

# Brownie Points (feat. A-1)

## E-40

Yeah  
Seven, oh, seven  
Yeah, Charlie Hustle  
Playa, playa  
What's wrong with these old niggaz, man?  
D-day, what's wrong with these niggaz? What's wrong with these niggaz?  
This fuckin' game, tryin'  
To get brownie points and stripes  
Smack points yeah  
(Yeah) You got somethin' for these old niggaz, doe  
What we got fo' 'em big balla?  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Beotch What's the subject? Fo' brings niggaz they Kotex  
Where we reside, I creeps my ass up inside  
And smash these brownies off in his face  
That I done shitted and pissed on, dude, how that taste? Catch him out his place, out of his area  
With his nephew and his niece, ooh, the more the merrier  
Nigga tried to fuck mines off  
(What'd he do?)  
Tried to gauge the porch with my broads on Watoo Dude, you done broke fuckin' code  
I'm first ta dump drop clip, dump, drop, clip, reload  
Be like I can motherfuckin' explode  
Talkin' about I'll be fuckin' all kind of women That's B R P, blade, run or pimpin'  
Once upon a time there was this guy named Dane  
Tried to fuck my bitch, but he kris crossed game  
I don't owe this motherfucker in the first But he done made livin' in my house  
A whole lot worse  
Tryin' to gain some stripes It's nothin' nice, read him his rights  
Collar him and laugh, rollin over and politickin' with the vice  
Crackin' under pressure, bust a pipe  
Snake eyes is crooked dice (Goin' all up, out your way just to get them brownie points)  
It's steaks and knives, read him his rights  
So called best friend'll stab yo' ass in the back with a knife  
And try to put yo' ass on ice For brownie points and stripes  
For brownie points and stripes  
Niggaz'll take your life  
Just to get them brownie points You niggaz got me stuck, what?  
Watchin' y'all spit it and get it fucked up  
Lucked up, my mobb, niggaz, yeah, we gon' bust what

If he isn't never see mail, 'cause that we sell  
Dope by the truckloads, hoes can catch it retail  
Motherfuckers grindin' but we all ain't played  
And all ain't paid, now watch 'em all get sprayed  
Laid back and watch him misprint it, we been spit it  
For you newcomers who thinkin' you done it, I put my fist in it  
Let yo' bitch get it, serve a D and watch a bitch  
split it  
If I ain't wit' it, it wasn't enough fuckin' chips in it  
Niggaz try to gain stripe, I flame mic  
Got 'em all caught up in the same shit, call it game tight  
Keep my name hyped, strivin' to get my name right  
When it's fucked up, I'm the one you can blame right  
Hatin' on my niggaz when I did the shit  
Yo, we the shit, represent this Hogg ass bitch  
It's nothin' nice, read him his rights  
Collar him and laugh, rollin' over and politickin' with the vice  
Crackin' under pressure, bust a pipe  
Snake eyes is crooked dice  
(Goin' all up, out your way just to get them brownie points)  
It's steaks and knives, read him his rights  
So called best friend'll stab yo' ass in the back with a knife  
And try to put yo' ass on ice  
For brownie points and stripes  
For brownie points and stripes  
Niggaz'll take your life  
Just to get them brownie points  
Young Mack Jr., ain't nothin' but 14, Mack Jr. think he tough  
Mack Jr. be havin' problems with his stomach  
Throwin' up that green stuff, Mack Jr. done tried everything  
(In the bay)  
The whole Taco  
Mack Jr. be takin' whiffles of that Khadafi and shovin' it up his nostrils  
Mack Jr. just got out the hall, Jr. I call your bluff  
Jr. ain't to be played, Jr. quick to bust  
Mack Jr. be geekin', Mack Jr. be havin' withdrawal  
Mack Jr. be tweekin', Mack Jr. be workin' hella close with  
the law  
I don't know this motherfucker, never saw the dude  
But Mack Jr., all the time be seein'  
My viznideos on the tizznelevision tube  
Fool know not that he'll blunder, I got yo' ass hypnotized  
Talkin about, when you see that nigga E-40, 'Element of Surprise'  
One of my fellas overheard about it in the pen, chopped a couple of kites  
Told me to be careful cause niggaz'll take yo' life for braggin rights  
That ain't fair so stop that, baby  
Attitude why do niggaz gotta cheat  
Don't them niggaz know I got enough fetti  
To put they whole fuckin' family to sleep?  
It's nothin nice read him his rights  
Collar him and laugh, rollin' over and politickin' with the vice  
Crackin' under pressure, bust a pipe  
Snake eyes is crooked dice  
(Goin' all up, out your way just to get them brownie points)  
It's steaks and knives read him his rights  
So called best friend'll stab yo' ass in the back with a knife  
And try to put yo' ass on ice  
For brownie points and stripes  
For brownie points and stripes

Niggaz'll take your life  
Just to get them brownie points

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>