

E-40, Its All Gravity

(talking)

What it do, what that is pimp
What you say, talk to me I talk back
Oooh, I heard that, oooh

[E-40]

Skinny bank, phat bank, foreign cars, candy paint
Jelly jars, battle scars, rap stars, pullin' rank
Drinkin drank, hit the dank, getting stank, from a skank
Stick and move, show and prove, ghetto jew, think I ain't
Have the grip, pockets fit, dirt pee stained mattress man
Chopping up llelo, top of a dirty ass pee-stained mattress man
Put a razor blade in a safety pain in my hand
Takin' incarceration, penitentiary chances man
Half a grand I spend a day, chicken feed, half a pow wow
Off some weed, love the pow wow, when I'm keyed, keep my style now
Watch me speed, trust that cuff that love that
Rubik's spit, talk walk with a limp while I'm here makin' love
Oooh!

(Chorus)

Say you wanna be a rap star, drive a real nice car
Without true game you can't get far, but it's all gravity
Struggling, gritting grinding mayn, it's all gravity
It's all gravity, I'm so deep off in this game
It's all gravity, struggling, gritting grinding mayn
It's all gravity, I'm so deep off in this game

[E-40]

Just something that was happening now, like goomer pile
I predict in about a month, ya'll gone love this huh
Make a gangsta wanna funk, all in your trunk
Got him hollering yeah that shit there ain't no punk
Fully recouped, money chunky like the soup
Back in the days I use to rock a troop jacket
Me and everybody in my cabinet, we was timin'
If you had the Troop jacket you was grindin'
So who the playa, even if I'm in a pinto
Show some respect little niggas see I'm respectable
My hoochie is a general, a silent soldier, no faking
Quick to set an example put down a demonstration
Wake you up to a rude awakening and no escaping and
Once I give you the phone I put a shake on in
See I done did it, and lived it, and done it, hit the block
Choke a motherfucker out for trying to short stop

(Chorus)

[E-40]

Make no mistake about it, I'm smoking hell-a-tweed
That ain't organic, nigga that's designer weed
No it ain't, yeah it is, no it ain't
No it ain't, yeah it is, no it ain't, yeah it is
Scream, holla, scream and shout it, I love my folks to death
Way too many cooks in the kitchen but I'm the iron chef
Too many chiefs, but not enough indians
See everybody needs to play they position
I'm pitching, leader of the squad, be on the look-out for my
Brand new clothing line, my brand new clothing line is called Shob
Rossi wine, Carlos Rossi wine is what I drink
Not all the time but most of the time it helps a playa think
Look in my eyes, look in my eyes they the same color as garlic butter
Look at my guys, look at my guys, they off that Goldschlager
It's a daily routine, I mean, I mean we do this here

So savagely pimperoni it's all gravity

(Chorus - 2x)