

All Tha Time

E-40

You got Moesha, E?
All tha time, B
You got your Indonesia, B?
All tha time, E
You got the street sweeper broom?
All tha time, B
You got your chronic there too?
All tha time
Might not know how to read and right, but I do know Arm and Hammer
If the screen from a tweaker's pipe turns black, that means it's bamma
If it's too many seeds in your weed, then chop 'em down
If your blood gets bogus, then run his ass out of town
I'm on the Carquinez Bridge, terminal three, quarter after seven
Pockets full of hundreds, can't seem to find no ones, engine revvin'
Smebbin', talkin' hella shit to the cashier
Pi-pi's get right behind me askin' me how much
I been had to drink and I said, "A beer"
Blitzed, out of my wits, drivin' drunk
Let's see I done hit one, two, three, ain't no tellin' how many skunk
In and out of the holdin' cell, blood alcohol like a warrior
And I refuse to answer any questions without the advisory of my lawyer
I been in it, all around it, co-founded
Did it when I done it, I must've been blunted
Ninety-six hundred for the two P's
I let the homie K-One run through these
Places that I roam I let the hubs alone
I wonder if they're trippin' at Nextel phones
A bad motherfucker for the butter and grits
And you niggaz need to know this shit
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I got the turf on lock, twenty-six block
One beeper on my side gotta be in the house by eight o'clock

Organized crime, bitch, all the time bitch
Get off his dick and get on mine bitch
I be smokin like a broke-down Coupe DeVille
Poppin' them generic brand Golden Seals
Parole can't hold me, and neither could y'all

Bitch me and my Click is off the wall
I fucks with everybody to somebody, major factors
To niggaz if you can't understand this shit
Then nigga you must got your mask on backwards
Tiptoeing through the 'hood nigga is no good, nigga
Gotta have a pass, so we get that ass
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Now the parties don't start until we walk in
Drunk off that gin, down to check yo' chin
I'm a mannish motherfucker with the chips and bread
And enough to have your head kind of tough
Bluffin' don't exist, we pull the whole cards
Tail between the legs when you walk in the yard
So if you hard, and wanna stay that way
You better watch what the fuck you play
(Check it out)
It's bring your own bottle, 'cause I be likin'
To get to perkin' somethin' awful
And compute that motherfucker slurrin'
Talkin' crazy to bitches, weeble-wobblin'
Burpin', gurgin', stomach growlin' off the hinges
Lurkin', torqin' my stay highs with Red Ledges
I'm tryin' to get that fast quarter, fuck a slow nickel
Run a smooth ass operation without gettin' caught in the pickle
Take my cool ass on a vacation that maybe someday stop
Buy me an empty commercial lot
And turn it into a car wax wash and detail shop
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