

E-40, My Cup

(Chorus - 2x)

I got my cup, I got my plastic cup
I got my cup, I got my plastic cup
I got my cup, I got my plastic cup
You got your cup (I got my cup)

[E-40]

One of these playas is doing they own thang
And some of these playas is kinda the same
One of these playas is unlike the others
Now it's time to spit my game
I'm leaning, I got that purple colors brightness
Ms. Buttersworth up in my white cup, white cup
Codeine'ing, dropping that Swishahouse groove music
And I'm fucked up, and I'm fucked up
A playa's sweating, shoot dice up under the staircase
Talking hell-a-loud grabbing his balls and side betting like a veteran
All my weeples just come hard, reach into my pockets
Pulled out a wad of money and I threw my dogs up on it
It's expected, cause way back when I couldn't afford
When a playa like me was leaking, had my back like a ? board
Now that I'm eating, the game done blessed me mayn
Everyday is my birthday, I'm about that ice cream and cake
Looking for a batch with no pan and
I'm a guerilla meals must like Brandy
Like the R&B singer, Christian brother twist
Getting gone, plastic cup in the traffic bumping this

(Chorus - 2x)

[E-40]

Hickory dickory dock
I dick the boost down with my dock
I was on stuck, she was on top
Pour me some more in my cup

[Suga-T]

We working with a lot, can't let em catch us slipping
Can't sit the cup down, can't let em know we tripping
I'ma keep a cup, full of Check-A-Hater juice
Eyes behind my head, can't let em catch me loose
He's a fool, usually wanting to put it on me
Got a low attention span, and the average can't afford me
I'm a boss chick, like that-that-that-that-that
And you are bossy uh, I got your back

(Chorus - 2x)

[E-40]

Head, shoulders, knees and toes
Pimps, playas, hustlas, hoes
Simps, haters, bustas, marks
Saps, suckas, haters, sars
Well I'm at a park, at a club after dark
At a football game, your date in the parking lot
Them hoochies know my name, I'm not a popsicle
But a fool, can you do the other side of the pimp
Stick and move, all about my uh paper route
When I'm drunk, that's when my true feelings come out
I ain't no punk, you got your easmic stuff
Plus some funk, in real life I'll fuck you up

(Chorus - 2x)