

# Da Bumble

## E-40

I flipped a Lexi, speed up and catch me  
Lexus of Concord, reached out and touched me  
Some of you hoe fake ass niggas like Roz, be messy  
I know some beautiful black intelligent women, they're sexy  
E-40's back and actin' black and  
I don't be barkin', nor even high cappin'  
You better watch me, I'm comin' smebbin'  
Ninety-five, ninety-six, ninety-seven  
Bet your persodian, 30-R-6-castodian  
Special shout to Casual Del the Souls and opium  
About the town, the Valley-Joe  
Just like a democratic, I'm for' the po'  
Fuck the bumble, you bitch it ain't no punk hoe  
Pedestrian stumble sound like a gorilla tryin' to get up out of a trunk hoe  
Continue strikin' it, hope you likin' it  
They'll be makin' nasties at the bus stop and trackin' it  
Every egg that I pull in bulges  
When it comes to spittin' I'm ferocious  
Management in cabbages, Savages  
Hangin' out when all the sudden I'm eatin' ham sandwiches  
All day, everyday, 40 play, he say  
She say, bieetch! That-a-way  
Keep it goin' though don't stop  
Shakin' baking soda, forms a rock  
36 zips on a triple beam scale  
Burn the duct tape but keep all the ya-yo  
Rip a peel, extra crisp, really really  
Ate it like I'm a specialist  
Drisidrisomina is the illest zaggin'  
Thinkin' I put 'cause like this you know I'm puzackin'  
In the mornin, cookin' bacon  
From the ghetto in the bullet-proof apron  
Here comes the laws, valium crushin' through my balls  
I rip my drawers runnin' from the canine cocaine-sniffing dogs  
Some niggaz hate me, some niggaz love me  
Some niggaz shake my paw, some niggaz mug  
I see ya tweakin', I see ya peekin', y'all bootches with me  
Why you sleepin'? A motherfucker ain't gotta be Flash Gordon  
Always runnin' up the backstreets in a batch that having a hoe

Protect The shit, won't work that batch just wants your scrizzach  
Lettin 'em know, preferred Zodiac sign Scorpio  
See the breeze soldier, V A L L E J O  
Never show witness to your  
Never leave your crib with out your pepper, beeotch!  
I'm tryin' to get nigga ritch  
Open up a shop cotton candy and licorice  
Cash in stashes, that's a must  
We leavin' with a million and that's a plus  
Don't get it twisted, man, don't try to find me  
Might be in Switzerland, or Hawaii  
1 2 3 40, wheels new shoes scrappin toe to toe  
Crack blackjack and Keno, strike sideways hit Reno  
Ball cappin, no smilin' sittin' lo somethin' profilin', beeitch!  
Fuck the bumble, you bitches it ain't no punk hoe  
You clits it ain't no punk hoe

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