Clown Wit It

E-40

Forty water and Mystikal
What cha know about that, nigga?What cha want, girl?
You interested in a thug ass nigga
Wit battle wounds and scars
Lawyers, doctors, rappers
R&B singers or sports stars?Wig splittas and dome crackers that's all I'm accustomed to
Allergic to suckas and bustas and get to sneezin' and shit
Ain't affiliated wit pathological liars and name droppers
Just bosses and mafia niggas, slick talkers and collar poppasDrug traffic and racketeer bank robbers
Young pits pants saggin', totin' and packin' choppers
Having this ghetto money tryin' to stay papered up like a fax
I keep tellin' all these niggas out this way
You ain't got to have dandruff to have scratchProtect yo neck and yo chest
See, my mentality hasn't changed
Just my physical address, nothin' lessI smoke wit the gromiest and the highest
Takin' my chances on hepatitis
Sharin' my fortys of malt liquor drinkin'
211, after any old nigga thinkingClown wit it, clown wit it
Pimpin' mob wit it
Clown wit it, clown wit it
Player boss wit it
Clown wit it, clown wit it
Give a fuck wit it
Clown wit it, clown wit it
I mean sic wit itClown wit it, clown wit it, clown wit it
Pimpin' mob wit it
Clown wit it, clown wit it
Player boss wit it
Clown wit it, clown wit it
Give a fuck wit it
Clown wit it, clown wit itNigga, you must have been drinkin' dog water
If you think you can fuck wit the bayou godfather
Smoke like scaldin' water I'm come from the 12th ward
Cuts and welts and scars whoever face-offBurnin' and turnin', they lights out makin' them stay dark
Body beatin' and sweepin', keepin' 'em sleepin'
Heat seekin' deletin' 'cause, bitch, I ain't need cha
Feel like bullets hit cha when the rhymes flyin' offWhen I get finish wit cha, you gonna feelin', dog tired, boss
Jump shop, hop flight, cop ride and
Tellin' finally smell it and chop it up wit FonzarelliThese niggas be sounding like they talking 'bout they on one

But when I come, they only fuck up, one run like home run
Fire-bringa, rhyme-singa, pussy-banga, young dick-slanga
They funky like Kunta Kinte own thang
On my bike I'm ridin' the fuckin' rap game on the handle barsClown wit it, clown wit it
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I'm talkin' sic wit it
Clown wit itLivin' in California ain't always so cute like New Orleans
Fuck around and get yo head put on flat in a road rage dispute
The poor get poorer and the rich keep gettin' richer
These hoers keep pourin' and the spicks keep getting slickerI play the game for what it's worth
Hard like penitentiary steel, not soft like a Nerf
I know some cats, seriously, homey, maybe twice
Ain't neva been pass four blocks in they li-a-lifeDudes can't even dream a dream about gettin' paid
Just sittin' on the corner, sittin' for about a decade
I might not be the sharpest tool in the shed but I'm a rebel
Some cats'll bury their self alive
Just to prove they know how to use a shovelAnd about you sounding like everybody else
Ass rappers knock my flow
But in the back of your head, you really be sayin'
That their nigga right their be snappin' that nigga from the back
I ain't even gon' lie pimpin' that nigga a fool right there
He got a fool style that nigga there can go goClown wit it, clown wit it
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Biatch

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