The Story

E-40

Here's a little story I got to tell
And this dis goes on, again and again
Here's a little story I got to tell
And this dis goes on, again and againHere's a little story I got to tell
And this dis goes on, again and again
Here's a little story I got to tell
And this dis goes on, again and againI think it goes, ya live by the dirt, ya die by the shovel
You can repent and come with God or you can know a Devil
You can go and get a job or you can do some federal
But if I were you, I'd straighten up and do some next levelI often tweak when I drives
How can a small town like Vallejo have all these homicides?
Man, fools be droppin' like flies
Maybe we do need mo' brothers sellin' bean piesAnd it's a fool 'cuz everybody mama's know each other
It ain't cool, but you know black folks like to act they color
Wonder why all the good people get put through some many
Different changes of the weather and all those folks that do wrong
Seem like they live foreverI wish I can rewind time, remember when we used to get
Free lunch and the city bus used to cost a dime?
Runnin' around, talkin' about you got the cooties
Liftin' up skirts, and touchin' girl's bootiesBoy, take those shoes off before ya come up in dis house and
Whatever you do, don't you sit on Grand Mama's plastic covered couch
Why's it that when all the homeys get together, we get back in the days
And how come every time we get drunk somebody bring up AIDSLife is something you cant borrow and give back
Here today and gone tomorrow
Just like thatPat yo rats on yo back , patch your rats on your back
Take some time out yo waltz , take some time out yo waltz
And tell your loved ones that you love 'em every so oftenHere's a little story I got to tell
And this dis goes on, again and again
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And this dis goes on, again and againHere's a little story I got to tell
And this dis goes on, again and again
Here's a little story I got to tell
And this dis goes on, again and againFetti is the key to end all your woes
Contemporary crib, cash, cars and clothes
But fetti 'cuz problems like guns and spears
Familys fall out and don't talk for yearsLike my cromey, like my cromey
They called him big bread Ed
His first cousin set him up and left his ass for deadChurches, wakes, nothing unusual, seem like every other

Damn day I'm buyin' a brand new suit for a funeral
Have yo pockets ever lost weight, and you ain't even tried
Did you wonder if yo cash was on a dietSee, when you're up, everybody wanna come around
But when ya down, ain't nobody out there to be found
If you love someone you should tell 'em often
Ya never know when they'll be layin' in a coffinDedicated to my peoples up in jail
Ya partner 40-Wada gotta story to tell, a story to tellHere's a little story I got to tell
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Here's a little story I got to tell
And this dis goes on, again and againYou can take da ninja out da ghetto, the ghetto
But not the ghetto out da ninja, give me life for 3 rocks
But I won't surrender, oh, he's a heathen, heathen
Look at the way he dress, he must be dealin', dealin'
How did he get that Lex?Of course, if it ain't used get spokes, it's crime and coast
It's all dey work, shootin' shit up and actin' tough, ridin' around
With gold an' stuff, it's rough, how much money you earn, enough
I own my own law firmDon't need a tux, I tweaks pea coats and khakis
Khakis, Levis and T-shirts
Levis and T-shirts, whatever the street's works
Street's works, partner
Dude, you been actin' kinda funny lately since you even
Got a few bucks
But I'm still folks, Wilson Park
Member three flies upAnd this goes on, again and again
Dis goes on, again and again
Ain't nothin' changed but the territory, territory
Same time, different day, different storyHere's a little story I got to tell
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