

# E-40, Northern Califoolya

\*phone rings\*

Machine Hello.  
Rick Rock Rick Rock.  
Machine Has a message for  
Rick Rock The Bay Area  
Machine To accept the message press 1  
\*sound of button pushed\*

[E-40]  
Ugh, ugh  
We flow for about five years ago  
When we lost a down  
But I had fifth of the game  
But I knew that one day  
That sooner or later it got to come back around  
E-40 Water held his ground  
Kept my foot in the fast lane  
Flew uppidy on mesmerized  
Cuz I snuck up in up out the game  
You makin' a 40 Water cd  
And get you penalized [penalized]  
I promise you that you get your face kicked man [face kicked man]  
Astonishing, you never know who know who beat you black and blue  
Demolish you  
Have you lookin' just like the bottom of my shoe  
The game, the game feeds off us [feeds off us]  
The industry and all the slingin' speeches' [speeches']  
So we had to do what we like [do what we like]  
Unite; come together like a fist to a mic

[B-Legit]  
I'm from the block where they raise you up  
Tuck glocks shot's blaze you up  
Big shot niggas fade you up  
I'm in the cut where they fade you up  
5-0-9, you can page me but  
I'm a hustla  
Bust you wit the Mac  
Never trust you wit the sack  
In fact, when you ready get feddy out the Lac  
I'll block patrol  
Dead presidents and pesos  
Stack money and I chase hoes  
I give 'em blues, tattoo's on who to choose  
Quitters never win and I don't plan to lose  
I check shoes, rich watch, and pocket books  
Been a crook  
Califoolya made ya look

Chorus: [E-40] x2  
The land of the hustlas and slick choppas  
Ambulance gurneys and helicopters  
Gangstas and playas and street ballas  
Game spittas like 40 the colla popper

[San Quinn]  
Hey boy, I'm a Bay Boy  
And I rep every block that I'm on  
Every city I roam  
From the state that is golden  
State where the youngstas keep holdin'  
Feds and the narcs be patrollin'  
Northern California, come and take a look [come and take a look]

Crankin' off the hook [crankin' off the hook]  
Everybody's crooks [everybody's crooks]  
They be bringin' you robberies  
You can come mob wit me  
We can be violent we broke  
Plus we smoke  
Blow on the best of dro  
It's Frisco  
Now who's the next to go?  
The calico would make a playa hater rest fo' sho  
Califoolya, San Quinn reppin' the Moe

[Messy Marv]  
Yeah I run up in a party mane and rep my district [and rep my district]  
And run up on yo boy like Nigga what is it?  
I sell each zones [uh huh]  
They sell like stones [uh huh]  
Frisco, California we stay off them phones [ha-ha]  
And I'll show you some thangs  
Draw down, pull out the pilly son  
And show you the rain  
Show you poor hustla niggas the game  
Like turnin' one into two  
It'll cost you more if I'm squattin' 'em through  
West Coast nigga! [West Coast nigga!]  
I'm just lettin' you know  
The home of Scalen, Sic Wid It, and Death Row [whoo!]  
You still get that blow  
And that doe  
And wear them watches wit the tic-tac-toe [what!?!]

[Chorus] x2

[E-A-Ski]  
Yea  
This nice guy role's been a God damn cover up [ugh]  
We ride on yo block wit the Mac  
Hit a nigga up [huh]  
God damn it! It's Northern Califoolya [right]  
This Mac gon' do ya [ugh]  
I swear it's gon' do ya [yea]  
The thought's all wrong when it comes to this north side [north side]  
I ain't lettin' mutha fuckin' shit slide [naw]  
Gangsta, hustlas, pimps, dope dealers [ugh]  
Tec's, glock's, A-R's are real nigga  
We shoot through your chest [ugh]  
Cardiac arrest  
Now you floatin through the sky  
May God Bless  
Who am I? Mr. Ski, apply pressure  
The 40 Water call mi SKI [hey]  
The most aggressive

[Keak Da Sneak]  
I was raised up where we say blood and cuz  
Gang bang, slang cane  
Breed killas and thugs  
I gave up sports, and started sellin' drugs  
Use to be a car thief  
But now I spendin' love to bars  
I'm a star; I was born one [born one]  
My jersey is throw back  
But never toss my gun  
The task force hit the dock  
My moms got stopped, ironic

And rep East O  
But not from New York son  
I get money like Suge, Master P, and Russell  
And build up my franchise cuz since the money is muscle  
I fuck wit the switch in the front before  
And everybody says fo' sheezy  
But where my credit go?

[Chorus] x2

-=talking=-

[James Stomp Down Bailey]  
Northern Califoolya game  
We've all been properly introduced  
To uphold this yay mane  
Cuz if we don't check it from the womb  
We gon' check it from the balloon  
Still serve in mind  
I'm pushin' the number one tea spoon  
Northern Califoolya playin'  
Mac's, pimp's, and ho slayers  
Were made sharper than the Gillette blue blade straight out the pack  
Cuz Northern Califoolya's the snake  
To start the strike  
Clear folks and judges up have plenty of this light  
So don't get caught up goin' to the spoon by noon  
Ya dig?  
Because you'll be missin' that coochie  
Cuz you be on yo way to the bitter hoochie  
[echoes out]