

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

Quarterbackin', 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*}