

# Hope I Don't Go Back

## E-40

What's happenin'?  
You need to take it inside  
Take what inside?  
You're disturbing the peace  
Yeah yeah, I done got too big to be hoppin'  
Over barbed wire fences, right?  
But I had this one broad  
She was so damn sprung she use  
What? Uhh, and ahh, and a VHS camera  
And a VHS camera  
I promise you playboy  
It was somethin' serious, felt so damn good  
Hope I don't go back to slangin' ya-yo  
Slangin' llello, to get my mail  
See a lot of people don't know  
The legendary status of which I come from  
Old school like Cab Calloway  
Right  
Hot damn, I taught him his thang he do  
Hope I don't go back to slangin' ya-yo  
Slangin' llello, to get my mail  
See a lot of people don't know  
The legendary status of which I come from  
Old school like Cab Calloway  
Right  
Hot damn, I taught him his thang he do  
Been a hustler since birth, mama sellin' dubs in church  
Red-handed, caught me stealin' money out her purse  
Got branded, permanent whip scars on my back  
'Cause I used to get beat, with racing car tracks  
But now me got wealth, holdin' a conference call on my  
Hands free car telephone lookin' like I'm talkin' to myself  
Shootin' the breeze cuttin' it up real smooth like  
Choppin' it up like two business men  
Talkin' about it, by the way B  
What we doin' this week on SoundScan?  
If I ain't in Japan, I'm in the Valley  
Or maybe next door in Gary Payton bowling alley  
Or maybe at the shootin' range, me and Banks

Or on the golf course, with Merton Hanks  
Or we lay in the sun, give me my props  
With a beat that's out of this world, lookin' down on doctors  
Sippin' on the porch, watchin' my kids play basketball  
In the backyard on a 40 by 63 foot long sports court  
Hope I don't go back to slangin' ya-yo  
Slangin' llello, to get my mail  
See a lot of people don't know  
The legendary status of which I come from  
Old school like Cab Calloway  
Right  
Hot damn, I taught him his thang he do  
Business spot up in the wilderness, coyotes and wild boars  
[Unverified] days like this were made strictly for outdoors  
Twenty inch gold super Bravos on my [unverified] everybody ain't poor  
To be blessed with success with an independent-ass record label  
Check it out, marbles, I got the game from my Uncle Saint Thomas  
Used to bank across the street at Wells Fargo  
But now it's Merrill Lynch  
And just think, I used to sit the bench  
I remember gettin' chased by the cops, had to get my stomach pumped  
Full of a quarter ounce of rocks, late afternoon  
Probably waitin' for me outside of Vallejo Kaiser Permanente  
Emergency room with glocks, ready to ride  
And hang me to death, somehow I managed to make my escape through  
The back of the cafeteria by the vending machine department quickly  
Found myself runnin' through the Friendship Apartment Complex  
Over there by the railroad tracks, around the corner from the  
People's Continuation High School  
Somewhere off in the lights, behind Je-nai's Liquor ooh  
Hope I don't go back to slangin' ya-yo  
Slangin' llello, to get my mail  
See a lot of people don't know  
The legendary status of which I come from  
Old school like Cab Calloway  
Right  
Hot damn, I taught him his thang he do  
Get my mail, check it out, dope game ain't goin'  
Now it seems the, white-collared crimes, are hookin' up phones  
"Charlie Hustle, I got a few homies, I'm doing a compilation  
Should I go with [unverified]"  
I tell em, "Hell yeah, that's a done deal", drew them off the hinges  
[Unverified] them did my cover and my bus benches  
Game warrior invested, worldwide sick-wid-it clique, independent chips  
Lay that down, lay that down, that's what I'm sayin'

I'm gonna tell you it's cool, 'cause your playa partner  
Take his other money right, and then he'll sit up here  
And he'll take it then he'll say, "Hold on main"  
Let me handle some phone booths  
Let me get off into the business, dealers, ballers  
Let me get off into the florist business, Beamers, barbershops  
Get into commercial lots  
Merchants, whatever fertilizes the right way of livin'  
You dig what I'm sayin' man? Ay look  
Playboy, I look at myself and I say, "Hold on main"  
Lemme see what's down, lemme translate it  
Lemme translate it into some marbles  
Lemme liquidate my revenues  
You understand what I'm sayin' 40-Watermelon  
Ay, but look here, I'm here to sprinkle my  
Godzilla brawler playboy potnas untouchable  
Mafia game warriors to adjust to the situations  
That goes down in they life, I ain't playin' wit it man  
Hope I don't go back to slangin' ya-yo  
Slangin' llello, to get my mail  
See a lot of people don't know  
The legendary status of which I come from  
Old school like Cab Calloway  
Right  
Hot damn, I taught him his thang he do  
There's too many jealous brothers in this game  
I can't stand the same, I gotta mine  
Hope I don't go back to slangin' ya-yo  
Slangin' llello, to get my mail  
See a lot of people don't know  
The legendary status of which I come from  
Old school like Cab Calloway  
Right  
Hot damn, I taught him his thang he do  
I gotta get my money on  
Don't wanna go, don't wanna go  
Back to the game, hey

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