

## **E-40 f/ Federation**

### **"Gas, Break, Dip"**

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[Intro: police car radio]

{\*static\*} Calling all hustlers, calling all players

Please report to your scraper

Turn the ignition on, open all four doors

and commence to slapping, thank you {\*static\*}

{Gas break} (LOUDER!)

40-Water.. Federation, E-40

BOTCH!

[Chorus: E-40]

Gas break, dip, then scrape {\*3X\*}

Sideshow, donuts, figure eights then

Gas break, dip, then scrape {\*3X\*}

Sideshow, donuts, figure eights

[E-40]

Aight, look, look here man

Look... I live my life like any day can be my life

Fools be tryin to hit me, like a porno website

I pulls up in the Chevy with them Rally Racer stripes

Some of my fellas on Harley Davidson bikes

With they lights on, in the daytime, the opposite of  
night

with them growlin-ass pipes ridin

30 deep with a broad on the backseat, highsidin

Tycoonin and timin, strivin and grindin to get my  
money on

Rappin and rhymin, tryin to go diamond and talkin on  
my phone

With the music slappin, slappin this song, they say I'm  
wrong

Cause I be poppin it at these hoes, fo' tears when I'm  
off Patron

Sucker repellent cologne I put on, when I leave my  
home

My 45 pistol chrome bust a nigga shit, bust a dome

Yo' bread is midget and dwarf, like a Hobbit

My yaper is long and lanky like Predrag Stojakovic

Tall like the mileage on my 70 Cutlass-es

Gas break and dip and then scrapin it with my loved

ones

[Chorus]

[Federation - One]

I'm out the sunroof, gone off that rotgut  
Straight scrape, that's the sound when the shocks  
touch  
White walls with some pipe, haulin D skippers  
Candy paint straight coonin, look at me nigga  
Get my scratch, all about my mail - uhh  
Ant, Stress, and Doonie, them boys from the fields  
Gas, break, dip, scrape  
Smoke it, up, figure eight

How I scrape? Goldie's a eight  
Pull up, dig in my nose, and give you handshake  
40-Agua, lent me the Range (love some bam shit)  
Cross my fingers {?} I won't crash it  
But my drink's spiked, so I just might  
Dent a bumper or two, and bust a headlight  
Now, all my niggaz in they scrapers (DO'S OPEN)  
Thug in the Benz (get that Vogue meat smokin!)

[Chorus]

[Federation - Two]

Okayyyy, okayyyy  
'96 Cutlass, mayonnaise and mustard  
Dusted and disgusted but my guts like custard  
Green caramel, Too \$hort, "Freaky Tales"  
Bumpin in the zoney, pimpin tenderonis  
Blueberry blunt wrapped with a Rick Rock slap  
Like Busta Rhymes, make they gun booty cheek clap  
Stop by the trap, shoot a few craps  
Don't trust na'r a nigga, keep the strap on my lap  
Cell phone might be tapped, so we speak in all slang  
That's why the white folk think that we all strange  
People in the back of me see the TV's  
Ant scrapin tough like a pair of Dungarees  
Coonin E-Feez, on Myrtle Beach  
Carlos Rossi, where the turtle growin trees  
My na'r na'an nutta make all the hoes stutter  
Gas break dip bend the pussy then cut her

[Chorus]

[E-40 - repeat 4X]

Punch the gas then break (then break)  
Then dip (then dip) then scrape (scrape scrape)

[Federation - repeat 8X]  
Gas, break, gas, break

[Outro - police car radio]  
{\*static\*} This was an official, Sic'Wid It, Federation  
slap  
You may now, close your scraper doors, and go home  
Thank you

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