

Too \$hort

"My Hoodlums and My Thugz"

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Intro: E-40

I pledge allegiance to the ghetto, uh
I pledge allegiance to the game, uh
I pledge allegiance to the money and the cars
and the pussy and the bitches and the fame, uh
repeat

(BEEYATCH!!!!)

Chorus:

To all my, to all my hoodlums and my thugz with their
mugs on
up in the ghetto and the hood with the platex rubber
gloves on
In the kitchen cookin chicken, diamonds, hop and gab
Droppin off packages and grindin outta taxicabs
Throw it up, throw it up, throw it up ugh
Throw it up nigga, throw it up, throw it up
Throw it up, throw it up, throw it up (nigga)
Throw it up nigga, throw it up, throw it up

[WC]

Fuck talkin, I'm chalkin niggas, best ta get ta walkin
It's The Shadiest, Charlie Hustle and my nigga the
Chickenhawk in on
that 'throw it up throw it up' dip, as I dips, skip with the
Euro clip
Hangin for chips on 100-spoke whips
All I know is pussy, money and color bandanas
and tryin to get my kids some more chickens than
Colonel Sanders
Play us by the trigger so I'ma live by the trigger
And rivals, seven bitches for all my hoodlum and thug
niggas

[E-40]

???? ???? regulations in the game, never snitch, never
sang soprano
Wild gravy, bustin kilo grams, goin platinum, door and

panel
Never dustin up, never crackin under pressure
Seems to me I do my time and I get out whenever,
EARLY
People say I smell like Glocks, what kind of ?car? you
got?
I tell em "Brooklyn cotch"
Johnnie Walker, snapple lemon-squeezed and scotch is
what
I drink a nigga up under the table
While all you powder puff niggas take all my votes

Chorus:

To all my hoodlums and my thugz with their mugs on
up in the ghetto and the hood with the platex rubber
gloves on
In the kitchen cookin chicken, diamonds, hop and gab
Droppin off packages and grindin outta taxicabs
Throw it up, throw it up, throw it up ugh
Throw it up nigga, throw it up, throw it up
Throw it up, throw it up, throw it up (nigga)
Throw it up nigga, throw it up, throw it up

[Mack 10]

Well it's that old Inglewood gangbang, hustlin ass
nigga
That dope game, flossin ho, bustin ass nigga
still grindin while rhymin now up to seven figures
Low-down, duct tapin, 2-11 lick hitter
Hoo Bangin' sendin birds outta town on the bus
If ya in to sellin crack, nigga fuck with us
I got cars and a mansion with wine in the cellar
and a bitch on my team that'll kill when I tell her

[E-40]

Back with ninjas so ya know
I do this for Folsom and ?Susanville?, fo' sho'
My niggas in Quentin and Vacaville, before I
From Chino to Tracey to Hatchedby to Rikers Island
Pelican Bay solid, dat Long Park and Terminal Island
Keep on smilin, dialin and callin connect
Cos you're my focus, you know I'm accept
A za-, a zap board, deuce amps
Shoot dice with, to all my stamps (BEEYATCH!!!!)

Chorus

[WC]

Could it be me, or was it this chronic or Bombay
that got me puttin it down for all my hoodlums around

the way
Lex spares, money dippin, bullet-proof vests and sack
warriors
All my street niggas, east to the west to the souths, I
can't hearin ya

[Mack 10]

If it ain't Charlie Hustle, it's that nigga Mack Manson
While the G homies boogie, we keep they hoes dancin
and we stay Lexed up wit the parlay features
Sportin beamed-up Chucks wit the flamed-up creases

[E-40]

I represent the flat lands, the alley ways, the moms and
pops
The Chinese, the AK, the fiend, the rocks
The liquor store on every corner, the laundromat
The quick-to-run-up-on-the-nigga, to peel my cap

Chorus

Outro: E-40

A dollar bill y'all, a dollar bill y'all
A getcha, a getcha, a getcha scrill y'all
A dollar bill y'all, a dollar bill y'all
A getcha, a getcha, a getcha scrill y'all
A getcha scrill y'all, a dollar bill y'all
A dollar, a dollar, a dollar bill y'all
A dollar bill y'all, a dollar bill y'all
A dollar, a dollar, a getcha scrill y'all
BEEYATCH!!!

BEEYATCH!!!!!!!!!!!!

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