

## Why They Don't Fuck With Us

E-40

Y'all ready for this  
ARE YOU READY!!!!!!  
Ho, uh, uh

Why they don't fuck with us  
Don't fuck with us, don't fuck with us  
Don't fuck with us

I use colorful rhymes, you probably heard  
From somebody else's lit, but really it's my spit  
I came from the streets, I'm not from the 'burbs  
Although I stay in the burbs, I come from the streets  
Money hungry hustlers trying to make ends meet  
Stingy young brothers when we walk we squeak  
Have street, have money, have heart  
I ain't trying to but I'm trying to go off 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 tripping, I knew it was political  
They left us out the top for us, me and Mystikal  
I rap fast but you could quote my rhymes  
The greatest game spitter of all times  
The most underrated rapper in the game  
But everybody wanna use my slang

I don't know what they was thinking  
When they thought what they was thinking  
But they shit enough to fuck it  
I've been a hustler since birth  
So when they haul me off and  
Put me up in that hearse remember this verse  
I did a song with Fred Durst, as far as the independent  
Underground rap scene, I was the first  
To get a big deal, couple mill, and some mo'  
See times have changed ever since then back in '94  
Playa been eating off that bill, for a while  
I always did me I never changed my style  
I gave it to you raw and uncut  
75 percent of the words, I made it up  
You ask me why I speak the real the way I feel  
How come E-40 so groupie and y'all so game goofy  
Started to the back that I'm a force  
They never put me on the cover of The Source

Next tape, they can't trace the calls  
I change numbers, like a playa changes draws  
I'm having money, money long stretch like a ?burshie?  
When he use to come around ask the easter bunny  
(Tell me do you know E-40)  
Bet you the players say that's the homie  
You liable to find me on the AVE. on the main drag  
Or on the corner sipping yac up out a brown paper bag  
I don't need no iron on my ready crease  
Enough game to sell sand to a beach  
Enough game to sell a hooker to a priest  
Enough game to sell rookie rocket Scottie to a street  
I rap fast but you could quote my rhymes

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[ad-libs]