

E-40, Circumstances

[E-40]

Uhh, dry as the fuck, and I'm (?) one left with yo-yo
Seven houses down, black street, dark (?) folk don't matter tho'
I don't know who to trust, what to look fo'
How many niggaz wanna kill me?
I'm havin a, hard time tryin to determine
if that's the homey, or the enemy
Ol' shady-ass, no build for that
Just lookin like he plottin on somethin-ass nigga
But I wanted to mack like he fin' to do somethin
and I'll get to be dumpin on yo' ass nigga
One of the main rules, of the game, without a doubt
Nigga don't you ever pull a gun and don't use it
Nigga that's a good way to get your brains blow out
Motherfucker like me get to flashin then I lose it
Leave that ol' shit up to me and watch me prove it
Nigga, you betta be real about this shit
If you in it you in it don't be no punk
Nigga this ain't no baseball game, niggaz don't FORFEIT NO DAMN FUNK

[T-Pup]

Two brothers goin sack for sack
in the back of the 'llac, takin a whiffle
Strippin the fuck up out of some willow
Poppin ecstasy like Skittles
It'll get you in the long run, sniffin them long ones
Way girl burst ya dick and now it got ya on one
Came up shorted, circumstances nigga quote it
What goes around comes around tryin to steal this (?) Brady hostess
Keep your focus, and never the love of the hocus pocus
Set up hoes lovin to get jackers to come and smoke us
Die-hard soldier, T-Pup-alicious, cops get vicious
No mercy on haters or no bitches
Got in my clitches waitin for a nigga to take some chances
so we can deal with these hardco' Sic-Wid-It-ass circumstances
Chorus: various singers together
Takin all these CHANCES
You might never ever ever get them CIRCUMSTANCES
Penitentiary CHANCES
You might never ever ever get them CIRCUMSTANCES
Chorus Two: Cold 187um, Kokane + more (repeat 2X)

I said the world is full of crack babies
I remember when the world went crazy
Til I copped a sack, and put it down like that
and rolled out like it didn't even fade me

[Yukmouth]

Nigga - slang suga delight enough to get my hustle right
It's double like, a flip new Benzo with the bubble lights
Scuffle fights with rats and roaches, I was the brokest
motherfucker, now I'm the closest nigga to ballin ferocious
motherfucker, dust a nigga off like wax off, cracks off a hard
(Fo' sheezy) Pimpin ain't easy and motherfucker only if you breezy
Easy does it, I does it do it off the fluid
Come with the newest shit I come through with
Bitch don't you hear the music?
(Don't you hear the music? Too sexy for my shirt)
Too sexy for my shirt so bad hurt
niggaz on the turf wanna put my ass up in the dirt, cause I skirt
a Lex-o and slurp a genie bottle full of X-O
or maybe cause I'm with 40-Water and a jug of ethel
You can't love it, don't leave the ghetto
Me and I'm heated like two jugs of methyl

[Numskull]

Damn, (??)cydal shit when vital shit starts to happen
Eager to be the nigga just for cappin

Strappin up ain't no thang, it's survival
It's makin sure you all good when it comes to enemies and rivals
It's +Higher Learning+, but it's +True Lies+
when it comes to the +Superfly+
Speedy Gonzalez destroyes from the Eastside
Is it ridicule or stardom? Did we hurt yo' feelings, pardon
I'm makin niggaz fall like cops on +Rage in Harlem+
(Beotch!) I'm on some moonshine shit
Bit the cork off the Cristal
I'm drunk so let me chill for a while
Chorus
Chorus Two
[Celly Cel]
Aww yeah yeah now niggaz know
Well ain't no sense in me fuckin around
My stompin ground be the H-I-double-L-S-I-D-E bound
to touch you with them tecs and make them marks, bounce like checks
Slide a faulty bitch up under these niggaz
and killin 'em off with sex
Ain't no tellin what angle I'm comin with these circumstances
Penitentiary chances, nina ruff fluffin tap dancers
on your hood for breedin snitch bitch-made niggaz
Don't fade triggers so they quick get sprayed niggaz
I fuck with wig-splitters, Colombian neck-tie throat slitters
(??) take a long time business to get paid
to get rid of you cheater
Chatter police-ass niggaz takin chances (takin chances)
Man you can't fuck with these circumstances
[E-40]
And all you O.G. motherfuckers better stop tryin to mark them yungsta
cause sooner or later, they gon' dump, like some garbage dusters
Tryin to throw yo' weight around,
like you gon', uhh, take over a spot
Nigga don't you know these youngsters nowadays
be off that water and hot?
Chorus
Chorus Two