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 Resevoir 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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