

# E-40, (I'll Be Yo) Huckleberry

(D-Shot)

Hey now baby, how you been doin?  
You been doin fine?  
You know you called me last week  
I got your message but I was outta state, yaknowwhatl'msayin?  
(Now I come through, just like the hog I am)  
It seems you need a little bit of excitement in your life  
(All up in her bedroom, serenading one of my tunes)  
I'm here for you, don't sweat it  
(She's got an attitude against her man)  
How your man be treatin you?  
(She needs me to get her in the mood)  
I know  
(I had to hit her, I'm never scary I'll be yo huckleberry!)  
See you can call me any hour, that's how we do it

I'm in and out, and partner you ain't knowin this  
She loves you dearly but she's all on a player's tip  
Cause you ain't givin' somethin that she really needs  
And that's that good ass lovin, partner can't you see  
She's bored no trust, she sits in the house all day  
While you out there ballin, tryin to have it the kingpin way  
She gets no time, your schedule way too deep  
You leaves out the house everytime you get a beep  
To all you ladies, sweet dark and lovely  
See players like me, I likes to taste the Easter bunny  
I likes to lick you down, give you self esteem  
I'm the playboy you want, on your under team  
Yo' huckleberry, mackin fast Shot-ty  
One of them type of ballers on the same level as Gotti  
So all you tenders, it's all to the good  
So page me on the under and I'll creep through yo' hood

\*chorus\*

If you need some lovin, lovin girl  
I'll be yo' huckleberry, berry  
And if you need someone to talk to girl, talk to girl  
You can call me on the under, under

(E-40)

Lookin at my oyster perpetual Rolex, browsin through my Rolodex  
Baby done left a verbal, want me to hit that girdle  
Come through on a tuck, while he's in the shower  
Get it when he's with Rob and 'em, after hours  
Slumpin Johnnie Taylor, regulatin  
Cheatin in next room, fornicatin'  
Demonstratin, new and improved moves  
Legislatin, Erk and drinkin booze  
But when you plug it, baby see you soon  
You say one day, we gon' jump the broom  
It was seven years, and she was faithful for ya  
But did she love ya, or was she used to ya  
It ain't my fault you got too attached  
But don't check me partner, check yo baitch  
Wanna know my name, call me 40 Pop Cherry  
I'll be yo huckleberry

\*chorus\*

(D-Shot)

I'm on yo mind, twenty-four seven  
When you at work, you calls me at eleven  
And that's cool, cause my number won't be on yo' bill  
Ohh baby girl all we wanna do is keep it real

No hesitation, we wanna play this game right  
But if you feel me, we gots to have our game tight  
So we can mob to the beach and champagne and all  
Rub you down to the camisole  
One hundred miles away, while your man think you at work  
That boy Shot, is all up in these skirts  
If there's a bluebird on my shoulder should I hit it  
I turn her around, then from the back that's when I hit it  
But hittin it from the back ain't always what I wanna do  
I got ta do you hard, so you can tell your crew  
That that boy Shot knows how to... \*uck  
He got you givin it up  
And you ain't done that in years  
That's right  
And you ain't done that in years

\*chorus\*

Keep it on the under, on the under, no one has to know  
It's between me and you, take my pager number  
You can call me, call me, all times of the day...