They Might Be Taping

E-40

[E-40]I like this Rick Rock
I don't be slackin in my mackin, I be doin it in a player fashion
Makin it happen, speakers slappin, scootin and skatin and Cadillac'n
I be, representin my region and pullin up in somethin decent
Used to buy shit off the lot, but now lately I've been leasin
Like the white man I've been thinkin, tryin to come up with a plan
How to spend this dope money, buy some houses and some land
Tryin to teach you niggaz somethin, tryin to lace you like a shoe
Buy a couple of big Celebrities pimpin it ain't gotta be brand new
I'm a boss about my shit, about the way I carry it
The way I wear my glasses low, the way I sport my toothpick
The way I pop it at a hoe, the way I utilize my mouth
The way I keep my fuckin blowover over at a relative's house
Beware of yo' surroundings, gotta handpick yo' cronies
Gotta be about your allowance, and X out all the phonies
Gotta watch out for them folks, gotta watch yo' conversations
Gotta be careful on the phones cause them folks might be taping
[Chorus](Aww shit, talk in pig latin, use the codes)
They might be taping
(Aww man, you think they taping?)
Gotta be careful on the phones cause them folks might be taping
(Aww shit, they readin lips, cover your nose)
They might be taping
(Naw man, you think they taping?)
Gotta be careful on the phones cause them folks might be taping
[E-40]40 {?} an ounce of space, ain't even had time to wash my face
I been in the traffic tryin to get it, I ain't got time to fuckin waste
My money's short like I'm slippin, I'm tryin to smack it up and flip it
I'm tryin to turn this thousand dollars into a quarter of a mill' ticket
Some of you suckers be lyin to kick it, but that ain't the fuckin way
Niggaz be sellin mo' wolf tickets than fake autographs on eBay
My orangutangs'll growl, with our upside down smile
We been doin it for a while, you can check my d-boy file

I be fuckin 'em up like this man, I be killin 'em off like that
Divin up in them hoes mayne and treatin them hoes like rats
Niggaz don't really know that I'm so sincere about this here
Niggaz don't really know that I got my name from drinkin beer
Do a cauliflowered ear, me and my muskateers

Come through with them choppers, let the lil' homey steer
I like to dress up in my doctors, camouflage my real career
But I'm really packin woppers, pistols rusty like Pam Grier
[Chorus][Interlude]"Taping, taping, taping-taping-taping" [2X]
[E-40] They might be taping
"Taping, taping, taping-taping-taping" [2X]
[E-40] Gotta be careful on the phones cause them folks might be taping
[E-40]I wish a motherfucker would, I'm still livin my second childhood
My mentality, my frame of mind, all hood
I'm in the local booth with my nine, breakin down a backwood
Sippin on 40, drink cloud nine, try to get it while it's good
In the heart of the soil, in the middle of the paint, where it ain't
Where we park our cars on the grass, sell hop and push crank
Where the dopefiends dig in our tracks and siphon gas from our tanks
Where the biggest hypocrites in the church call themselves saints
I don't gossip like bitches I mind my own fuckin business
Dig yaper good money cause that sucker shit ain't nutritious
I don't be burnin no bridges I'm a loyalist 'bout my riches
Gumbo pots boil, good with the skillet like a chemist
Steady long like a female weave, cooler than antifreeze
Bust you in the toe like Eddie Murphy did DeLouise
Act like you know what I represent, bitch please
That powdered milk section 8 and that government cheese, hoe!
[Chorus][Outro - same as Interlude]

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