

Hope I Don't Go Back

E-40

What's happenin'?
You need to take it inside
Take what inside?
You're disturbing the peace Yeah yeah, I done got too big to be hoppin'
Over barbed wire fences, right?
But I had this one broad
She was so damn sprung she use What? Uhh, and ahh, and a VHS camera
And a VHS camera
I promise you playboy
It was somethin' serious, felt so damn good Hope I don't go back to slangin' ya-yo
Slangin' llello, to get my mail
See a lot of people don't know
The legendary status of which I come from
Old school like Cab Calloway
Right
Hot damn, I taught him his thang he do Hope I don't go back to slangin' ya-yo
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Hot damn, I taught him his thang he do Been a hustler since birth, mama sellin' dubs in church
Red-handed, caught me stealin' money our her purse
Got branded, permanent whip scars on my back
'Cause I used to get beat, with racing car tracks But now me got wealth, holdin' a conference call on my
Hands free car telephone lookin' like I'm talkin' to myself
Shootin' the breeze cuttin' it up real smooth like
Choppin' it up like two business men Talkin' about it, by the way B
What we doin' this week on SoundScan?
If I ain't in Japan, I'm in the Valley
Or maybe next door in Gary Payton bowling alley Or maybe at the shootin' range, me and Banks
Or on the golf course, with Merton Hanks
Or we lay in the sun, give me my propers
With a beat that's out of this world, lookin' down on doctors
Sippin' on the porch, watchin' my kids play basketball
In the backyard on a 40 by 63 foot long sports court Hope I don't go back to slangin' ya-yo
Slangin' llello, to get my mail
See a lot of people don't know
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Old school like Cab Calloway

Right

Hot damn, I taught him his thang he doBusiness spot up in the wilderness, coyotes and wild boars

[Unverified] days like this were made strictly for outdoors

Twenty inch gold super Bravos on my [unverified] everybody ain't poor

To be blessed with success with an independent-ass record labelCheck it out, marbles, I got the game from my

Uncle Saint Thomas

Used to bank across the street at Wells Fargo

But now it's Merrill Lynch

And just think, I used to sit the benchI remember gettin' chased by the cops, had to get my stomach pumped

Full of a quarter ounce of rocks, late afternoon

Probably waitin' for me outside of Vallejo Kaiser Permanente

Emergency room with glocks, ready to rideAnd hang me to death, somehow I managed to make my escape
through

The back of the cafeteria by the vending machine department quickly

Found myself runnin' through the Friendship Apartment Complex

Over there by the railroad tracks, around the corner from the

People's Continuation High School

Somewhere off in the lights, behind Je-nai's Liquor oohHope I don't go back to slangin' ya-yo

Slangin' llello, to get my mail

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Hot damn, I taught him his thang he doGet my mail, check it out, dope game ain't goin'

Now it seems the, white-collared crimes, are hookin' up phones

"Charlie Hustle, I got a few homies, I'm doing a compilation

Should I go with [unverified]"I tell em, "Hell yeah, that's a done deal", drew them off the hinges

[Unverified] them did my cover and my bus benches

Game warrior invested, worldwide sick-wid-it clique, independent chips

Lay that down, lay that down, that's what I'm sayin'I'm gonna tell you it's cool, 'cause your playa partner

Take his other money right, and then he'll sit up here

And he'll take it then he'll say, "Hold on main"

Let me handle some phone boothsLet me get off into the business, dealers, ballers

Let me get off into the florist business, Beamers, barbershops

Get into commercial lots

Merchants, whatever fertilizes the right way of livin'You dig what I'm sayin' man? Ay look

Playboy, I look at myself and I say, "Hold on main"

Lemme see what's down, lemme translate it

Lemme translate it into some marbles

Lemme liquidate my revenues

You understand what I'm sayin' 40-WatermelonAy, but look here, I'm here to sprinkle my

Godzilla brawler playboy potnas untouchable

Mafia game warriors to adjust to the situations

That goes down in they life, I ain't playin' wit it manHope I don't go back to slangin' ya-yo

Slangin' llello, to get my mail
See a lot of people don't know
The legendary status of which I come from
Old school like Cab Calloway
Right
Hot damn, I taught him his thang he do
There's too many jealous brothers in this game
I can't stand the same, I gotta mine Hope I don't go back to slangin' ya-yo
Slangin' llello, to get my mail
See a lot of people don't know
The legendary status of which I come from
Old school like Cab Calloway
Right
Hot damn, I taught him his thang he do
I gotta get my money on Don't wanna go, don't wanna go
Back to the game, hey

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