

# E-40, Lifestyles

[Verse 1]

Desperado always drinkin' out the bottle  
Young hyena with the HK hollow point staple spray  
Turf tight soil block warrior from the avenue  
Mean muggin' like I'm mad at you  
Boiler make Baker's whiskey mixed in with my brew  
Celebratin' smoking Mendocino bud this is the lifestyle of a thug  
A hooligan a heathen wolverine everybody on my team got a triple beam  
Tossin' candy to the dope fiends  
Million dollar spot million dollar dreams  
Four or five different colored techa-marines  
Yellow diamonds and stones and two-way pager phones  
Plushed out SUV's smokin Leprechaun  
Flowers in the back seat watchin' Austin Powers with the windows up  
Lost tryin' to get where we gettin'  
Talking to the operator on my OnStar system

[Chorus x2]

This is the lifestyle that I choose  
We smoke tweed get ki'd all day and drink brews  
Which of these rap stars fart, shit, burp and get paper  
Spray myself with sucka repellent and shake haters

[Verse 2]

Every morning I got to have a nice fat joint and a hot bubble bath  
Wrapped in a Backwood or a Zig-Zag  
Eyes red like a broad on a rag  
My pants sag down past my waistline with the vive  
When I leave the coffee table got my nine by my spine  
Funkin' like its goin' out of style  
Mo' beef than a cow speakin ebonics  
Evonics and broken English from Venus  
Intelligent hoodlums and geniuses  
From the inner city Al Capones and Frank Nittys  
From the ruler to the tutor hubba heada shoota  
In the back for a hubble rock or crack

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 3]

See uh I just look like this but I'm really about my scratch  
See what it is I want the po-pos to think that  
I'm just as square as a box of apple jacks  
I shoot craps drive GMC Avalanches and EXT Cadillacs  
If you snooze you lose I know you got a lot a trust in your dudes  
But check for traps and clues nobodys playin' by the rules anymore  
Not even the people that made 'em up  
My hood is corrupted and full of infidel one poverty  
Not too much faithfulness mostly all betrayal  
Mostly all my folks are dead or locked away in jail  
Speakin' about some people that I miss  
Tijuana Carter, Ricardo Slay and Lisa Smith  
Fred, Tito, Pat and Kobe and OG dead brother Fab the big homie  
Hillside representin' this to the fullest  
And all my homies locked down pullin' bullets

[Chorus x3]

Uhhhhhhh!