Yankin' (feat. Hot & Laroo T.H.H.)

E-40

[Verse 1: E-40]
Uh!
Let me go and knock my verse down and beat this track back
This one of em party starters mane make the party crack
I'm in the vocal vuze right now with my plastic cup filled to the rim
Bout to head out to the club and try to knock some new tramp
What'chu mean new tramp? Some twenty-one of that bitch see
I don't know what they be puttin' in the water nowadays but white girls got big booties
Ain't no color line I'm color blind let me stop lying mister
We all created equal but I prefer a sister
Like baby girl right there she gotta big ole cha-donka-donk
She probably workout three times a week and eat what the fuck she want
You got your thumper on you my nig just in case we get into some funk?
Naw remember they tided me down I put it back in the trunk
Well I got mine on me homie, and if I have to I'll shoot
Well I don't think I'm a sucka they better not hip, bip or boot
Fuck all of the VIP let's order some drinks and sit at the bar
I'm a reckless street nigga everybody wanna be a superstar
[Chorus: E-40]
Pushin' up, bring it down
Side to side, round and round
I'm high off the ground
I'm try'na take her to the telly and pound
This thang yankin'
Yankin' yankin' yankin' yankin'
Yankin'
Yankin' yankin' yankin' yankin'
This thang yankin'
[Verse 2: Hot]
Neck full of jewelry tell a playa haters hello
Pull up in that Porsche painted Japanese yellow
(Yellow?) Yeah pimp yellow
Fuck what the kids she can lose that other fellow
Pocket full of money and I'm a keep it all
I ain't make ya shit rain tell ya bitch to get a job
The boy with the X is not goin have it with the crew
I'm fly everyday like I run for Jet Blue
Yeah I step in the place with the pumper on my waist
The jack boys coming but my goons on the case

Let the V.I.P. in the middle of the party y'all
Neck full of chains got me looking like the Marty Grove
I'm in it with the street niggas chill with the hustlers
Got love from the hood so you bet not touch us
The dudes that I'm witting, yeah they the truce
They don't raps they troops I just bring em out to shoot
[Chorus: E-40]
[Verse 3: Laroo T.H.H.]
This thang yankin'
First, hard-headed gas through a HD board
Instantly transpire the bitches so therefores
I doin a fif fast to show up in long hair
Outta cable that caught in the groupie here
Got yank, the party ain't notice splice
Married to the game nigga you should throw a rice
Thick and thin, thin and thick
The direction should pick the torment how life detorse (it's fully yours)
T double H...
She want releventing real I'm the one that'cha see
Got us mango lick, Monty too exotic
They know my game persurb (what'chu do) in bomb it
[Chorus: E-40]

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