

# E-40, Dey Ain't No

Zapp IV beneath the ashtray, woofers in the back  
Water in the duals make loud glass pack  
Gold tippytoes without a liquor crown  
Bought a set of vogues and left the, stickers on  
Seven grand worth a buck for the trunks  
Paid cash, all ones  
Some old bitch came up to me and said, "What's the latest bro?"  
I said, "I'm tryin to have more chips than Las Vegas hoe"  
She said, "Can I roll with you? I get the dicks hard"  
I said, "You can work the strips and on my boulevard"  
"How much would I make?" I said, "Mega  
Just bring me back my scrill scratch paper"  
Heart heart me money money street street hustle  
Sex, drugs, smuggle, bubble  
Horns, dialin, speakers, subbin  
Sound just like the inside of a club-bin  
How many times could a Conrad come so buttery?  
Always on to' back have people lovin me  
Alcoholic drunk that ain't no gimmick B  
I'm always in and out the Betty Ford clinic see  
Drunk paraphenalia cream butterscotch  
Illegal like a garbage of hover rocks  
Workin off my pager you know the ropes I'm makin that  
cabbage cornbread like Oprah  
Diamond satch-uels from ja-fuckin-hoe  
Pose just like a pimp smokin a honey blunt  
In a Major Way I tried to told ya  
Niggaz have my shit fucked back in the days but now they know a  
Sold a bunch of units underground  
They was bumpin Save a Hoe in every town  
Rumor has it that I died I got smoked main  
But I'm alive, they was talkin about somebody else main