

E-40, Ring It

[Featuring SPice 1 Keek Tha Sneak Harm]

(Forty Fonzarelli's answering machine)

Aight what's really? You hit my lifer number

This Sick Wid It/Jive Records

Leave your message at the beep *BEEP*

Hah! Mmmhmm. Yeah uhh... on my pager!

What you say? Oh yeah. Kick that shit then nigga!

Verse One: Keek tha Sneak E 40 Spice 1

Higher than a bird off that herb in the O A K

Off on perv parked on curb rollin up a vay

Licked it three times, laced it with the Alize

About twomp a day, baby hit me frequent-lay!

Sneak, and Forty, from chocolate short-ay, we been

all prepared, cause my nights is no day, the broad say

I last! Cause you six months

But I say, she pullin a gang of major stunts

Bust, bust niggaz, consequences when you're doin the do

Fuck around and get caught up in a catch twenty-two

In the area! Dirt and dust

Where the yah! B.A. Plus

But ain't yo sista Suga-T? (Suga-T)

Ain't you the one that say Sprinkle Me (Sprinkle Me)

I loves me some Forty-Ridah

I seen you up in 2Pac's video poppin your collar

I play this playa shit like Bugs Bunny

Ain't no cartoon figure nigga I makes money, ain't nuttin funny

If you're ever in some funk, call your potnah on the cell

and leave one-eighty-seven, at the end of the number

B-uh-Benzy on Washington, on the cellular phone

You could tell that the Easy Bay was his home

My people goin off like a high school build'

And all my money in stacks, and all my pockets on swell

M-uh-mobbin like a playa, but I'm still a G doe

Pager goin off like C-3PO

Time for the Hurricane, E said word

I put a nigga on his back, fuck what you heard

Chorus: repeat 2X

If it's major, hit me on my pager

Rang it, ring it, rang it, ring it, ring my telephone, ring my

telephone

Verse Two: E-40, Harm

I be so rebel-yalous

When I'm talkin on my phone-telyalous

You can have my baitch, but I maintain

I chop it up as a loss and charge it to the game

She said you must be playin some kind of phone tag

Cause erytime I hit you, you don't hit me back

Why is dat? Cause you're hella hard to get in contact with

Thought you thought, was killin big girl was crackin on some crabs

Six o'clock, the girl said that's my crib be at the West plus

due to go, left me at home be leavin my ass up in the living room all

alone

And I be starvin rubbin my monkey fiendin for some Donkey Kong

Now you're talkin, let's get the show on the road

I know you're tired of barkin, you need to hop on my load

So we can stab out, strike rock and Arroyo Park

at the top of hill, so I can check your oil

I said ah one to the two ah two to two three

Tell me why your baby momma keep on pagin me

I didn't give the hoe the number, so why does she call

She says she wanna do me, and all of y'all

But I'm like that nigga on The Mack, I don't want the honey

I want the money some of you niggaz is funny style and meanwhile

I'm sellin my piece to these tricks cause it's the paperchase

laced with game, see I'm livin in the hustlers dream
Call up a player if it's major
Specially if it's scrilla nigga hit me on my pager
Chorus
Verse Three: Sneak, E-40
Rang it, baby gimme a call
My name you're screamin, how I be hittin them walls
You got me tinglin, how you be workin them drawers
With a kiss I make em all say this, yeah that's raw
I glance your cut, bass we uhh, big cheeks
with a blast headin straight for the nut, big A&H
got some bitches all in the cut, it's that season
Drop my number to the hoe to hit me up
Yo, you're nine-one-oneing me to death, what's all that fo'
Got my Williams and fillin my pager and pager on the overflo'
What's happenin with all that old bullshit
is it really all that damn serious
You're draining the hell out of my battery
got your partner thinkin curious
Cause in the Y-E-A A-R-E-A the game ain't constipated
Buckin around in the Golden State where the game originated
Fools be scandalous they used to be squares be turnin vicious
Hit me on pager, hit me if it's major
Chorus 2X