

# Fuck Em'

## E-40

Let me gas this shit right quick

UHH!

[Verse 1:]40 Something, still got it

Fuck double platinum I'm try'na go double profit

I'm in my own lane, that independent shit

They back fuckin with me, a hundred thousand shit

I'm a pyramid you a square

I got that from my nigga Shake Da Mayor

Mr. Flamboyant is back I cut my head

They wanna see me go pop but the streets won't let me take it there

As real as they come it's the shortish on me

I feel they organic no MSG

They diffy can't understand me they tardy

They true they hella late they outta touch with the streets

They favorite rapper is weak to me they need to stop sleeping on me

Separately from the game I'm a whole 'nother pedigree

They don't did them like they used to no mo, mane I'm alone

Brah I made outta steel these niggas made outta Styrofoam

[Hook:]This industry ass niggas (FUCK EM!)

A&R's that think that they rappers (FUCK EM!)

Set tripping ass DJ's (FUCK EM!)

Closed-minded program directors (FUCK EM!)

Internet tough guys (FUCK EM!)

Managers that steal and lie (FUCK EM!)

Janky ass promoters (FUCK EM!)

If they ain't rockin' with E-40 (FUCK EM!)

[Verse 2:]These funny ass acting commercialize rappers be killing me

But they wouldn't be shit without radio, BET or MTV

Everybody wanna know how I got famous how I became a celebrity

I did it independently didn't nobody signed me potna I signed me

What the fuck you think E-40 be saying is he really from the game?

People love me mane I'm an icon it's more than just my slang

People bug me mane like a python I squeeze on em mane

When you goin retire? Probably when I expire (uhh)

You might not see me on the TV channel

But in the hit I'm still hot like the left sink handle

Mobster like Marlon Randolph keep it lid like a candle

Or sumthing like Rambo who's mandatory I pull the torch (uhh)

I'm an intelligent heevan  
Fuck Chico State Police, they ban me for no reason  
And oh yeah, just to let'chu suckers know  
I ain't rapping to fast y'all just listening too slow  
[Hook][Verse 3:]Uhh! They thought I was this but I was really that  
I been making records before some of y'all was in y'all daddy's nut sack  
Water then ever  
Matta fact I think I'm better than I was hella years ago selling tapes out the liquor sto'  
How many years was that bro? I don't know  
Prolly 24 couple of the vaca's or so, the late eighties about my doe  
Did you pitch that blow? Man I plead the fif  
How you get rich than tho? Bitch by doing this...  
Dedication of hard work, sweat and tears, this ain't luck  
This one of the longest runs in any rap career nigga what  
I got my name from drink and hella beers to the gut  
Standing in front of my home nicknamed by Derek Jones (BITCH)  
I been selling my own with my cell phone me and my own money  
Just me and my family I don't know nobody  
But my fans and my folks and my real homies  
That be ready to scrap if somebody say sumthing bad about me  
[Hook]

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