

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