

# E-40, My Hoodlums And My Thugz

featuring Mack 10 W.C.

Intro: E 40

I pledge allegiance to the ghetto uh

I pledge allegiance to the game uh

I pledge allegiance to the money and the cars  
and the pussy and the bitches and the fame uh

\*repeat\*

(BEEYATCH!!!!)

Chorus:

To all my to all my hoodlums and my thugz with their mugs on

up in the ghetto and the hood with the platex rubber gloves on

In the kitchen cookin chicken, diamonds, hop and gab

Droppin off packages and grindin outta taxicabs

Throw it up, throw it up, throw it up ugh

Throw it up nigga, throw it up, throw it up

Throw it up, throw it up, throw it up (nigga)

Throw it up nigga, throw it up, throw it up

[WC]

Fuck talkin, I'm chalkin niggas, best ta get ta walkin

It's The Shadiest, Charlie Hustle and my nigga the Chickenhawk in on

that 'throw it up throw it up' dip, as I dips, skip with the Euro clip

Hangin for chips on 100-spoke whips

All I know is pussy, money and color bandanas

and tryin to get my kids some more chickens than Colonel Sanders

Play us by the trigger so I'ma live by the trigger

And rivals, seven bitches for all my colored thug niggas

[E-40]

???? regulations in the game, never snitch, never sang soprano

Wild gravy, bustin kilo grams, goin platinum, door and panel

Never dustin up, never crackin under pressure

Seems to me I do my time and I get out whenever, EARLY

People say I smell like Glocks, what kind of ?car? you got?

I tell em "Brooklyn cotch"

Johnnie Walker, snapple lemon-squeezed and scotch is what

I drink a nigga up under the table

While all you powder puff niggas take all my votes

Chorus:

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Throw it up, throw it up, throw it up (nigga)

Throw it up nigga, throw it up, throw it up

[Mack 10]

Well it's that old Inglewood gangbang, hustlin ass nigga

That dope game, flossin ho, bustin ass nigga

still grindin while rhymin now up to seven figures

Low-down, duct tapin, 2-11 lick hitter

Hoo Bangin' sendin birds outta town on the bus

If ya in to sellin crack, nigga fuck with us

I got cars and a mansion with wine in the cellar

and a bitch on my team that'll kill when I tell her

[E-40]

Back with ninjas so ya know

I do this for Foesum and ?Susanville?, fo' sho'

My niggas in Quentin'll pack a bis', before I

>From Chino to Tracey to Hatchedby to Rikers Island

Pelican Bay solid, dat Long Park and Terminal Island

Keep on smilin, dialin and callin connect

Cos you're my focus, you know I'm accept

A za-, a zap board, deuce amps

Shoot dice with, to all my stamps (BEEYATCH!!!!)

Chorus

[WC]

Could it be me, or was it this chronic or Bombay  
that got me puttin it down for all my hoodlums around the way  
Lex spares, money dippin, bullet-proof vests and sack warriors  
All my street niggas, east to the west to the souths, I can't hearin ya

[Mack 10]

If it ain't Charlie Hustle, it's that nigga Mack Manson  
While the G homies boogie, we keep they hoes dancin  
and we stay Lexed up wit the parlay features  
Sportin beamed-up Chucks wit the flamed-up creases

[E-40]

I represent the flat lands, the alley ways, the moms and pops  
The Chinese, the AK, the fiend, the rocks  
The liquor store on every corner, the laundromat  
The quick-to-run-up-on-the-nigga, to peel my cap

Chorus

Outro: E-40

A dollar bill y'all, a dollar bill y'all  
A getcha, a getcha, a getcha scrill y'all  
A dollar bill y'all, a dollar bill y'all  
A getcha, a getcha, a getcha scrill y'all  
A getcha scrill y'all, a dollar bill y'all  
A dollar, a dollar, a dollar bill y'all  
A dollar bill y'all, a dollar bill y'all  
A dollar, a dollar, a getcha scrill y'all  
BEEYATCH!!!  
BEEYATCH!!!!!!!!!!!!