

E-40, One More Gen

I'm tryin to hear some of that MOBB
Make it sound like a gorilla tryin to get up out the trunk
(Yeah well let's get this shit crackin then)
Super duper super duper trunk rattlin
(That's what I'm talkin 'bout)
Old school in the basement
(Some shit for the fuckin trunk nigga)
Magazine Street Hillside type
(This is what we do all day like this nigga!)
Mobb shit now!
(Get this shit crackin den nigga!)
It's a drought on
(Fuck now!)
BEOTCH!
What you holla? What you say? What dey know?
What dey know about this, so what dey know?
What dey know about this, so what dey know?
BEOTCH! Now...
Strictly mobb, strictly mobb
I might be rich and I rap, but sheeeyit
A hundred dollars worth of food stamps for \$45 dollars
Nigga fat, I wasn't fin' to bite on that
I stay on stuff, fuck a cup, I likes to drink out the bottle
Mix Gordon's Gin with Donald Duck ? secure my novel
When, I was fifteen years old
Straight dope game, I was told
I had them hoers stealin clothes for me, boostin and sellin they body
Nigga that's how it's supposed to be By Nature cause I'm Naughty
Naughty
La-Di-Da-Di, we likes to pull triggers
We do cows travels and we, dump on niggaz
Yeah, I'm Just a Hustler, remember that? Mr. Flamboyant 1989
Down and Dirty, Federal, B-Legit the Savage, D-Shot the Shot Caller
My little sista Suga T Sprinkle Me on the money motivated mission
Tryin to have it In a Major Way after I was on the late night grind
Strapped with nines and Desert Eagles, me and my weeples
come deeper than them skinny bitches, crept on us not too long ago
Sold our Lexuses and went back to the Cutlass Supreme
Buster demand they Zima's and forked toes
Starwise, with the helicopter knockoffs
My down South thugs call em elbows, turnin heads
with the personalized license plates with the tremendous bump
Fuckin they nose, fakin them domes
Breakin and shakin the neighborhood up, disturbin homes
Ridin on rims *tires peeling out*
Reyimmms, slidin through stopsigns, just like them action films
Watch me no cost to pay off my speeding tickets and fines
Giving myself up to the Elroy's
Doing time on the weekends, all up in the county writin rhymes
It's just some shit, some shit that you can ride to
Some shit, some shit for you to smoke to
Some shit, some shit that you can fuck to
Some shit, some shit I can relate to
Chorus:
It's just some shit, some shit that you can ride to
Some shit, some shit for you to smoke to
Some shit, some shit that you can fuck to
Some shit, some shit I can relate to
It's just some shit that you can listen to, one mo' gen
Make you stop at the liquor sto', and purchase some gin
Some shit to make a nigga Practice Lookin Hard
Some shit for all my folkers on the Boulevard
It's traditional, heavy ass shit for the mobb
I got more bass in my rock, than Third Eye Blind

Forty-Wata-Wata main don't tell me you gonna resign
It's too rilly folkers dude you in your prime!
I said -- no not me, I won't stop
I'ma do it for my nigga Tupac
Sober see, that can't be
I been pervin all day since six o'clock
I pull a bootch like a bad tooth
with the cheapest EconoLodge a nigga like me can find
Drop her ass off out in the middle of nowhere next to a phone booth
stranded freezin to death... empty handed can it
Stubborn hella hard to reason with
It's game orienfested, let me explain it
I know they say that I been, givin up too much game
But I'ma teach ya how to blossom with my new invention
You might wanna pay attention
I used to sell Kirby vacuum cleaners but I wasn't a punk
I worked at Mickey D's (what did you make) a Boy of the Month
Livin above my means -- motherfucker that's a bald-faced lie
Po-po's raid, I got an alibi
Shot my first video for \$20 bucks, motherfucker
Some cheap shit, very ass grade America
Mean Green hooked me up down South
Made a name for myself by word of mouth
Chorus
Hah... oh what dey know?
Oh what dey know about this, oh what dey know?
Oh what dey know about this, oh what dey know?
BEOTCH!!
Hella..
The board of weebleizations up in this motherfucker
The board of weebleizations
Head Above Water productions
Collaborated with my motherfuckin nigga, Sam Bosstigili
Professor Bosstigili up on this bitch ass motherfuckin track
Fuckin they nose up like this
Where that nigga Sojourn at, whattup boy?
Chorus
BEOTCH! With this here, we mobbin out
We mobbin out, Suga T (ay whassup gurl?)
D-Shot (D-Shot ???)
B-Legit up in this motherfucker (Yo E-Feezee main!)
Young Muggzy, Keveo (YOU, KNOW!)
Tap that ass Celly Cel (Whassup, whassup nigga!)
My nigga Big Bone Tyrone (Big Buddha!!)
D-Day from A-1
They doin it like that down they bitch ass
The Reservoir HOGGS up in this motherfucker!
(All day smashin)
There go Max and that nigga Parlay
LeVitti the R&B singer on they bitch ass
gonna fuck they nose with that mobb shit
Fuckin they head like that
My little young cousin Mac Mall up in this bitch
from the V-Town nigga I thought you thought all the time
up in they, bitch ass tall can B (Sic-Wid-It nigga!)
Cousin C-Bo
That nigga Otis and Shug singin
"I hope I don't go back to slangin llello" on they bitch ass
Cousin Lil Bruce, Mac Shon
That nigga K-1, Gino
Smitty, The Funk Mobb up in this bitch ass motherfucker
Fuckin they heads up like this
V-Town nigga Millersville I thought you thought
(Uh-huh)
Yeah my cousins nigga Down n Dirty

Kamikaze and the Mobb Unit bitch
I thought THEY THOUGHT!!

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BĒOTCH!!