

E-40, The Story

Chorus:

Here's a little story I got to tell
And this dis goes on again and again

Uh Uh

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Verse 1:

I think it goes ya live by the dirt ya die by the shovel
You can repent and come with god or you can know a devil
You can go and get a job or you can do some federal
but if I were you, I'd straighten up and do some next level
I often tweek when I drive (drives)

How can a small town like Thelel have all these homocides
Man, fools be droppin like flies

Maybe we need mo brothers sellin bean pies
And it's a fool cuz everybody mama's know each other
It ain't cool, but you know black folks like to act they color
Wonder why all the good people get put through some many
different changes of the web

And all those folks that do wrong seem like they
live forever

I wish I can rewind time

Remember when we used to get free lunch, and the
city bus used to cost a dime

Runnin around, talkin about you got the cooties

Liftin up skirts, and touchin girl's booties

Boy, take those shoes off before ya come up in dis house
And whatever you do, don't you sit on grandmama's plastic
covered couch

Why is it that when all the homeys get togethor, we get back
in the dayz

And I can remember a time we get drunk somebody bring up AIDS

Life is something you catch ball and give back

Here today and gone tomorrow

Just like that

Pat yo rats on yo back (Patch your rats on your back)

Take some time out yo waltz (Take some time out yo waltz)

And tell your love'ems that you love em as all

Chorus

Verse 2:

Uh, Uh fatty is the key to end all your walls

Contemporary crib, cash cards and clothes

But then it cause problems like guns and spids

Familys fall out and don't talk for years

Like my crome (Like my crome)

They called him big breaded

His first cousin set him up and left his ass for dead

Churches, wakes, nothing unusual, seem like every other
damn day I'm buyin and brand new suit for funerals

Have yo pockets ever lost weight, and you ain't even tried

Did you wonder if yo cash was on da diet

See, when you're up, everybody wanna come around

But when ya down, ain't nobody out there to be found

If you love someone you should tell em often

Ya never know when they'll be layin in da coffin

Dedicated to my peoples up in jail

Ya partner 40 water gotta story to tell (a story to tell)

Chorus

Verse 3:

Takin tert da ninja out da getto (the getto)

But not the getto out da ninja, give me life for 3 rocks

But I won't surrender

Oh he's a heven (heven), nigga da way he dress

He must be dealin (dealin) how did he get that Lex

Of course, if it ain't used get spokes, it's crime and coast

It's all dey work

Shootin shit up and actin tough, ridin around with gold n stuff

It's rough

How much money you earn, enough, I own my own law firm

Don't need a tux, I twerks picoods and kakis (kakis)

Levis and t-shirts (Levis and t-shirts), whatever the street's works
(street's works)

Partner douch, you been actin kinda funny lately since you even
got a few bucks

But I'm still folks with some pac, remember three flies up

And this goes on, again and again

Dis goes on, again and again

Ain't nothin changed but the tad toy

Same time, different day, different star

Chorus