

# Circumstances

## E-40

Uhh, dry as the fuck and I'm one left with yo-yo  
Seven houses down, black street, dark folk don't matter tho'  
I don't know who to trust, what to look fo'  
How many niggaz wanna kill me? I'm havin' a, hard time tryin' to determine  
If that's the homey or the enemy  
Ol' shady-ass, no build for that  
Just lookin' like he plottin' on somethin'-ass nigga But I wanted to mack like he fin' to do somethin'  
And I'll get to be dumpin' on yo' ass nigga  
One of the main rules of the game without a doubt  
Nigga don't you ever pull a gun and don't use it  
Nigga that's a good way to get your brains blow out Motherfucker like me get to flashin' then I lose it  
Leave that ol' shit up to me and watch me prove it  
Nigga, you betta be real about this shit  
If you in it you in it don't be no punk  
Nigga this ain't no baseball game  
Niggaz don't forfeit no damm funk Two brothers goin' sack for sack in the back of the 'llac  
Takin' a whiffle, strippin' the fuck up out of some willow  
Poppin' ecstasy like Skittles  
It'll get you in the long run, sniffin' them long ones Way girl burst ya dick and now it got ya on one  
Came up shorted, circumstances nigga quote it  
What goes around comes around tryin' to steal this Brady hostess  
Keep your focus and never the love of the hocus pocus  
Set up hoes lovin' to get jackers to come and smoke us Die-hard soldier, T-Pup-alicious, cops get vicious  
No mercy on haters or no bitches  
Got in my clitches waitin' for a nigga to take some chances  
So we can deal with these hardco' Sic-Wid-It-ass circumstances Takin' all these chances  
You might never ever, ever get them circumstances  
Takin' all these chances  
You might never ever, ever get them circumstances I said the world is full of crack babies  
I remember when the world went crazy  
Till I copped a sack and put it down like that  
And rolled out like it didn't even fade me I said the world is full of crack babies  
I remember when the world went crazy  
Till I copped a sack and put it down like that  
And rolled out like it didn't even fade me Nigga, slang suga delight enough to get my hustle right  
It's double like a flip new Benzo with the bubble lights  
Scuffle fights with rats and roaches, I was the brokest  
Motherfucker, now I'm the closest nigga to ballin' ferocious Motherfucker, dust a nigga off like wax off, cracks  
off a hard

Pimpin' ain't easy and motherfucker, only if you breezy  
 Easy does it, I does it do it off the fluid  
 Come with the newest shit I come through with Bitch, don't you hear the music?  
 (Don't you hear the music? Too sexy for my shirt)  
 Too sexy for my shirt so bad hurt niggaz on the turf  
 Aanna put my ass up in the dirt 'Cause I skirt a Lex-o and slurp a genie bottle full of X-O  
 Or maybe 'cause I'm with 40-Water and a jug of ethel  
 You can't love it, don't leave the ghetto  
 Me and I'm heated like two jugs of methyl Damn, cydal shit when vital shit starts to happen  
 Eager to be the nigga just for cappin'  
 Strappin' up ain't no thang, it's survival  
 It's makin' sure you all good when it comes to enemies and rivals It's higher learning, but it's True Lies  
 When it comes to the Superfly  
 Speedy Gonzalez destroys from the Eastside  
 Is it ridicule or stardom? Did we hurt yo' feelings, pardon I'm makin niggaz fall like cops on Rage in Harlem  
 I'm on some moonshine shit  
 Bit the cork off the Cristal  
 I'm drunk so let me chill for a while Takin' all these chances  
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 And rolled out like it didn't even fade me Aww, yeah, yeah, now niggaz know  
 Well, ain't no sense in me fuckin' around  
 My stompin' ground be the H I double L S I D E  
 Bound to touch you with them tecs and make them marks Bounce like checks  
 Slide a faulty bitch up under these niggaz  
 And killin 'em off with sex Ain't no tellin' what angle I'm comin' with these circumstances  
 Penitentiary chances, nina ruff fluffin' tap dancers  
 On your hood for breedin' snitch' bitch-made niggaz  
 Don't fade triggers so they quick get sprayed niggaz I fuck with wig-splitters, Colombian neck-tie throat slitters  
 Take a long time business to get paid to get rid of you cheater  
 Chatter police-ass niggaz takin' chances  
 Man you can't fuck with these circumstances And all you O.G. motherfuckers better stop tryin' to mark them  
 yungsta  
 'Cause sooner or later, they gon' dump, like some garbage dusters  
 Tryin to throw yo' weight around like you gon', uhh, take over a spot  
 Nigga don't you know these youngsters nowadays  
 Be off that water and hot? Takin' all these chances  
 You might never ever, ever get them circumstances  
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