Anybody Can Get It

E-40

When a motherfucker walk up in the club, I mean, I mean
And a nigga be 70 Deep
But if a nigga let his motherfuckin' scrotum hang over his shoulder
And come up and do a walk by on your bitch-ass
It's nay thun, don't give a fuck about how much money you got nigga
It's about how you outsmart the next nigga
Bitch, nigga, what the fuck's up
(Anybody can get it)
Hoe, niggaz, go pull your skirts up
Don't think that you won't get touched, bitch
I'm in your grill now, nigga what you gon' do?
I'm in your grill now, bitch what you gon' do?
I'm in your grill now, nigga what you gon' do?
Don't think that you won't get touched, bitch
Hoes, hoes, money, roll
Mr. Whup-Ass done stepped in the do'
(Bone crusher)
Bring the pain, to your skull
Y'all niggaz don't want a fight, all y'all want is a hug
Your bark is worse than your bite, with your mean mug
Let's take it to the grass and we'll see what's up
Y'all knows about me, Mr. Streetsweep
Twinkie soft niggaz get dealt with swift-ily
I'm amazin', I always bring the heat
Pull the cake up through the ground if he fuckin' with me
Me and E-Fonzarelli, new Starsky & Hutch
Motherfucker don't act like you can't get touched
Grindin' niggaz bows up and we turn 'em to dust
As the crowd go ah-ooh aah 'cause you know you fucked up
They don't wanna see me, nicknamed the realest
Don't believe me, ask them Adamsvillers, this A-T-L nigga
Bitch, nigga, what the fuck's up
(Anybody can get it)
Hoe, niggaz, go pull your skirts up
Don't think that you won't get touched, bitch
I'm in your grill now, nigga what you gon' do?
I'm in your grill now, bitch what you gon' do?
I'm in your grill now, nigga what you gon' do?
Don't think that you won't get touched, bitch

I sit at the bar and tear up hundred dollar bills
My car, my Hummer got 26 inch rims
I'm a star on my side of the earth, I bleed the block
Promethazine, codeine, water and hubba rock
Million dollar dreams and fiends and things of that nature
Triple beams and things and T-Mobile paint ya
Told myself, I need to stop pushin' hop
I need to stop pushin' hop so I can buy a WingStop
My young hyenas be bustin' guns, mashin' and pistol packin'
Smokin' so much 'dro that our lungs feel like they collapsin'
Trick I see you and yo' partners laughin'
Jaw-jackin' and scammin' and plottin'
Old soft-ass, medicated, cotton-ass nigga
You're out of line I told you once befo' it's dubya dot
Bust a head dot com, on mine, hit the flo'
And don't come back no mo' no mo' no mo' no mo'
Motherfucker it's E-4-oh from the Valle-Jo
Still rappin' like I'm po', beotch
Bitch, nigga, what the fuck's up
(Anybody can get it)
Hoe, niggaz, go pull your skirts up
Don't think that you won't get touched, bitch
I'm in your grill now, nigga what you gon' do?
I'm in your grill now, bitch what you gon' do?
I'm in your grill now, nigga what you gon' do?
Don't think that you won't get touched, bitch
I'ma kill a motherfucker's ass if I have to
But is it worth it is the question that I ask you
To blast your punk-ass
And is you bleedin', only to give Satan a damn good
Reason to play with me, look bitch I'm sayin'
You don't listen 'less that tec-9 sprayin' yo' ass
Glass breakin' in your home boy, thinkin' you fast
I never mash out, 'til the iron smack up yo' body
Then you pass out, I pray to God for peace
I done best to get my black ass out of these streets
But y'all don't listen 'less I'm cussin' and bustin' the shit
You keep beggin' and I'ma give it to ya you bitch
In your face, your back, your chest, neck and lungs
You want war, you will get it for Mr. Crawfordson
They call me really really doe, ain't no hoe in my blood
A couple slugs bitch you thugs'll give me a hug
Real gangster niggaz raise up, y'all sticky ooh-wee niggaz blaze up
Or get yo' ass sprayed up, bitch nigga
And there you have it

(And there you have it)
Anybody can get it
(Anybody)
Don't act like you can't get touched, peeyimp
Yeah, my dude Bone Crusher
(That's right)
Lil Jon and the Eastside Boyz, David Banner
And E-40 Belafonte, pimpskillet
Trust that, beotch, beotch

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