

## **Black Eyed Peas F/ De La Soul**

### **"Hope I Don't Go Back"**

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[E-40 having a playalistic converstaion]  
Hoppin over barbed wire fences nigga  
Had this one broad right, SHE was so damn sprung  
she used to hold my motherfuckin.. motherfuckin SAC  
nigga!  
Thought you though, nigga  
And a motherfuckin.. V.H.S., uhh motherfuckin  
cannister  
Nigga, yeah ay, I promise you nigga this game been so  
damn good  
(Said this rap game's been good to me)  
Hard times  
(But I don't know how long that's gonna be..)

\*Chorus: repeat 2X\*

Hope I don't go back to slangin ya-yo  
Slangin llello, to get my maillll

Verse One: E-40

Been a hustler since birth, mama sellin dinners for the  
church  
Red-handed, caught me stealin money out her purse  
Got branded, permanent whip scars on my back  
Cause I used to get beat, with racing car tracks  
But now me got wealth, holdin a conference call on my  
hands free car telephone lookin like I'm talkin to myself  
Shootin the breeze cuttin it up real smooth like  
choppin it up like true business men  
Talkin about it, by the way  
B - what we doin' this week on SoundScan?  
If I ain't in Japan, I'm in the Valley  
Or maybe next door in Gary Payton bowling alley  
Or maybe at the shootin range, me and Banks  
Or on the golf course, with Merton Hanks  
Or we lay in the sun, give me my propers  
with a beat that's out of this world, lookin down on  
doctors  
Sippin on Port, watchin my kids play basketball  
in the backyard on a 40 by 63 foot long sports court

\*Chorus\*

Verse Two: E-40

Business spot up in the wilderness, coyotes and wild  
boars  
Dupont registry aluminum pool table made strictly for  
outdoors  
Twenty inch gold super Bravos on my ? everybody ain't  
able  
to be blessed with success with an independent-ass  
record label  
Check it out, marbles, I got the game from my Uncle  
Saint Char-les  
Used to bank across the street at Wells Fargo  
but now it's Merrill Lynch  
And just think, I used to sit the bench  
I remember gettin chased by the cops, had to get my  
stomach pumped  
full of a quarter ounce of rocks, late afternoon  
Po-po waitin for me outside of Vallejo Kaiser  
Permanente  
emergency room with glocks, ready to Rodney King me  
to death  
Somehow I managed to make my escape through  
the back of the cafeteria by the vending machine  
department quickly  
Found myself runnin through the Friendship Apartment  
Complex  
over there by the railroad tracks, around the corner  
from the  
People's Continuation High School  
Somewhere off in Lofas, behind Je-nai's Liquor ooh

\*Chorus\*

Verse Three: E-40

Get my mail, check it out, dope game ain't goin  
Now it seems the, white-collared crimes, are hookin up  
phones  
"Charlie Hustle, I got a few mathmatics  
I'm doing a compilation, should I go with Phunky Phat  
Graph-X?  
I tell them, "Hell yeah that's a done deal, dude them be  
off the hinges  
Dude them did my cover and my bus benches"  
Game warrior invested, worldwide Sick-Wid-It shit,  
independent chips  
BEYOOOOOOOOTCH!

Ay see ay, I'ma tell you nigga  
That's the thing about this whole thing that jump off  
It's a fool cause a muh'fucka take his bloody money  
right  
until he sit up there and he look and he say  
"Hold on man, hold on man"  
A muh'fucka, yknowmsayin?  
You can either be at this shit  
or you can be gone with this shit  
and you look at it and then he say, "Man hold on  
let me translate this shit - let me translate into some  
marbles  
Let me liquidate my motherfuckin revenelles"  
You understand what I'm sayin? 40-Water now, you  
understand?  
Ay, ay, but look, check this out  
I'm here to sprinkle motherfuckers, lace they tennis  
shoes  
Teach them about the motherfuckin game-orientated  
situations  
that goes down in the motherfuckin motherfuckin soils  
weepolations  
I ain't bullshittin niggaz!

[overlaps chorus]  
.. I don't bullshit!  
I ain't bullshittin nigga!

\*Chorus\*

[Singer] There's too many jealous brothers in this  
game  
I can't stan the same... I gotta get mine

\*Chorus\*

[Singer] Get my money on..  
Don't wanna go, don't wanna go, don't wanna go  
Don't wanna go back - back to the game, heyyyy

[E-40] To get your mail, BEYOOOOOOOTCH!

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