

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...