

E-40, Come On

[Featuring B Legit]

Bitch I'm a hard head nigga

So don't ask me

I know a gang of motherfuckers say they gone blast me

Catch me dippin to some screw

Attitude rude drippin sweat about to finger fuck this tech

I leave em stretch reaching for a rifle

Got him a pump before a nigga to duck to duck

I ain't no punk nigga this be mine for cease before them chippers and cheese see we thieves

Give me some Valumes and some Robuttus and watch me do it

Dip my cancer stick into some embalming fluid

Show your I.D then pass it right back to me cousin cause see I'm a minor

and these wet daddies got your partner sweating like drippy ass vagina

Let me up in this bitch-ass club security or me and my guys gone bum

rush these doors make it so it won't be no more rap shows

Yeah that's what I thought

I see wall to wall hoes bitches everywhere all over the place niggas

tippin off the green marble just so hoes can sit on the face

(Distorted come on)

A funky lesson number one My own don't be in no mess

Number two when it's confidential hold it on your chest

Number three (three) don't be fuckin with me

Number four no more toe to toe the only way to let these motherfuckers no is to flex

Wip they ass up leave em' bleeding like a cotex

Boy we one tight bad ass clique

Niggas in my outfit gone be rappin rollin over sticks , spillin beans tattle tellin

We be thievin, caniving they way that we surviving

No this bitch that's ballin and tonight's she's callin

Wantin to know "What's up B when we gone work it up"

If we can go kick it and smoke

Get her keyed as hell and maybe hit a hotel

I'm on my cell thinkin yeah I'm cool with that

Hit the Kit-Kat and get her sprees before I get he f cheese

Pimpin is a game and I'm lovin to flirt while my fingers up her tennis skirt

(Distorted come on's)

Bitch I'm dedicated you know, to this mob shit

Talk back , fuck that get your jaw split

Raw spit , that's what you niggas pay me for

A Hundred Thousand fuckin off down in Vegas Hoe

And you know we the one to get the function bumpin

No shit we the clique bullshit ain't nothin

See you fuckin with some fools niggas with no rules mobbin in they old schools bitch

????? With the windows up man with the heat on heat on

Man we in a land tacked out funky in a hamsac smokin on ?????

I say it said producing rapping hustlin that's my bread and butter

You niggas better hurry up cause there's money in this motherfucker (money in this moneyfucker)

Reverend is so hard to find like good boy's

Cause shit be droppin have your ass

pissin yellow discharge taking tetracycline