

E-40, Gasoline

[E-40]

Elite alloy candy coated custom paint

Verizon wireless phone

Jacob watch with interchangeable bands and five time zones

Tryin to holla at a redbone

Smokin on some cactus

Sippin on some super duper extra strength

A buck fifty a shot louie the thirteenth

Head hard as a rock stop by the barber shop

Shoot some craps in the back then hit the block

There go the elroys

They handcuffin my boys

They fittin to take 'em to the prestink

Couldn't say they ABC's backwards

So? Shoot I can't say my ABC's backwards when I'm sober

E-Figgady a different pedigree than most of these suckers up in this industry
be trying to copy me

Trend setta, game markin decta, vendetta, big chedda, soil block protectas

(Chorus)

[Turf Talk & Doonie]

Hey, hey-ey

Fuck rallies ride gold ones mang

Sick Wid It nigga what you claim?

My niggaz spit gasoline (x2)

[E-40]

Never low on gas

Never on an empty tank

High octane for the brain, puffin on some dank

Traffic backed up like a toilets do, bumper to bumper

Music on slap, sounding like a concert

Drink in my lap, finger on my thumper

Twist wig back, head crack

Flat line, alpine, deck

Rolla supplier, quiet as it's kept

I wanna retire but I can't, the game needs me

The game would be boring without E-Feezy

I wake up every morning to a shot of liquor

A shoebox full of herb and some grits and turkey sausage for my liver

Sellin units out the trunk of my car

And just think, I started with a pickle jar

From a sixteenth of yowder to a quarter kick of blow

To a whole thing of some of that YOU KNOW!

(Chorus)

[Turf Talk & Doonie]

Hey, hey

Fuck rallies, ride gold ones mang

Sick wid it nigga what you claim

My niggaz spit gasoline (x2)

[E-40]

Yo, yo yo

I'm close, I'm doing the most, I flamboast

I coast, take my foot off the brake

Then I casper the friendly ghost up the interstate

Gettin neck motion, deep throat

Honey bout to choke

I got brigadels to see, marbles to make

Drop the prices from state to state like the west Nile virus

Prolly gammas miralicious

Big spit, game vicious

Man on the microphigadelian foshelian

It's nothin but the forty water
Always on, uh, some unreasonable
Can't fuck wit it if it ain't equinomically um, er, uh, ta, uh, feasible
Me and my weoples stay yaypered up
Got a "Just say no to drug" bumper sticker on my truck and an American flag
So I can camouflage my image
I'm smokin on some spinach
I need to play some tennis before I go to court
The water might be finished if he don't report

(Chorus)
[Turf Talk & Doonie]
Hey, hey
Fuck rallies ride gold ones mang
Sick wid it nigga what you claim
My niggaz spit gasoline (x4)

Gasoline! (x16)