

This Goes Out

E-40

This goes out to my Midwest crew
Now hold ya M-Dub in the air if ya feel me
 Fuck 'em all day, fuck 'em all night
 Candy paint on D's and fo's
 Yo, ayyo I eat, sleep, shit, rap
 Hip hop, kidnap
 Snoop Dogg 'Lac
 Wit the diamond in the back
 I rep it like a mayor mayn
 Summin' like a playa mayn
 St. Louis cookin'
 And I'm Murphy Lee the killer mayn
 As-salaama lakem, lakem salaam
 Praise the Lord or say peace to God
I'm just a Skool Boy, call me Mr. Do-What-You-Do-Fool
Claim where you from or we will claim where you move to
 Home is where you make it, eat a meal and get naked
 You can, walk in yo drawers and nobody could say shit
 I got STL tatted on my right arm, some of 'em saw 'em
 I ain't dyin' but yo I'm definitely gon' fight for 'em
 And keep it tight for 'em, and keep it hype for 'em
 And buy at the bar whatever gon' keep the night goin'
 Do what you do and you do it, just do it big
And if you live to get it then you gon' get it how you live 'cuz
 This goes out to my West Coast crew
 Throw ya dub up in the air if ya feel me
 Fuck 'em all day, fuck 'em all night
 Hit the switch on yo six fo's
 Naps, rock, skit West Coast style
 T-shirt, khakalack, swerve in the Cadillac
 Young Roscoe, the black Burt Bacharach
 Serve the sacks, flippin' skirts like acrobats
 Now dip wit ya nigga, I take you on a ride
Through that place known worldwide as the Westside
 Chronic, Daytons, switches, dubs
Cap turned to the back wit skirts at the Caddy shack
 Los Angeles where they sag to the mud
Drop the back let it drag, du rags, full of thugs
 Ya hard to the back, car full of "blat"

Why A's decay, we ain't hard to get at
I rock a 5 double O wit the bubble nose
Stop, drop the top I holla at a couple hoes
Fo sho they wanna roll wit the Philly fanatic
Runnin' the radio in Cali 'cuz I stay in the traffic
This goes out to my East Coast crew
Throw ya E's up in the air if ya feel me
Fuck 'em all day, fuck 'em all night
Rock ya hoodies and Timbo's
Yo, yo, step in the party like
Sippin' on Bacardi like
I hooked up wit the 'Tics they like
It's gettin' frisky for me
Girls, they strippin' for me
Lil' Jon you wit us homey?
I gettin' brainin', pimpin' I can't complainin'
It's crazy I can't explain' it, it's the Derrty Entertainment
Man, I like to stop and go, she like to mop and glow
Lovin' this track 'cuz we gonna rock and roll
I huff and puff until my indo's gone
So I, get to stompin' wit my Timbo's on

We might be floppin' homey, we all critic
Welcome to Harlem World A.K. New York City
We forever runnin' round, here forever creepin'
Up all night 'cuz homey we ain't never sleepin'
But I came to do this wit my derrty Murphy
Y'all niggas betta obey, 'cuz you can get it
This goes out to my Dirty South crew
Throw ya S up in the air if ya feel me
Fuck 'em all day, fuck 'em all night
If ya tempted to throw them bows
Get yo hands up bitch
Show yo goddamn clit
Get yo hands up bitch
Show yo goddamn clit
We gon' drink a fifth of Hen
And we gon' rock it to this bitch
We gon' drink a fifth of Hen
And we gon' rock it to this bitch
We represent that Dirty
We ain't expectin' no shit
We represent that Dirty
We ain't expectin' no shit
We wild out in the club

Same shit we don't give a fuck
We wild out in the club
Same shit we don't give a fuck
Lil' Weezy, fuckin' Baby, 5'4 fo'
4-5 make a nigga go
I'm a fly young nigga, ho South cold's great
Stay low when get cake
Yeah, me no play we can take it outside
Never met a nigga take myself pride
It's Wizzy Wizzle, Southside guy
Outside fly, gutta gutta in the South, wild 5
I represent that money
I ain't scared to throw my shit up
Soon as I throw it high up, holla back, Squire
I'm screwed up I drive slow not fast
Birdman Jr. I got stones not cash, bitch
I'm from the swamp I smoke dro not grass
P.O.C. rolled on my hands, got a 90 degree fo' in my pants
Give you this respect
I'm still mackin', you can smell the Pimp Juice on my breath
Get yo hands up bitch
Show yo goddamn clit
Get yo hands up bitch
Show yo goddamn clit
We gon' drink a fifth of Hen
And we gon' rock it to this bitch
We gon' drink a fifth of Hen
And we gon' rock it to this bitch
We represent that Dirty
We ain't expectin' no shit
We represent that Dirty
We ain't expectin' no shit
We wild out in the club
Same shit we don't give a fuck
We wild out in the club
Same shit we don't give a fuck

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