E-40 F/ Pastor Troy, Pimp C, Too \$hort "40 F/ Pastor Troy, Pimp C, Too \$hort - Doin' The Fool"

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[E-40 talks over intro] Nigga up in this motherfucker I mean I been fuckin with this motherfuckin burgundy carpet pimpin What about you pimpin, I mean I know you fuckin around with that purple bag youknowhatlmean? That Crown Royal, oh boy! I mean, we got, we got a whole bunch of player-ass niggaz up in this m'uhfucker right here today We got that nigga.. E-Feezy, Too \$hort, knahmean Pimp C up in this motherfucker, nigga Pastor Troy [Too \$hort] Damn fool.. I hits free (free) it ain't wholesale Just got through hittin it so well, at a hotel But don't tell (don't tell) I cuss your fuckin ass out bitch Fuck yo' drunk-ass and watch you pass out bitch (beitch) And when you wake up, I tell you anything You fucked me so good bitch, you deserve a wedding ring I practice what I preach, ridin vogues and findin hoes I told her I'd buy some clothes, but I'd be lyin to hoes I ain't buyin her shit, bitch I can't do that I had to jump in my car, and call you a cab Cause I'm out.. you know I'm all about fuckin hella good Take the rubber off I'm in your mouth comin to a town (beatch) near you, real soon.. Infiltratin hoes nigga, we some real fools (real fools) And it's true, and baby girl knows it too Ask her shit, she'll tell you how I do it fool [Chorus] Doin the fool! - Ain't no love motherfucker we breakin the rules

Doin the fool! - Niggaz like me ain't got nuttin to lose Doin the fool! - We servin you haters straight off the top Doin the fool! - Just to let you know this shit don't stop

[Pastor Troy]

Okay okay up next, oh, it's the boss, from the home of the Braves

Down here chillin with E-40 cause it's time to get paid C'mon, actin a fool, cause y'all know how I'ma do She fucked me, Pimp C, and \$hort too I drank no brew, it's Remi, that special kind Don't fuck with who? My nigga, you out yo' mind Fresh off the grind, my niggaz is the killers Actin a fool bout this motherfuckin scrilla No one no trill'a, but tell them, I'm down mayne Go grab my leather, and get into some gangster shit So if it's cool, it's cool.. But just that quick, I act a fool..

[Chorus]

[E-40] But I ain't never been a sucker I ain't never been a mark I ain't never been a busta I ain't never been a simp, potnah I always had heart Papered up hustlin never 'posed to handcuff a beaotch, mon Pimp to the hoe, protect the trick beaotch, mon Be extra mannish (extra mannish) get some skull Purple bag, Crown Royal (Royal) Gotcha beaotch actin mannish, think she spoiled (spoiled) Mummar Kamali(?) all over her body, she used to that Potnah big 40 had it like that Cadillac (Cadillac) sittin on buttons, 32 valve The DTS (DTS) half a gallon to the mile Platinum chest (platinum chest) lite brite, love to smile What a mess (what a mess) horny fucked me on my desk Kitchen tile (kitchen tile) then she swallowed up the rest Ask me how (ask me how) a fat ass cum shot on her breast She said, "It's been a while since I had sex" (what she say?) She said, "It's been a while since I had sex" (what she say?) (she said, oooh oooh.. oh boy!) .. c'mon c'mon, okay okay! ..

[Chorus]

.. c'mon c'mon ..

[Pimp C]

Comin down in candy car, smokin on some candy bar Everyday I'm choppin blades, comin through on old school maids Got in this game so heavily, just like Frankie Beverly Silly nigga that Southern girl put cocaine up in your world Cause I'm a young ass nigga on the slab Comin through in a whippin Nav' I used to be out on the ave But now all my keys got the Midas stamp Change my name to Sweet Charles Smell like sixty-four dollar cologne Comin down in burgundy Brougham and I keep a chip off in my phone Sweet Charles, bitch! Hold up Smoke somethin..

.. c'mon c'mon ..

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