I Wanna Thank You

E-40

1 I wanna thank you, pimps and players
2 For sharing your game with me
3 I wanna thank all of the hustlers
4 For showing me your life, on the street
5 And I know that'll I never
6 For-get you
7 Oooo-oooo-ooooh, forget about you
8 Ohhh-ohh-ohh
3 All the hustlers
4 C'mon, that's right
5 And I KNOW that'll I never
6 Forget you
7 Sprinkle me mayne
8 Uhh, sprinkle me mayne
Ahh laced up by the best, check it out
Uhh, marinatin on the corner with a chip in his phone
You can tell that the Hillside was his home
Mo' scrill than the rest of the pushers
Cause he got a chop suey in the bushes
Dice game, craps, puffin on Taylor's drinkin Boilermakers
M.D. 20/20 mixed with Boone's, Farm's, and Olde English
Around the clock, deuce-four-seven, three-sixty-fifth
Where I come dead right, twerkin over shit
Business boomin off the buzzer, and I'm a happy camper
Til the homey beat his bootch down for no reason with the Zenith hammer
Things started gettin sloppy, dude started rollin over
Niggaz started steppin on dope and stretchin the crack synthetic yola
Turf got hot hella heads got shot on dead body soil
Po'-po's on that ass like hot baby oil
Play your cards right son everybody can have cash
But you gotta get in and out if you expect 'em to last
1 Uhh pimps and players
2 For sharing your game with me
3 All the hustlers
4 Fo' showin me yo' life on the streets
5 And I know that'll I never
6 Forget you, that's real
7 Sprinkle me mayne
8 Lace me mayne

* Lace me mayne
I was sprinkled at a young age
Laced down with Trump tight, taught by the best
Some of them still livin, some of them done been put to rest
But I was blessed, and luckily I made it out
But I must confess, I wouldn't a made it without
The big timers, the top-hats, the tycoons
The street hustlers, the pistol packin Daniel Boone's
That put it down and paved the way, for me to say
The things I say, and I'm proud to be straight from the Yay
To U.K. I spits this big time talkin shit all day
Nationwide, from where I stay to where you stay
B like the Savage beast, keep yo' game creased
Stick to the rules and don't be sellin out to no police
I always paid attention when the game was preached
Had all the street slang and the latest speech
And now I'm makin more mail than a oil well
Up all night tryin to get my money orders right
1 Uh, uh pimps and players (pimps and players)
2 For sharing your Game with me
3 All the hustlers
4 C'mon (c'mon) fo' showin me yo' life on the streets
5 And I know that'll I never
6 Forget you, that's so damn real
7 Sprinkle me mayne
8 Sprinkle me mayne
* Suga, sprinkle me gal
* Suga c'mon uh, sprinkle me gal
It started from my momma (yo' momma?) Hard headed and all
She said, Only the strong survive, Suga stay strong
Seein a bunch of fools, that used to ride
Smob, stay jobbin knew they was raw
Without a pot to piss in
Used to drive through the turf in them candy paint Benzes
I've run all this game that the hustlers pop
Spittin enough game to keep a notch on the jock
Now the game's the same, but the players changed
Ain't nothin but a thang, keep it real mayne
Timer timer (timer timer)
Uhh, yeah, that's my nogga sprinkle thee
Paper chasin steady flowin to the dome
It ain't no place like home, oooh oooh
Pay my respects and give my contributions
To all the soldiers on the streets and in the institutions
1 Insti-tutions {I wanna thank you, pimps and players} that's right

2 FO' sharin yo' game with me
3 Uhh {yeahhh ooh ooh ooh} all the hustlers
4 That's so damn real
5 And I know that'll I never
6 {Forget you} forget you
7 Lace me mayne, sprinkle me mayne {and that's real}
8 C'mon, sprinkle me mayne {yeah} that's right
* Lace me mayne {sprinkle thee}
That right? Forty-water, from the click
With my sista Suga T
Lettin y'all know how we do it up in the Yay
7-0-7 4-1-5 1-0
That's the carI roll with
And it goes for all the hustlers nationwide
Pimpin players, for tyin my shoes and lacin me up

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