

Doin' the Fool

E-40

Nigga up in this motherfucker
I mean I been fuckin' with this motherfuckin' burgundy carpet pimpin'
What about you pimpin', I mean I know you fuckin' around with that
Purple bag you know what I mean? That Crown Royal, oh boy! I mean, we got, we got a whole bunch of player-
ass niggaz
Up in this m'uhfucker right here today
We got that nigga, E-Feezy, Too Short, knahmean
Pimp C up in this motherfucker, nigga Pastor Troy Damn fool I hits free it ain't wholesale
Just got through hittin' it so well, at a hotel
But don't tell I cuss your fuckin' ass out bitch
Fuck yo' drunk-ass and watch you pass out bitch And when you wake up, I tell you anything
You fucked me so good bitch, you deserve a wedding ring
I practice what I preach, ridin' vogues and findin' hoes
I told her I'd buy some clothes, but I'd be lyin' to hoes I ain't buyin' her shit, bitch I can't do that
I had to jump in my car, and call you a cab
'Cause I'm out, you know I'm all about fuckin' hella good
Take the rubber off I'm in your mouth comin' to a town Near you, real soon
Infiltratin' hoes nigga, we some real fools
And it's true and baby girl knows it too
Ask her shit she'll tell you how I do it fool Doin' the fool
Ain't no love motherfucker we breakin' the rules
Doin' the fool
Niggaz like me ain't got nuttin' to lose
Doin' the fool
We servin' you haters straight off the top
Doin' the fool
Just to let you know this shit don't stop Okay okay up next, oh, it's the boss, from the home of the Braves
Down here chillin' with E-40 'cause it's time to get paid
C'mon, actin' a fool, 'cause y'all know how I'ma do
She fucked me, Pimp C, and short too I drank no brew, it's Remi, that special kind
Don't fuck with who? My nigga, you out yo' mind
Fresh off the grind, my niggaz is the killers
Actin' a fool 'bout this motherfuckin' scrilla No one no trill'a, but tell them, I'm down mayne
Go grab my leather, and get into some gangster shit
So if it's cool, it's cool
But, but just that quick, I act a fool Doin' the foo
Ain't no love motherfucker we breakin' the rules
Doin' the foo
Niggaz like me ain't got nuttin' to lose

Doin' the foo
We servin' you haters straight off the top

Doin' the foo
Just to let you know this shit don't stopBut I ain't never been a sucker

I ain't never been a mark
I ain't never been a busta

I ain't never been a simp, potnah I always had heartPapered up hustlin' never 'posed to handcuff a beaotch, mon

Pimp to the hoe, protect the trick beaotch, mon

Be extra mannish get some skull

Purple bag, Crown RoyalGotcha beaotch actin' mannish, think she spoiled
Mummar Kamali all over her body, she used to that

Potnah big 40 had it like that

Cadillac sittin' on buttons, 32 valveThe DTS half a gallon to the mile
Platinum chest lite brite, love to smile

What a mess horny fucked me on my desk

Kitchen tile then she swallowed up the restAsk me how a fat ass cum shot on her breast

She said, 'It's been a while since I had sex'

She said, 'It's been a while since I had sex'

She said, oooh oooh oh boy

C'mon c'mon, okay okay!Doin' the foo

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Doin' the foo

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C'mon c'monComin' down in candy car, smokin' on some candy bar

Everyday I'm choppin' blades, comin' through on old school maids

Got in this game so heavily, just like Frankie Beverly

Silly nigga that Southern girl put cocaine up in your world'Cause I'm a young ass nigga on the slab

Comin' through in a whippin' Nav'

I used to be out on the ave

But now all my keys got the Midas stampChange my name to Sweet Charles

Smell like sixty-four dollar cologne

Comin' down in burgundy Brougham

And I keep a chip off in my phone

Sweet Charles, bitch! Hold up smoke somethin'

C'mon c'mon