

# 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-ooop  
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 nigga 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 subpoenaed 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)