

# E-40, All Tha Time

[E-40] Uhhhh.. UHHHH.. UHHHH! Ah? Ah?

[B-Legit] You got Moesha E?

[E-40] All Tha Time B

You got your indonesia B?

[B-Legit] All Tha Time E

You got the street sweeper broom?

[E-40] All Tha Time B

You got your chronic there too?

[B-Legit] All Tha Time!

[E-40]

Might not know how to read and right, but I do know Arm & Hammer

If the screen from a tweaker's pipe turns black, that means it's bamma

If it's too many seeds in your weed, then chop em down

If your bud gets bogus, then run his ass out of town

I'm on the Carquinez Bridge, terminal three, quarter after seven

Pockets full of hundreds, can't seem to find no ones, engine revvin

Smebbin, talkin hella shit to the cashier

Pi-pi's get right behind me askin me how much I been had to drink

and I said, "A beer"

Blitzed, out of my wits, drivin drunk

Let's see I done hit one, two, three ain't no tellin how many skunk

In and out of the holdin cell, blood alcohol like a warrior

And I refuse to answer any questions without the advisory of my lawyer

[B-Legit]

I been in it, all around it, co-founded

Did it when I done it, I musta been blunted

Ninety-six hundred for the two P's

I let the homie K-One run through these

Places that I roam I let the hubs alone

I wonder if they're trippin at Nextel phones

A bad motherfucker for the butter n grits

and you niggaz need to know this shit

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[E-40]

I got the turf on lock, twenty-six block

One beeper on my side gotta be in the house by eight o'clock

Organized crime bitch, all the time bitch

Get off his dick and get on mine bitch

[B-Legit]

I be smokin like a broke-down Coupe DeVille

Poppin them generic brand Golden Seals

Parole can't hold me, and neither could y'all

Bitch me and my Click is off the wall

[E-40]

I fucks with everybody to somebody, major factors

To niggaz if you can't understand this shit

then nigga you must got your mask on backwards

[B-Legit]

Tiptoeing through the hood nigga, is no good nigga

Gotta have a pass, so we get that ass

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[B-Legit]

Now the parties don't start until we walk in  
Drunk off that gin, down to check yo' chin  
I'm a mannish motherfucker with the chips and bread  
and enough, to have your head kind of tough  
Bluffin don't exist, we pull the whole cards  
Tail between the legs when you walk in the yard  
So if you hard, and wanna stay that way  
You better watch what the fuck you play

[E-40]

Check it out

It's bring yo' own bottle, cause I be likin  
to get to perkin somethin awful  
and compute that motherfucker slurrin  
talkin crazy to bitches, weeble-wobblin  
Burpin, gurgin, stomach growlin off the hinges  
Lurkin, torqin my stay highs with Red Ledges  
I'm tryin to get that fast quarter, fuck a slow nickel  
Run a smooth ass operation without gettin caught in the pickle  
Take my cool ass on a vacation that maybe someday stop  
Buy me an empty commercial lot  
and turn it into a car wax wash and detail shop

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