

Duckin' & Dodgin'

E-40

My scrilla' my paper my scratch, my scrilla' my paper my scratch
My hookas my bitches, my batch, my hookas my bitches, my batch
My peppa, my pistols, my straps, my peppa my pistols my straps
My oozies, my choppas my gats, my oozies my choppas my gats

The wires the taps the traps
Po-po got me twisted how can us hustlas maintain and relax
When these killas out here snitchin' bendin' conas fa cova'
Just remember tell my motha' I love her, I love her
On top of that the I the are the s
Police station lookin' fo' me got a warrant out fo' my arrest
Fo' tax evasion, fake identification
Up under alias number skipped bail
Now I'm hidin' from the bounty hunter man I ain't neva' went to jail
An' told some stuff
Vallejo didn't raise no powder puff
When I see 'em I'm blastin' I'm dumpin' make believers
Make somebody gon' mind somethin' newspaper readers
Can you do me a favor an' ask yo' neighbor
Did he blast first an' ask questions later
I betcha they tell ya I did such a wicked ass earthling
Why did you kidnap that little kid, man I wasn't gonna hurt him

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The highs the speeds the chases, the relays the laps the races
My stuggle, my hustle, my pain, my purpose, my vision, my aim

After ditchin' an' dodgin' the rolla
I found myself in South Dakota
All by myself grindin' an' runnin' the block
Hustlin' an' slangin' them rocks
Perkin' an' listen to pac switchin' locations an' spots
Greasin' an' cleanin' my glocks
Cookin' an' throwin' away pots
Coppin' an' orderin' chops
Sewin' an' stitchin' up cock
Scheming an' plottin' my knots
Pajamas an' sock home invasion an' kickin' locks
Jackin' an' robbin' gankin' niggas tyin' 'em up
An' makin' 'em watch me fuck they botch
Servin' flour in a drought
I'm in the hot seat anyhow plus I been done struck out
Already it's heavy I'm hurtin'
Two nights ago ran upon the wrong person
Pulled out his lead and aimed it fo' my head
Instead it hit me in my leg burstin'
Who got a band-aid
Can't go see a surgeon cause I ain't on medicaid or should I say medical
I'm in this pal for quite sometime
Now I been wanted for a little while
Somebody dropped a dime an' I was [phone rings]

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The grays the hounds the bussies
Surplus camourflage in the middle somewhere in Kentucky
Way out of dodge lost a little weight but I used to be chubby nigga
Stressin' poppin' pills
Takin' more than anti-depressants I got the chills
Tryin' to get away from them fuzz and pheasants teachin' lessons
Got mo' scrilla' than I done count blessings
Since I was hills the smithins the slugs the wessons
Engine block gettin' cracked with some of them 355 them 7's
Ya get mopped as far as weapons
I ain't neva been no sucka in life
Poked an' m-mate in the stomach wit a number twice
Fuckin' around when they brought me down to be exact
On the streets I'm nothin' but up in here
I'm under dat act

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