

# E-40, Thick And Thin

(feat. Lil' Mo)

Hoo...

Yeah... (Woo)

Ooh...ooh...ooh...ooh...

Yeah, yeah...

I just wanna be your super woman  
Wanna keep you goin', wanna make you smile  
I'm the one that's gon' be faithful to you  
And without you, come on, let me show you how

Baby, don't you know you drive me crazy  
'Bout to have your baby 'cause I love your style  
Boy, I never wanna let you go  
Gotta let you know, we could start right now

Through thick and thin to the end  
If I ran out of money, no dividends  
If I had to do time, if I was up in the pen  
Would you still be my lady, would you still be my friend  
No matter how tough it get, no matter whatever matter  
Are you gon' still have my back like a chiropractor  
Through sickness, through health, for or better, for worse  
Till the day that they haul me off in a hearse  
Our world is as big as we make it  
Let's make the best of it, darlin', let's celebrate it  
We too real to be phony, why should we fake it  
We too dumb to be lonely, let's elevate it  
We could reach for the stars, the outer limits  
Would you share with me if you had the winnin' lottery ticket  
I need the kinda broad that they don't make  
The kind that know how to cook and communicate

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I'm not a rescue Roni, I'm a Mack-aroni  
My Mack game is impeccable, no boloney  
But you done lifted on a player so tough  
So that you never player wanna put his pimped up ride  
I'll be hard-headed, super thug  
You want me at home, but I'll be at the club  
Gettin' whiskyed, then perked and gettin' tipped  
Whatever club is wherever I be gettin' killed  
I'm a managed person, super perkin'  
This is how I eat, mama, see I be networkin'  
I stay in the traffic, I'm all about my Gs  
Put your clothes on, darlin', let's go to Tommy T's  
The comedy club up in the Contra Costa  
Offa Willow Pass Road up in Concord  
I ain't a pretty boy and I ain't ugly  
If a broad got in my face would you scratch her up off me, uh

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Boy, I never wanna let you go  
Gotta let you know, we could start right now

No, I ain't ever gonna let you go, no, no  
Never, never gonna let you go, no  
I ain't ever gonna let you go  
Gotta let you know, we could start right now

You remind me of my favorite instrument, a guitar  
Or my favorite vehicle, a Chevy SSR  
I'm a cursed superstar  
We go together like a drink at the bar  
Like Tiger Woods in the back of 9 par, trust that  
I know you the type to stand tall through it all  
Let's splurge a little, let's me and you hit the mall  
I'll get you the Stella McCartney jeans and boots  
You get the Steve Harvey line collection suit  
We could juggle some bills to use our skills  
We could sell a few pills to make a few deals  
However, whatever to get the scrill  
Whatever it takes for us to get over the hill

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Boy, I never wanna let you go  
Gotta let you know, we could start right now

We could start right now, uh  
We ain't gotta wait till tomorrow  
Not another second, not another minute, hey, no  
We could start right now, yeah  
Right-right now  
Right-right-right now, ooh