

## Earl, That's Yo' Life

E-40

Earl, whassup Mayne?  
It's yo' potnah Short Dawg  
You know we come a long way baby  
From the ground up

Oh they love the way us players ball  
No doubt, that's how we do this  
It's all about you Mayne  
It's yo' life, let 'em know somethin'

I come from where they pop they collars  
And couldn't be saved by Creflo Dollar  
'Cause I'll probably never ever see the pearly gates  
At the rate I'm goin' now, it'll be too late

Take life taste it, get on and smell it  
You know what Charlie is, well it's sucker repellent  
I spray myself with it every morning, you dig?  
I spray myself right before I leave the crib

Hot ones echo through the ghetto, bullets ricochet  
I'm bendin' corners in my Cadillac escalate  
It's summertime and I'm scorchin', fuck a bulletproof  
I'm hella keyed and I'm perkin' off that num-num juice

I'm in the traffic with my music on storm  
Got a ticket just for blowin' my, horn  
The real, pinkie ring, princess cut  
Carats on, around my neck

Lookin' like some clones, be at yo' best  
We don't play checkers no more, we play chess  
One trey tri trey double [Incomprehensible]  
H I double L sideshow

All about my fetti-oh, one-time want to see me fold  
It's ob-vious I'm humongous, acres cars and businesses  
All about my fetti-oh, bank account got to be tall  
Diamonds on my wrists and shit, tycoon stickin' to the script, beotch

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Straight up out the game  
The realest nigga you done talked to all day  
It's the dry season, outsmart the po'-po's  
Cookin' birdies in the kitchen, with C-bo

From livin' nappy, everybody know me  
Used to sell taffy, white girl nasal candy  
Hoes'll dress tacky, just so I can bank they dome  
Bank 'em make them think I'm broke  
Use the dope game as a steppin' stone

[Incomprehensible] next steal walkie talkies

I'm the one that really-natin' them faulty chips  
I got the gift of gab, I'm off the choo choo track  
I want the fetti, fuck the fame, y'all can have that

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It's ob-vious I'm humongous, acres cars and businesses  
All about my fetti-oh, bank account got to be tall  
Diamonds on my wrists and shit, you can't stop e-feezy beotch

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The street life, ballin' outta control  
My million dollar spot, way too cold  
So many record haters, my back against the wall  
When I was growin' up I seen a lot of rappers ball

Bring the yellow tape, it's on, on sight  
You wanna squash the funk? Shoot me a peace kite  
Where the party at? Who got that Carlos Rossi?  
Who in my drinkin' club? Girl I'm 'bout to mob somebody

I'm fee-ed-exin', [Incomprehensible]  
From sardines and [Incomprehensible]  
I looked the game in the eye, the game looked at me back  
Told me to sell my triple beam, and start rap

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You know what I said  
What'd you say pimpin'?  
Short Dawg  
Short Deezy

Oh I ride with my potnah  
Nigga I ride with you too pimpin'  
Bumpin' them woofers like this  
Boom boom boom boom!!

Can't smell this funk, we been doin' this  
Been doin' it  
You know I love these new niggaz man  
I love when they get on that paper chase  
Right, right, right

So far, they can't do this  
Can't do this  
Not like this  
Uh-huh, nah

We talkin' limousines and mansions  
Limousines, mansions  
Got to keep these hoes dancin'

Got to keep 'em dancin', dirty dancin'  
Bitches love us  
They love us, what they do?  
They love us  
That's right pimpin'