

# E-40, Sinister Mob

[Nate Dogg]

I don't know if you don't, but I know  
Whenever the wind blows  
I be chasin all of my cheese  
Think I'm lyin? Silly ne-gro please  
My niggaz is out to get rich  
Better watch out man, cause they sick  
Somebody better get this dick  
I'm about to get Sic'Wid dis shit  
Although them niggaz is tight as tight as me they never will be  
So what some niggaz is famous man some niggaz is out for they G's  
Some niggaz is lovin hookers man some niggaz send hoes to they knees  
Some niggaz will rescue a bitch  
some skanless niggaz'll let the hoe bleed

[Chorus 2X: Nate Dogg]

If you gon' ride nigga go'n ride (zzzzoom)  
If you gon' hide nigga go'n hide (witcho' bitch-ass)  
If you gon' shoot nigga go'n shoot (doo doo doo doo doo)  
If you gon' spook nigga go'n spook

[E-40]

The cherries, sirens, got me layin, po-po penelopes make  
noises, throughout the night, bring the yellow tape  
They so, lost, bodies bagged up  
Streets, blocked off, victims AIRlifted up  
Lieutenants, bosses, block monsters, kingpins  
Funkin, beefin, killin they best friends  
And to prevent bloodshed we used to try to reason  
But right now it's a drought, and ain't nobody eatin  
So therefo' (therefo') there the problem right there  
Ain't no jobs provided, so I'ma blame the mayor  
Sinister mob, throughout the town  
Y'all grew up on this shit, y'all love the sound  
Y'all threw up on the shit, all on the tar  
Got you twisted with the shit, dang near wreck yo' momma's car  
Dirty needles, welfare checks  
Poverty, despair, housin projects

[Chorus]

[E-40]

Smeb with me, and Nate Dogg  
M.D. 20/20 see that them breathin alcohol  
Took a 40 to the head with me  
Eightball, let your anger out, throw it up against the wall  
{\*glass breaks\*} I dropped a C-note, didn't miss it  
A little skank from the other side picked it up and kisses it like  
{\*smooch\*} Good luck, you deserve it and you makin it  
Even though, my boyfriend n them be hatin it  
I'm a top hat, them cats is mouses  
I sport ice, cost mo' than niggaz houses  
I'm nothing close to bein fake  
I tried to tell them tricks a long time ago to get in this rap game  
but it's too late  
I'm on my way to my (where) studio session  
Switchin ears, tryin to get a better reception  
Changin gears, super size  
Poppin wheelies in my, brand new ride

[Chorus]

[E-40]

Glow in the dark night vision, solar ray tinted glass  
Power heated side through mirrors, ?? back airbags  
Off the new with the stump  
My Cadillac DTS Deville 32 valve ain't no punk  
Get up outta here some ol' jacklin and square  
hollered adjitudes and ate the gravel  
I said I ain't no mark-ass any ol' rapper

Potnah I was built for battlin  
And about all that ol' jaw-jackin you doin potnah I ain't playin  
You get your head put on flat, think it's a game  
I got choppers done fucked with jelly jaws  
Screwed a few, bitches in my car  
A temper problem, I can't hide  
Issues, violence, problems deep inside  
[Nate Dogg]  
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[Chorus] - 1.5X