

# One More Gen

## E-40

I'm tryin' to hear some of that Mobb  
Make it sound like a gorilla tryin' to get up out the trunk  
(Yeah, well let's get this crackin' then)  
Super duper super duper, trunk rattlin'  
(That's what I'm talkin 'bout)  
Old school, in the basement  
(Some for the trunk)  
Magazine Street, Hillside type  
(This is what we do, all day like this)  
Mobb now  
(Get this crackin' den)  
It's a drought on  
(Now)  
What you holla? What you say? What dey know?  
What dey know about this? So what dey know?  
What dey know about this? So what dey know?  
Now, strictly mobb, strictly mobb  
I might be rich and I rap  
But, a hundred dollars worth of food stamps for 45 dollars  
Nigga fat, I wasn't fin' to bite on that  
I stay on stuff, a cup  
I likes to drink out the bottle  
Mix Gordon's Gin with Donald Duck ? Secure my novel  
When, I was fifteen years old  
Straight dope game, I was told  
I had them hoes stealin' clothes for me, boostin' and sellin' they body  
That's how it's supposed to be by nature 'cause I'm naughty, naughty  
La-Di-Da-Di, we likes to pull triggers  
We do 'cause trouble 'cause we dump on  
Yeah, I'm just a hustler, remember that? Mr. Flamboyant 1989  
Down and Dirty, Federal, B-Legit the Savage, D-Shot the Shot Caller  
My little sista Suga T Sprinkle Me on the money motivated mission  
Tryin' to have it in a major way after I was on the late night grind  
Strapped with nines and Desert Eagles  
Me and my weeples come deeper than them skinny  
Crept on us not too long ago  
Sold our Lexuses and went back to the Cutlass Supreme  
Buster demand they Zima's and forked toes  
Starwise, with the helicopter knockoffs

My down south thugs call 'em elbows, turnin' heads  
With the personalized license plates with the tremendous bump  
They nose, fakin' them domes  
Breakin' and shakin' the neighborhood up, disturbin' homes  
Ridin' on rims, Reyimmms, slidin' through stop signs  
Just like them action films  
Watch me no cost to pay off my speeding tickets and fines  
Giving myself up to the Elroy's  
Doing time on the weekends, all up in the county writin' rhymes  
It's just some, that you can ride to  
Some, for you to smoke to  
Some, that you can to  
Some, that I can relate to  
It's just some that you can listen to, one mo' gen  
Make you stop at the liquor sto', and purchase some gin  
Some to make a nigga practice lookin' hard  
Some for all my folkers on the boulevard  
It's traditional, heavy ass for the mobb  
I got more bass in my rock, than Third Eye Blind  
Forty-Wata-Wata main don't tell me you gonna resign  
It's too early for this, dude you in your prime  
I said, no not me, I won't stop  
I'ma do it for my Tupac  
Sober see, that can't be  
I been pervin' all day since six o'clock  
I pull a bootch like a bad tooth  
With the cheapest econo lodge a like me can find  
Drop her off out in the middle of nowhere next to a phone booth  
Stranded freezin' to death  
Empty handed can it  
Stubborn hella hard to reason with  
It's game orienfested, let me explain it  
I know they say that I been givin' up too much game  
  
But I'ma teach ya how to blossom with my new invention  
You might wanna pay attention  
I used to sell Kirby vacuum cleaners but I wasn't a punk  
I worked at Mickey D's  
(What did you make?)  
Employee of the Month  
Livin' above my means that's a bald-faced lie  
Po-po's raid, I got an alibi  
Shot my first video for 20 bucks  
Some cheap , Marriot's Great America  
Mean Green hooked me up down South

Made a name for myself by word of mouth  
It's just some, that you can ride to  
Some, for you to smoke to  
Some, that you can to  
Some, I can relate to  
It's just some that you can listen to, one mo' gen  
Make you stop at the liquor sto', and purchase some gin  
Some to make a nigga practice lookin' hard  
Some for all my folkers on the boulevard  
Hah, oh, what dey know?  
Oh, what dey know about this? Oh, what dey know?  
Oh, what dey know about this? Oh, what dey know?  
Hella, the board of weebleizations up in this  
The board of weebleizations  
Head Above Water productions  
Collaborated with my, Sam Bosstigili  
Professor Bosstigili up on this track  
They nose up like this  
Where that Sojourn at, whattup boy?  
It's just some, that you can ride to  
Some, for you to smoke to  
Some, that you can to  
Some, I can relate to  
It's just some that you can listen to, one mo' gen  
Make you stop at the liquor sto', and purchase some gin  
Some to make a nigga practice lookin' hard  
Some for all my folkers on the boulevard  
With this here, we mobbin' out, we mobbin' out, Suga T  
(Ay, whassup gurl?)  
D-Shot  
(D-Shot?)  
B-Legit up in this  
(Yo, E-Feezee main)  
Young Muggzy, Keveo  
(You know)  
Tap that ass Celly Cell  
(Whassup? Whassup?)  
My Big Bone Tyrone  
(Big Buddha)  
D-Day from A-1  
They doin' it like that down they ass  
The Reservoir Hoggs up in this  
(All day smashin')  
There go Max and that Parlay  
LeVitti the R&B singer on they ass

Gonna they nose with that Mobb  
They head like that  
My little young cousin' Mac Mall up in this  
From the V-Town I thought you thought all the time  
Up in they, ass tall can B  
(Sic-wid-it nigga)  
Cousin C-Bo, that Otis and Shug singin'  
"I hope I don't go back to slangin' llello" on they ass  
Cousin Lil Bruce, Mac Shon  
That K-1, Gino, Smitty, The Funk Mobb up in this ass  
They heads up like this  
V-Town nigga Millersville I thought you thought  
(Uh, huh)  
Yeah, my cousins Down-n-Dirty  
Kamikaze and the Mobb Unit  
I thought, they thought

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