# Fuck Em'

## E-40

Let me gas this shit right quick
UHH!
[Verse 1:]
40 Something, still got it
Fuck double platinum I'm try'na go double profit
I'm in my own lane, that independent shit
They back fuckin with me, a hundred thousand shit
I'm a pyramid you a square
I got that from my nigga Shake Da Mayor
Mr. Flamboyant is back I cut my head
They wanna see me go pop but the streets won't let me take it there
As real as they come it's the shortish on me
I feel they organic no MSG
They diffy can't understand me they tardy
They true they hella late they outta touch with the streets
They favorite rapper is weak to me they need to stop sleeping on me
Separately from the game I'm a whole 'nother pedigree
They don't did them like they used to no mo, mane I'm alone
Brah I made outta steel these niggas made outta Styrofoam
[Hook:]
This industry ass niggas (FUCK EM!)
A&R's that think that they rappers (FUCK EM!)
Set tripping ass DJ's (FUCK EM!)
Closed-minded program directors (FUCK EM!)
Internet tough guys (FUCK EM!)
Managers that steal and lie (FUCK EM!)
Janky ass promoters (FUCK EM!)
If they ain't rockin' with E-40 (FUCK EM!)
[Verse 2:]
These funny ass acting commercialize rappers be killing me
But they wouldn't be shit without radio, BET or MTV
Everybody wanna know how I got famous how I became a celebrity
I did it independently didn't nobody signed me potna I signed me
What the fuck you think E-40 be saying is he really from the game?
People love me mane I'm an icon it's more than just my slang
People bug me mane like a python I squeeze on em mane
When you goin retire? Probably when I expire (uhh)
You might not see me on the TV channel
But in the hit I'm still hot like the left sink handle

Mobster like Marlon Randolph keep it lid like a candle
Or sumthing like Rambo who's mandatory I pull the torch (uhh)
I'm an intelligent heevan
Fuck Chico State Police, they ban me for no reason
And oh yeah, just to let'chu suckers know
I ain't rapping to fast y'all just listening too slow
[Hook]
[Verse 3:]
Uhh! They thought I was this but I was really that
I been making records before some of y'all was in y'all daddy's nut sack
Water then ever
Matta fact I think I'm better than I was hella years ago selling tapes out the liquor sto'
How many years was that bro? I don't know
Prolly 24 couple of the vaca's or so, the late eighties about my doe
Did you pitch that blow? Man I plead the fif
How you get rich than tho? Bitch by doing this...
Dedication of hard work, sweat and tears, this ain't luck
This one of the longest runs in any rap career nigga what
I got my name from drink and hella beers to the gut
Standing in front of my home nicknamed by Derek Jones (BITCH)
I been selling my own with my cell phone me and my own money
Just me and my family I don't know nobody
But my fans and my folks and my real homies
That be ready to scrap if somebody say sumthing bad about me
[Hook]

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