E-40, Quarterbackin'

[E-40]
The definition of quarterbackin'
Scratched
the quarterback..

[Verse 1 - Malice]
Tell the cops don't read into it
Them days of slangin' yay been finished, them days have been done ended
So far gone them days that I'm offended
Snitches can't speak my name till they get winded
Can't you tell there's been a switch made?
Now fellas decide that they wanna run and tell like in the fifth grade
But I'm too gone, young'n be clear
Even when you see me, I am not really there
And I ain't play fair wit' my eye on the enemy
Huggin' the block just me and my mini-me
Did it and lived it, grinded here
Cops fillin' wit' my projects find it yeah
Not only was I in the game, I was gifted in it
Served food to the fiends and we called 'em dinners
Put the raw wit' the fake out, mixed it in it
Can't explain the cat's hustle, guess it just was in
It's Malicious

[Chorus - E-40]
If you got the turf crackin' and ya money's stackin', ya
Quarterbackin', Quarterbackin'
Leader of the squad and your the team captain
Quaterbackin', Quarterbackin'
Gotta little change and ya drivin' a range
Quarterbackin', Quarterbackin'
If ya sound system bangs, and ya pushin' them thangs
Quarterbackin', Quarterbackin'

[Verse 2 - E-40]
Might not know what I'm talkin' about
If you ain't never lived it, or seen it, or done it
Seen fiends vomit, green stuff I had to clean it up wit' comet
Mean stuff, so many deaths my streets is haunted
Believe us, you shoulda seen us, like Wile E. Coyote, man super genius
Against all odds like Serena and Venus
I only had a couple jobs in my life, but not too many thought I was grown
Who woulda thought I'd sell my skill for a microphone
And be rappin' about it up in the song, slidin' on some chrome
It's long money I earn, I'm bald headed, but I used to have a lord Jesus perm
When my name was earl before the rap game
Runnin' from secret squirrel, I had my own thang
Raised by wolves, hyenas, and barracudas, gorillas and bulls

[Chorus]

[Pusha T]
I play the field like Vick, from endzone to endzone
Serve that ish like snowcones in the hood
Entrenched in the gutter, I was lost in the good
Cuz I make the gat stutta like a old G should
Mamas lookin, so much snookin'
Nights in the kitchen thought I'd never finish cookin'
Way before pay for this that I'm mouthin'
19 years young, upward of 80 thousand
Trust me young'n Pusha was never browsin' for nothin' section 8 housin'
I'm stompin' thru like King Kong claimin' his home, his jungle
Mumblers beware the hood hates singers
I connect, block the corner like Jenga, fall never, you seen 'em

Posted in the hood leanin' fiends like the Tower of Pisa
Damn he's good..

[Chorus x2]

[E-40 - Talking]
Now of course you know I ain't talkin' about sports
I'm talkin' about runnin some shit
I'm talkin' about workestratin' and illustratin'
Glorifyin' ya paper route
Whether it serve it to, uh..
Gettin' out there hustlin', grittin' and grindin'
Doin' ya thug-thizzlemajiggadale
Quarterbackin' man, hustlin' main
Trust that main, yeah, in real life main
Some call it pitchin', some call it grindin'
We call it Quarterbackin'
Yeah, and I ain't talkin' about sports, trust that main..

{*scratched until fade: The Quarterback*}