

## More Bass, More Treble

E-40

More bass more treble more volume tune the light More bass more treble more  
(ba-ba-ba-ba-bass)

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This shit jamming, come through slamming  
Look up in my head and you'll prolly see a cannon  
Last man standing if niggas get the blastin'  
California bear and you looking like salmon  
Cooler than the Phantom with us there's no fam-ous  
Truly on the wasted with us they're no shaming  
Pump Jackie Chan and trunk Van Dam and  
Hating on the family you slumped in the fam  
And my hoes pop on handstands, weed it like the sandman  
Put'cha ass to sleep rollin sweets by the grand fam  
My nigga so high he prolly never ever land  
And if he did he prolly end up somewhere in Japan  
With lean in my socky I'm Rockley and teriyaki  
She wanna sucky sucky got her hands in my jocky (my draws)  
Like my nigga Ed, I'm a go Hardy  
You know what I needs when I turns out the party

Uhh, through the soil just got my whip fixed  
Trunk sounding like Chewbacca try'na get up out that bitch  
Stash rocks for a fit, with the ness-naked chick best believe  
I'm talking on my Sidekick she rollin' up her weave  
I don't live in this world no mo, I live in the sky  
You wanna know why, cause I be high as flying soarer fuel  
And I don't hang around niggas that ain't cool  
I'm talking about to the point where you don't shallow don't wanna hang arou  
nd you  
Uhh, nice guys finish last and stay broke  
Bad guys finish first and push dope  
I'm a money motivator not a playa hata  
Brought my Chevy from a fiend not the auto trainer  
Around and bumped into a fella once po but now he got it made  
Millionaire now but repeated the seventh grade  
Uhh, you can tell by the way that this boss walking  
I'm a Bay boy; I like to hear myself talking

Haters on my line, show a nigga no love  
Bang on my hip, poking out my soul clug  
I like side belly, it's like I cold with it  
I'm number 24 when it come to Sick Wid It  
On my screen and eagle pipes hella loud  
Got'cha bitch ass sitting on crocodile  
Got my third eye, looking for the cop core  
More bass, more bass, I'm a rockstar  
Let the wolfs out, mini move mean  
Knock, knock, bullets flying through your front screen  
I'm still in it, any nigga could get it  
Yet anybody is subjected to get the fuckin' bidness  
Back to the doggings, throw em on the cobnut  
Mo volume that a make the trunk jump  
I rock gold teeth, but not Sutherlin  
I got pink slips, no stuttering