

E-40, Tell Me When To Go Remix

(E-40)

Remix!

Ay man, Ay its by popular demand pimp

I need a fix man

They demandin a remix man

(a remix pimp)

Its confirmed like a Don King perm

You got ya boy E-40

You got Kanye West Man

You Got Game!

(Chorus }

Tell me when to go

Tell me when to go

Tell me when to go

Tell me when to gooo

Dumb, dumb, dumb da da dumb

Dumb, dumb, dumb da da dumb

(E-40)

This bourbon and Carlos Rossi

Got me feelin like the man of steel

Extreme hyphy energy drink

Spinning steering wheel

Mardi gras beads around my neck

Invisible sets, pull-outs

Diamonds in my mouth

Rally stripes, muscle cars

Vans and campers

My dude got handlebars

Get out yo cameras

Put the tarp down, break out the crates

We on the soil ice skatin

Doin figure 8's

The king of slang

They call me Ebonice

Bout to get stupid and dumd

Like jasox and mantronics

(Dumb dumb dumb dumb)

Hear me out

The first muthaf**ka to even speak about a drought

40 a fool i heard he growin out his hair

Swear? yea he takin it there

Uuuhhh

It's party music

Get used to it

The hyphy movement

(Chorus }

Tell me when to go

Tell me when to go

Tell me when to go

Tell me when to gooo

Dumb, dumb, dumb da da dumb

Dumb, dumb, dumb da da dumb

Tell me when to go

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Who you know that could get Kanye West on the remix?
Ay Yay. You know they love you in the Yay boy. Speak on it.

(Kanye West)

Ay

Ay

Ay pimp, its Yay pimp

40 told me they f**k wiht me in the bay pimp

So imma, ride down wit my doors open yea

Thats the way to get the hoes open

High heel stilletoes wit the toes open yea

And any haters get they nose broken

Now tell me when to go

Tell me where da hoes

You told me it was cold

Now you act like you dont know

Like

Umm

Umm

Imma hit the liquor store

I might be on the low

I might have my hoody on

And if you call out my name then you know they gon go

(dumb)

Ya f**kin up my mode mayne

I told you only call me by my code name

They already recognize me from my gold chain

The same one I Keisha Cole mayne

Now go dumb

Like Cole

On Martin

Im retarded

Ayyy

(Chorus }

Tell me when to go

Tell me when to go

Tell me when to go

Tell me when to gooo

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Dumb, dumb, dumb da da dumb

Tell me when to go

Tell me when to go

Tell me when to go

Tell me when to gooo

Dumb, dumb, dumb da da dumb

Dumb, dumb, dumb da da dumb

(The Game)

Yo I get hyphy

In Bays, All-Stars

Addidas, Hurricanes, Timberlands and Nikes

I'm so Hyphy

Snatch up wifeys

Got half the niggas in the NBA tryin to fight me

I put down the ball

picked up the tech

I'm nice around mikes like Ron Artest

Play better for the west

40 Water I'm on one

Jesus had dreads so f**k it I'ma

Then I'ma shake my shit

after that have a bitch braid my shit

Chop it off and fade my shit
If L.A. is back that mean the Bay is back
Then the top on the CLK is back
I get dumb,dumb
Wit da windows tinted
Cops pull da Benz over
And ain't nobody in it
Ghost ride the whip
Ghost ride yo shit
And when i get writer's blok I ghostride ya bitch
It go front, back then i pull in out
Now gas break da car peelin now
First Master P, then Pac, then I came for the Bay
Don't do it for me nigga do it for Mac Dre

(Chorus)

Tell me when to go
Tell me when to go
Tell me when to go
Tell me when to gooo
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Dumb, dumb, dumb da da dumb

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