

# 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)