

E-40, The Slap

[E-40]

Ooooh, I'm every scene but gossip, my weeblication be thug
My music be all in the club and my fo' 15's be sub
And my drums and my brake pads on my car be rubber
My oldest, and my youngest son always nuggin
Bumpin, me and my catholic savage, badness
Dumpin, on phony-ass fake-ass plastic, faggots
Grindin, dippin and divin on fine, pressure
Rhymin, in the +Lab+ like +Dexter+
Packin Winchester, and a trey Sylvester
Catch a, bitch-a, out there oughta wet'cha
Kinda sorta liquored, liquor kinda sore, measure, grams
Digital scale, green eggs & hams
Yams, candy yams, spam, DAMN!
Loaded, my cheese, peanut butter & jam
Sam'mich, mannish, me and my hispanics
Vanish, talkin in codes like we from different planets

[Chorus]

Ay, what y'all players grindin to? What y'all bumpin mayn?
(The slap!) What they lackin in the trackin?
What all my fly takers be listenin to?
(The slap!) What about my {?} players and West coast cats?
What they listenin to?
(The slap!) And I know my down South, midwest and East coast folks
is fuckin with (the slap!)

[E-40]

I've got white girl for sale!
And I don't mean caucasian, I'm talkin about yale
2-way goin off, like a high school {?}
A hundred bucks it cost me for my faulty chip sale
Around the corner from Starbucks coffee talkin to my {?}
My frontin lil' broad up out of Tacoma askin for some mail
Like I'm some type of trick deally musty mouth BOOTCH
Get smacked silly, get smacked silly
Musty mouth BOOTCH, get smacked silly
Puffin on a Phizznilly blunt, I'm really real
Herbal kill deal chill pill scrill deal (deal)
Feel 'til Phil heal skill (skill)
Grindin, grittin & grindin, lurkin, seekin and searchin
Skirtin, tellin that durban work it (work it)
Caitlin Candy's drinkin and gurpin, E&J brand burpin, {?}
Chickens and birdies pickin a chef to serve it
Servin, to die for, top, bleedin the block for ravi
Milkin the block for fetti like a pregnant bitch's titties

[Chorus]

[E-40]

Ooooh, ooooh
Talk my way out of anything, got my hands off in everything
If my money ever got funny, I'd pawn my Walter Potter engagement ring
If I was to pass away tomorrow, with a self-inflicted wound to the melon
Just remember y'all, I had the mouthpiece of car salesman
Whomp beat of a gorilla, peel a cap back, to the tender fat
Put out a contract, bring you back your hats
Hypothetically speaking, not any time soon
Fly fittest finest player leakin, Daniel Boone boom BOOM boom
Creepin, fly right through your living room while you're sleepin
Peakin, tweakin, geekin, screamin
Chicken is sneakin but we was supposed to done had a meetin
Renegin fakin in whom I trust, standin outside of the club schemin
Scammin plottin and plannin yammin, yes sir and yes ma'am'n

Double agent, playin a 50's loose cannon, new shoe
You ain't even cool fool dude you a trick (trick)
Take it from the Water Man, straight big stick

[Chorus]

[E-40]

The beat keeps knockin down my rear view mirror {*7X*}
Slap!!