

# E-40, Growing Up

&quot;I'm a little mannish motherfucker

I take after my older brother

Started off selling marijuana, but now I'm selling yola.&quot;

[E-40]

Here take a swig of this bourbon

Hit that, hit that baby

Aight dude.. ay who who's foolin right there? (Who dat?)

Aight nigga ay get down nigga .. {\*gunfire starts going off\*}

AY NIGGA GET DOWN NIGGA! Ay nigga GET DOWN NIGGA (Shit!)

Wuh, we about

seventy-five extra mail mannish hard-headed hoodlum-ass niggaz

On the dopetrack workin overtime full of fuckin 'D' (D!)

Runnin through somewhere in the neighborhood

of about seven-hundred thousand in illegal narcotics

generatin through mah street, a week

Why motherfuckers gotta ask me how I'm doin if I'm alright?

When a motherfucker's starvin and strugglin

even on my hip pretty much needlin and jugglin

there STILL ain't gonna never be enough lovin!

I'm tired of rippin and runnin, dodgin and duckin bullets

I KNOW MY TIME IS COMIN - death is on me bad

The walls is closin in, I wish I had a dad

but left when I was ten, so moms is all I had

And she was there for me until I ran away from the pad

And now she disowned me and she don't claim me

Reverend wouldja put some blessin oil on my head

before I end up dead, gall bladder full of lead - scared

I guess a hard-head make a soft-ass (??)

I ain't gon' last if I keep fuckin with this fast life

Chorus: E-40 and Lil' E (repeat 2X)

He would grow up to be nothin but a hoodlum

or either in jail, or someone would shoot him, UH

(He would grow up to be nuttin but a hoodlum

or either in jail, or someone would shoot him)

[E-40]

Ah, I page my ties even though the money's filthy

Don't wanna go to church, because I feel guilty

Nope - I DON'T WANNA DIE - cause when the preacher preach the gospel

I BE READY TO CRY - up in the Church of Pentecostal

I don't think I'ma make it to see twenty-five

til I wash my hands and come clean

Shit I'll be hella happy if I can just live to see sixteen

No life to give for that nastiness

as a rebellious disobedient-ass problem child

He's easily influenced - hangin around the wrong crowd

I'm willin to do almost anything,

whatever it takes to make my allowance

I'm on prescription medication, chemically off-balance

Got me snatchin up (??), pickin up hits

Pick-pickin indo's (do's), and pullin licks

Chorus

[Lil' E]

But daddy? (Yes son) Tie my shoes (okay) lace me up (uh)

Hook me up, like a tow-track maaaaan (aight)

Ear-hustlin, make like a pampered suck-up game-a-saur (what?)

When it comes to this thang man I'm conniseur (conniseur)

I read through the punk registry in the Robb Report (what?)

I come off like dat

Grew up around slick talkers (ah)

A pa-a poppin con artists (what?)

Go straight to the (??) and get a bad leather jacket

(??) (??) bankrupt!

[E-40]

Boy you..

Like you when I was younger  
but I got my life together and I bettered myself as I got older  
Na-uh now I entertain (entertain) a sss-uh, a-smeb rover (a smeb rover)  
Street smarts with a degree and a diploma  
Chorus 2X  
[E-40]  
Ah give it to me, uhh..  
Uhh..  
Uhh..  
Come on, uhh..  
Give it to me, uhh..