

# 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