

E-40, From The Ground Up

[Featuring K Ci And JoJo Too \$hort]

[E 40]

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It's game orienfested size six ex vested

K Cizee.. JoJo... that boy Too Sheezee Todd Shaw

and Earl Stevens a.k.a. Charlie Hustle

Hey Todd you on? (Am I on?)

K Ci and JoJo singing

[Too \$hort]

The foundation was laid several years ago

I built a whole empire in your stereo

Got a four leaf clover representin the Bay

Oakland Frisco, Vallejo, and EPA

We keep the shit together, let's keep it that way

From Sacramento all the way to San Jose

We in a new era, for ten years you made hits

so what's up E-Feezi? (We still the shit) Beotch!

[E-40]

How you think I got this pot belly, overnight?

Shet a nig-ga was hongry, I had an appetite

Just like I lie to my people that's caught up in the struggle

Motherfuckers tryin to bumble, niggaz tired of slangin

Barney Rubble, gettin in trouble and fuckin up

Parole got me makin my kids piss in a cup

It's cold, that's why I got a few bucks, I put up

from sellin greens, investing in some vending machines

From the ground up

Chorus: K-Ci and JoJo

We started, with nothing

From nothing, we made something

Nobody really gave a damn about us

From the bottom, we started

We started, with nothing

From nothing, we made something

Nobody really gave a damn about us

From the ground on up!

[E-40]

From the ground up, here go some details

This verse right here was made, said strictly for the females

Don't y'all know it's time for y'all to blow up, like Napalm

Instead of sellin Tupperware, and Avon

Get your business license, go on and put the peas in the pot

Tell your baby to get your baby daddy to buy you a nail shop

or a beauty saloon, since he come to be the biggest tycoon

with methamphetamine laughs and hair rooms

[Too \$hort]

Six po-lice pulled me over laid a nigga on the ground

Searched my car real good I know you know what they found

I had the trunk, full of that junk

X-Rated lyrics, laced with the funk

No doubt, I was just about to flood the streets

Thick boxes full of tapes with them dopefiend beats

Two white boy groupies, mad as hell

Black men makin mail, couldn't take him to jail

Chorus

[Too \$hort]

I spent sixteen hundred makin Born To Mack

Used my niggaz gold ropes and his Cadillac

I was broke to start with, didn't give a fuck

Couldn't tell me Short Dawg wasn't comin up

When motherfuckers roll by bumpin your stuff

It makes you feel good, like when you bust a nut

Now I'm a millionaire, and can't get enough

Forty tell em how it is (way too tough Short Dawg)

[E-40]

When I first started rappin motherfuckers would cap!
"That nigga fake he sound like Woody Pecker on crack (ha ha ha HA ha)"
Niggaz would laugh and say I rap too fast way back then
But now I be catchin all kind of motherfuckers
tryin to sneak my little old style in
And that's a compliment, cause I ain't trippin on the money
(what about the money what about the money)
Ask me, sheeit, I think there's enough money up in this bitch
for all of us, we can Sasquatch pimp the system without a doubt
All we gotta be is bout our paper route

Chorus

[E-40]

That's real, Too Sheezee, Ant Banks, Forty Fonzarelli
K-Ci and my nigga JoJo we all come from the ground up
BEA000TTCH!

[K-Ci and JoJo]

Right from the bottom to the top
From the ground up we never stop
Right from the bottom to the top
We never stop
(repeat 2X)
Never stop, no we will never stop baby
We will never stop, we will, we will never stop
We will never stop!
From the ground up, from the ground up
from the ground up, nooo
From the grouuuuund up, from the ground up
From the bottom to the top baby
Baby baby baby baby...