

# E-40, Why They Don't Fuck Wit Us

## Verse 1

I use colorful words, you've probably heard  
From somebody else's lyrics, but really it's my spit  
I come from the streets, I'm not from the burbs  
Although I stay in the burbs, I come from the streets  
Money hungry hustlers tryin to make ends meet  
Stingy young brothas when we walk we squeak  
Have money, have street, have heart  
I ain't tryin to bunt, I'm trying to go out the park  
I'm on deck, Sick Wid It Records I rep  
I'm a vet but I spit like a youngster from the set  
I ain't trippin, I knew it was political  
They left us out 'tha Top 50, me and Mystikal  
I rap fast but you can quote my rhymes  
The greatest game spitter of all time  
The most underrated rapper in the game  
But everybody wanna use my slang

## Verse 2

I don't know what they was thinkin  
When they thought what they was thinkin  
But they shouldn't have thought that  
I've been a hustla since birth  
So when the haul me off and put me up in that hearse  
remember this here verse, I did a song with Fred Durst  
As far as the independent underground scene I was the first  
To get a big deal, couple a mil and some mo  
See that was some change, that was some scrilla back in '94  
Playa been eatin off that bill for a while  
Always dig me I never change my style  
I gave it to ya raw and uncut, 75% of the words I made it up  
You ask me why I speak the real way I feel  
How come E-40 so groovy, and y'all so game goofy  
Partly from the fact that I'm a force  
They never put me on the cover of The Source

## Verse 3

Next day, they can't trace the calls  
I change numbers like a playa changes draw's  
I'm havin' money, money long stretch like a bungee  
when Easter comes around ask the Easter Bunny  
(Easter Bunny do know E-40?)  
Bet you that playa says "That's the homie"  
Ya likely to find me on the Ave, or on the main drag  
Or on the corner sippin 'gnac out of a brown paper bag  
I don't need no iron, I'm already creased  
Enough game to sell sand to a beach  
Enough game to sell a hooker to a priest  
Enough game to sell Rickey Rock in Scotty's (??????)  
I rap fast but you can quote my rhymes  
The greatest game spitter of all time  
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But everybody wanna use my slang