

E-40 f/ Turf Talk

"This Goes Out"

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[Hook: Turf Talk] This goes out to the triple OG'z Young homiez shootin dice on ya knees! Out the window putcha chain in the breeze! Stay aboutcha paper route stack cheese! This goes out to the thick breezies! Juicy Couture, paper, denim, and cloth jeans! Dark Skin, red bone, ladies! Stay aboutcha paper route stack cheese!

[Verse 1: E-40] Drinkin aftershock! on the soil smokin a beedi Fillin my wheaties in the trenches, lookin out for em Po-Po-Heezies Hoppin n hittin em fences livin the life of a hustla watchin out these scandalous suckas they dirty and cold them brothas totin and packin pistola quarterbackin yola stockin and drivin a rova (rover) Blackberry Motorola! (beep*) Livin lavish from peddlin that tragic magic immune 2 the beef and static and thumpers and automatics! Droppin off packages, savages! After tryin, and shinin and grindin, blinkin and blindin... and F-f-flossin n flamboastin my DIAMONDS (blinggg!) If she knew better, she'd do better she didn't know no better! told her to come up outta that cold! and get up under some of this here sunny weather! Pressure bust a pipe! Am I right? am I wrong? Told her I'm rightin my wrongs! Convinced her to give me dome. I put my mack hand down then I put my best foot forward Then I place my bid like a playa, pimp! Better know it! [Hook] [Verse 2: E-40] Pull up to the club! (cluuubb) In front of the buildin! Feelin like a million dollas! wHaa!? (whUHH!?!) they ready n willin We some seven figure hittas, big triggas and dojas ferocious! Some of these suckas be sellin wolf tickets! Don't think I don't notice! I got my designated ridas and souljas, weopalization & folkers the coldest! We slang good look from Minne-snow-ta, to South Da-Cola pushin that yola, we puttin it down for the soil! Be perkin n smokin that doja! Rockin n rollin them boulders, duckin n dodgin the rollas Major packers of paper? Bogus, we come from the shouldas. Whatchu want? A poodle, sweetie? Or a big tycoon like E-feezy!? Some people hate e-feezy, cuz he be all up on T-V! Lookin hella teezy! Wit a couple of playas and breezies! Sippin some num-num juice! In the boxed up chevy capreezy! That boy there livin proof! And go on

to stay off the heezy! Not used to wearin suits... just
levis t-shirts n beanies! [Hook] [Verse 3: E-40] Uh! If
you like it, I love it! Subbin and subbin the dead away
When they hear my sub... rockford fosgate! Speakers n
tweeters penetrate through the hood like its weight.
Disbelievers n suckas hate when I'm up in my peruvian
flake! Yola white scraper makes the haters be mad at
u! Me and my whistlin pipes! tinted windows, park
avenue! (oooohhh!! park avenue?) Restricted,
pimpskillet! Talk to me! I'll talk back! I know you feel
this track! Throw ya hands in the sky! real real high n
say "Feezy! Tell me somethin slick n sly!" Let's get
tipsy, stoned, keyed, and twisted! Pissy, drunk,
tweeted, splifted! Woooooow! (woww!) Scared man
can't win! look at all these broads! Look at all these
gorgeous women! Look at all that junk in her trunk!
Look at all that body almighty! Look at how she shakin
her rump! Look at what she do off bacardi! [Hook] - 2X

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