Dump, Bust, Blast

E-40

Uh (Uh)
Come on, ai, ai Boskeezy?
Ai, my, my, turn it up (burps)
Hey Boskeezy? Hey that shit right there, ay
(talk to my wepolations), that shit.
That's ibeen? That shit smibeen that shit ibeen?
That shit smibeen, ooh (ooh)
4:15 showcasing to the max
Got my truckamajig free racing causing anxiety attacks
Pitch black normal tint BOOM BAP!
Fucked around and overheated my Zues amp
500, oh the hoes, fuck a ho
These are the thing that, uh, you need to know
Bust him open spin open the duct tape and the foil
Eat the rest and get a pot and let 'em boil
Bullet proof vest never confess keep a bucket full of acid
1-800-888 zippers-on-tastic
Clinetel, raise 'em high raise 'em low
Out on bail everybody hit the floor
Chorus:
Dump, Bust, Blast, Dump, Bust,
Dump, Bust, Blast, Dump, Bust (ooh!)
Dump, Bust, Blast, Dump, Bust,
Dump, Bust, (BEOTCH!) Blast
Slurp slip, deep throat shit I'm outta sight
I like to get my dick sucked in - broad daylight
Acting bad on the soil acting tough
Break your ass down like a 12-gauge and call yo' bluff

Ignore a fool, that's what they holler
Snatch his bootsy ass up by the collar
Law enforcement agents got me and my dudes up under investigation
We hot like jalapenos
Man, how come niggas can't put their money together like Philipinos?
I suppose, can you bring him back?
He was one of them enemies that tried to participate
in Swiss Cheezin' my clean ass Cadillac
My Cadillac, My Pontiac I mean
My under bucket hoopty parked on magazines

Chorus: 2x
Check it out (check it out)
Third verse, let's begin lets be gone
I done served more water than, uh, Evian
Posted up like a thumbtack on the boulevard serving dead
Yola, ice cream, Ben and Jerry (Jer)
I've been doing somethings, cigars and pinky rings
I'm a fixture up in this shit like E-40 and the Click
Paper all up under my box spring matress choppers on top of the fridge
Automatics in the kitchen cabinets man I kill a motherfucker over mathematics
Haters gonna hate, but they don't count nigga hustle
The dope game runs on two thing (what's that?) money and muscle
Do some gotti, fourth of July your party
Laid his "supposed to be so called hardest nigga in your town"
ass down in front of everybody
Chorus: (with three overdubbed tracks of random talking)

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