from bennies to bossalini's, collectin cash,  
  
they whistlin, I'm glistin like Sammy Davis,  
  
born an raised in the Bay them hataz can't fade us,  
  
I am the rapper that they call 4-Tay,  
  
360 degrees, they can't fade the Yay, fool.  
  
(\*Eightball\*)  
  
Fuckin off in the Bay wit some crazy niggaz,  
  
gettin drunk, gettin high so they saved ya nigga,  
  
from the bottom of the stream to the top of the  
mountian,  
  
in the "O" straight clownin,  
  
talkin bout whats goin down an,  
  
these niggaz feelin me,  
  
soakin up the love I give,  
  
nigga all of u

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