

# E-40, Quarterbackin' (DJ Quick Remix)

[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\*}