

E-40, H.I. Double L.

(E-40)

Hey ah, which way should I steer ah
The beat keeps knockin down my rear view mirror
Pervin like a mothafucka swervin
Hope I don't scrub in my '95 Suburban
To go throughout the community squattin on gold tippy toes
Peep, breathin on Indian cigarette-Ganish Bidi posin niggas tweak
Quick fast and a hurry don't worry 40 vision blurry
Shorty hit the freeways climbin like that nigga Joe Torre

(Celly Cel)

What do you know it's siggity Cel
That funky niggero that funky nigga doe
Kickin in doors you beta grab ya hoe
I see ya cruisin in the late night
creepin wit my nigga B-Legit and 40 water, ah shit

(40)

We're here-we're there-we're everywhere
Highly intox-icated but we don't care

(B-Legit)

I'm from the H.I.L.L. the place where my niggas bell
A mack muthafuckin 12 will send your ass straight to hell

(40)

A tick a tock, the shit da spot
They say them crazy muthafuckas pull out a chop

(B)

I watch them muthafuckas run
I do this shit for fun
You niggas know you can't get none

(40)

Biatch