

The Click

"The Dope Track"

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[E-40]

Anything that my AK bullets hit take off a portion
Knock yo' head off your shoulder like the Headless
Horsemen
Shit can get stanky like a poot
My ex-bitch, used to be cute
On the dope track, mayhem and drama
Where the - coke dealers sell crack to they mama
Killers keep they silence
Automatic choppers, throw-aways, police sirens
I'm out here gettin' my fetti, y'all niggaz playin'
I'm out here havin' money, why you pro shadin'?
Talkin' about you poe, trickin' off your change
Layin' up with that hoe, playin' them mind games
I got it stitched up like a tailor
When we at war, I call my favor
Party on they boss, the rest gon' flake
Take his head off, have 'em cryin' at the wake
Wake up, man I miss you...
Tito, bring me some tissue
The bu-uh-bully of the bliznock, hella game!
Sittin' on buttons pullin' up in a wideframe!
Don't get it twiznil, I don't throw all my weight around
with false force though
Come for me and catch a hot one in your torso
Survivin' in them droughts (in them droughts)
Conductin' business on them faulty chip burnouts

[Chorus]

On the dope track where the baseheads be comin'
through
On the dope track where the baseheads be comin'
through
On the dope track where the baseheads be comin'
through
On the dope track where the baseheads be comin'
through

[E-40]

Engine pullies, tier detergent, soap powder
on top of oil stains in my driveway (in my driveway)

No Christmas goodies, just standin' in line at the
Salivation Army
(Beotch!) Turf war discussions, bosses fussin'
(Over a bitch?) Yeah, funkin' over nothin's
Paint a portroit of me tiznimin', griznindin' doin' my
thing
Lookin' out for SWAT, the Special Weapons And Tactics
team
On the dope track, Crown Victorias and walkie-talkies
Hubbahead, tweakers, droners, drifters, zombies
Be knockin' on my bedroom window!
While I'm posted up smokin' my indo!
Needs ya, Victor Baron
Stitchin' ki's up, duct tape tearin'
Foil, powder, yowder
When there's a driznought we serve 'em flour
(We serve 'em flour, beotch!)

[Chorus]

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[E-40]

The batter ram, robe, socks
German Shepherds, task force, cops
Back and forth pacin' (Back and forth doin' what?)
Hella pissed 'cause they came up with nathin'
I think somebody snitchin', that ain't cool
I think I got a (what?) leak in my pool
I can lick my own bliznow, say...
Y'all woulda caught me if y'all woulda came yesterday
Which was welfare day, government pay, the block be
a fool
But the narks be havin' hella niggaz flushin' illegal
substance down the stool
I'm a mess (I'm a mess)
Shake my palm with your right hand nigga not your left

[Chorus]

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