

# E-40, Earl That's Yo'life

[Too \$hort]

Earl.. whassup mayne?  
It's yo' potnah Short Dawg  
You know we come a long way baby  
+From the Ground Up+  
Oh they love the way us players ball  
No doubt, that's how we do this  
It's all about you mayne  
It's yo' life, let 'em know somethin

[E-40]

I come from where they pop they collars  
and couldn't be saved by (??)  
Cause I'll probably never ever see the pearly gates  
At the rate I'm goin now, it'll be too late  
Take life taste it, get on and smell it  
You know what Charlie is? Well it's sucker repellent  
I spray myself with it every morning, you dig?  
I spray myself right before I leave the crib  
Hot ones echo through the ghetto, bullets ricochet  
I'm bendin corners in my Cadillac Escalade  
It's summertime and I'm scorchin, fuck a bulletproof  
I'm hella keyed and I'm perkin off that num-num juice  
I'm in the traffic with my music on STORM  
Got a ticket just for blowin my, HORN (ba-baaa, ba-ba-ba-baa-baaaa)  
The real, pinkie ring, princess cut  
Carats on, around my neck  
Lookin like some clones, be at yo' best  
We don't play checkers no more, we play chess  
One Trey tri Trey double (??)  
H-I-double-L sideshow  
All about my fetti-oh  
One-time want to see me fold  
It's ob-vious I'm humungous  
Acres cars and businesses  
All about my fetti-oh  
Bank account got to be tall  
Diamonds on my wrists and shit  
Tycoon stickin to the script, BEOTCH!

Chorus: {sung}

Earl, that's yo' life  
Ooohhhhh Earl, that's yo' life  
Earl, that's yo' life  
Ooohhhhh Earl, that's yo' liii-iiii-iiii-iiii-iife

[E-40]

Straight up out the game  
The realest nigga you done talked to all day  
It's the dry season, outsmart the po'-po's  
Cookin birdies in the kitchen, with C-Bo  
From livin nappy, e'rybody know me  
Used to sell taffy, white girl nasal candy  
Hoes'll dress tacky, just so I can bank they dome  
Bank 'em make them think I'm broke,  
use the dope game as a steppin stone  
(??) (??) next steal walkie talkies  
I'm the one that really-natin them faulty chips  
I got the gift of gab, I'm off the choo choo track  
I want the fetti, fuck the fame, y'all can HAVE THAT  
One-time want to see me fold  
It's ob-vious I'm humungous