

# E-40, My Hoodlums & My Thugz

(feat. WC & Mack 10)

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 hoodlum and 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:

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

[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 Folsom and ?Susanville?, fo' sho'  
My niggas in Quentin and Vacaville, 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!!!!!!!!!!!!