

E-40, Don't Blame It On Me

(feat. B-Legit)

[E-40] Youse a fool. You sound like you fin to earl
They can have all the armor but that calm doesn't harm

Chorus One: E-40

Double cross the game, and get yo' head to' off
Disrespect the game, ya get yo' head to' off
Your faulty bitches main? A getcha head to' off
Fuck with my riches main? And getcha head to' off, beittch!

[B-Legit]
I'm erog-enous, most dog in this
Dark brown like a clot, but now I'm saucy
Hoes toss me they number like an alley-oop
But I slam it in the trash, if she ain't got, ass and loot
Shoot, it's all mine in the nine sizzle
Pistol still fizeal fine, direct hits make em retire
I ain't no liar, I put it on my flow
Niggaz fuck around, they get they head to' off

[E-40]
What's up? They disrespect us
Them fools ain't tryin to fight no wars
You talkin about bang bang
That's the way this shit gonna go
Just let your balls hang
Don't think about just do it
Cause when you think about it
Before you know it, you blew it
I ain't got shit to lose
No mercy nigga, no sarges
Get your rowdy boys
Do it today not tomorrow
Check your inventory
Make sure you got enough ammo
It's self-explanatory
Don't let em blow out the candle, biotch!

Chorus

Chorus Two: E-40

Think about it 'fore you pop that shit
Cause if they find you witcha crew, they pack split
Don't blame it on me (4X)
(repeat all 2X)

[E-40]
You came up sixteen
Interest is fast
She'll still serve everybody
for the cash
She likes to party
with her ass-lick pussy-lick
dick
Lick ass

[B-Legit]
And we some grown men, we turn trill hoe out
And all we ever did was stuck dick in her mouth
We fuck wines to the millionaires
Ball players that play, you better keep your bitch out the Bay

[E-40]

The less fortunate
The sluts, the drug abusers
Oldest profession known to mankind
is prostitution
When I make a zillion I resign
just like clockwork
But you know me I'm always a day or two late
and a dollar short

[B-Legit]

I trick a bitch that love Legit and do whatever I tell her to
From credit card scams to givin head to you
So if you breathe, know what I mean, prepare that ass
for the guillotine boss, get that ass to' off

Chorus One

Chorus Two

[B-Legit]

I got dreams of a mansion with the glass block
About a million point five in the stash box
I let the beat knock, I let the ass drop
And if a niggga run up, he get ch-uh-chopped

[E-40]

Case number two forty six, she been in an unhappy dwellin
Neighbors steady complainin, bout the dope sellin
But they ain't never been evicted, or convicted
They ain't never been subpeonaed to court, or arrested

[B-Legit]

I tried to tell em like I once told fools what's up
Fonzarelli and the Savage get they cash and loss
I'm from the coast, where we don't play that kid shit
And niggaz get they motherfuckin wig split

[E-40]

Ahhhhh I spits nothin less than hi-tech Lugz
We can buck on each other or we can put on the gloves
Don't make me mad let me know, if you want more spot
I can do this playa, get the driveshaft all off, biotch!

Chorus One

Chorus Two (to fade)