

Da Bumble (Prod. Mike Mosley, Sam Bostic)

E-40

I flipped a Lexi, speed up and catch me
Lexus of Concord, reached out and touched me
Some of you hoe fake ass niggas like Roz, be messy
I know some beautiful black intelligent women, they're sexy
E-40's back and blackened
I don't be barkin, nor even high cappin
You better watch me, I'm comin smeBBin
Ninety-five, ninety-six, ninety-seven
Bet your persodian, 30-R-6-castodian
Special shout to Casual Del the Souls and opium
About the town, the Valley-Joe
Just like a democratic, I'm for' the po'
Fuck the bumble, New Clik Shit ain't no punk hoe
Pedestrian stumble sound like a gorilla
tryin to get up out of a trunk hoe
Continue strikin it, hope you likin it
Filthy McNasties at the bus stop hitchhikin' it
Every egg that I pull in bulges
When it comes to spittin I'm ferocious
Management in cabbages, Savage
Hangin out when all the sudden I'm eatin ham sandwiches
All day, everyday, 40 play, he say
She say, bieetch! that-a-way
Keep it goin though - don't stop
Shakin baking soda, forms a rock
36 steps on a triple beam scale
Burn the duct tape but keep all the ya-yo
Rip a peel, extra crisp, really really
Ate it like I'm a specialist
(Drisidrisomina?) is the illest zaggin
Thinkin I put cause like this
You know I'm (puzackin'?)
M the mornin, cookin bacon
From the ghetto in the bullet-proof apron
Here comes the laws, valium crushin through my balls
I rip my drawers runnin from the canine cocaine-sniffing dogs
Some niggaz hate me, some niggaz love me
Some niggaz shake my paw, some niggaz mug
I see ya tweakin, I see ya peekin

Y'all bootches with me, why you sleepin?
A motherfucker ain't gotta be Flash Gordon
always runnin up the backstreets in a batch
That having a hoe protect the shit won't work
that batch just wants your scrizzach
Lettin em know, preferred zodiac sign Scorpio
See the breeze soldier, V-A-L-L-E-J-O
Never show witness to your
Never leave your crib with out your pepper, beeotch!
I'm tryin to get legal with it
Open up a shop cotton candy and licorice
Cash in stashes, that's a must
We leavin with a million and that's a plus
Don't get it twisted, don't try to find me
Might be in Switzerland, or Hawaii
1-2-3-40, wheels new shoes scrappin toe to toe
Crack black jack and keno, strike sideways hit Reno
Ball cappin, no smilin
Sittin lo somethin profilin, beeitch!
Fuck the bumble, you bitches it ain't no punk hoe
You clits it ain't no punk hoe

Songwriters

Mosley, Michael / Stevens, Earl T / Bostic, SamPublished by

Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected
by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>