

Black Eyed Peas F/ De La Soul

"I'm Straight"

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[E-40]

Sticky icky doo-hickey smokin on a spliffy mickie
Think he mixin some hash with some of that Humboldt
County grass
with dis sleazy from Union City, she wanted to freak me
when I was sticky but we did it anyway
Look, drop one or three dozen nickel-plated stapler
up under my seat, why? Robbers on my feet
Uhh, cops Elroy's po-po's wanna glock me
Chops, Elroy's ran up in my car
I hope none of y'all ain't in there crackin on the
Presedential
under my umbrella yibbidy yackin and jaw jackin
and up in there singin a capella
Cause that ain't the way the GAME was designed
You 'posed to see that if you BLIND
Blastin, cocked to the side, blowzin
Comin up out of the chicken spot, pimp - walkin
I'ms on my way to the pizznickin spot, ice - sparklin
Pullin out was a n-ah-n-uh-nightmare and I be bossin

Chorus: E-40

Where all my hustlers at?
Where all my rugers, where all my clap-them-gats?
Where all my shooters? Dude when you stay, pop
collars
Smoke tweed, twenty-fo' hours
Where all my ballers at?
Where all my timahs, shot callers at?
Where all my grimies? It's heavy weight
Give me the money, the pussy, the car and I'm straight

[E-40]

I pull up on the set - somebody died?
Why all the long faces - playboy, it's dry
Dry as in dry? Dry as in thirsty
cause we ain't had no work since Thursday
Know you ain't believe us but I got it, who want it?
By the way how y'all been survivin? Shoot we been
STEPPIN on it!

Uhh - cut out the middle
From here on out {*cough*} no more scribble
Fast quota, fuck a slow nig'
Nigga my fetti's just as long as Ron Jeremy's dick!
Eighty-one years olda, pimpin don't trip!
Who you be bumpin? E-40 and The Click!
Uhh, I see the heads know me in the wind(?)
Family where you been? The pen, get in!
Get skirrrt, vzzzzzt, bend the block
What you see two crackheads steppin over, what? A
rock

Chorus

[E-40]

Gimme a, Cadillac with a black man's drank
A forty ounce, the ghetto champagne
The lap dance, thick-ass (?) like to bounce
Take off her clothes and get butt-naked, Southern girl
down South
A record deal so I ain't gotta dope deal
A faithful botch, a home-cooked meal
Take, I like a (?) estate
with them long-ass fifteen minute driveways with a
guard at the gate

Chorus 2X

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