

Be More Careful (feat. E-40)

Akon

The more I look at her, the more I look it here
The streets are kinda crazy like damn, I gotta be more careful
It's ugly out here man These niggas out here talkin', these bitches ain't no good
I'm strapped up and I'm on one and wishin' it go wood
I'm ridin' 'round in my big thang, still up in my hood
I'm ridin' 'round with that big thang cause niggas ain't no good I've got to be, got to be, got to be more careful
I've got to be, got to be, go-got to be more careful
I've got to be, got to be, got to be more careful
I've got to be, got to be, go-got to be more careful Like Scarface, who can I trust?
Bonfire, this only us
I'm outchea, I gotta have it
Paper chasin', I gotta grab it
Money talks, I don't talk about it
Take the loss, be a boss about it
Catch me slippin', I really doubt it
I don't leave my house without it
My masterpiece, bad about it
Jealous nigga, that's old shit
Laugh about, cop more whips
And hustle hard, get more chips
I got to be more careful, these niggas out here feds
I got to be more careful, go read what he said
It changed out here and all my silent niggas are gone
Somehow, somewhere, all the shit that went wrong
I never thought that it'd get to this
All these niggas, all snitchin' in
If it's too hot to handle it
Then stay on out and I'm catchin' in These niggas out here talkin', these bitches ain't no good
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I've got to be, got to be, got to be more careful
I've got to be, got to be, go-got to be more careful They slip outchea, Deba
Got to be more careful
Never leave the crib, never leave my home
Without my street instrument, my baritone
Blat! This what I put aside
Polite on the sucker, leave his face in his lap

I get it play the game of death, they don't play fair
Gotta pack up 30 dig and always stay prepared
I got some Girl Scout cookies and some Jackie
A badass bitch with a short hair
Tatiana Ali but, blowin' all up in my Ruprecon truck
Should I say G? Talk is cheap
Skatin' through the streets your tremendous ass be
My money kinda tall but I don't play ball
Actin' all the pictures nick the paint off the wall
Wutchu need? Problem you havin' mane?
I'm like the concierge, I can get you anything
My heart that pump, get my heart pumped, propane
I've always been a factor, I ain't never gonna lame
Got a couple crash dummies that will wrap you like a mummy
Push you in the graveyard where it's dark, got Sunny
Do it for a friend but I ain't gotta give him money
Slap you with the kid and they'll do anything for me These niggas out here talkin', these bitches ain't no good
I'm strapped up and I'm on one and wishin' it go wood
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