

Automatic

E-40

Automatic, systematic, do what you do playa
Just keep that money on ya mind
In the traffic, Baller status, do what you do playa
Just keep on hustlin' on the grind
Do the portable scale, stackin' my mil
Avoidin' the law, stayin' out of jail
Possession of sales, pocket all sales
Conspiracy charges, hate betrayals
Payin' the rent
'Cause I don't write nothin' down
I keep it all in my head, intelligent
About my business, memory like an elephant
Chasin' the dream, suit up for cream
Special represented tactics team
They out for teams and infrared beams
Pointed at domes, and backs, and spleens
Fire hydrants, ambulance sirens
Suspended license, police indictments
Righteously what it all boils down to
Is basically who's the wisest
Ooh, my heart made of granite
Slow down my spit so you squares can understand it
I didn't come in here empty handed
I came in here on business and y'all gone retrospect it dammit
Been out the game, did that mane
Vallejeo I claim, made the name
Feel my pain, ghetto fame
Magazine street hustla mane
Messin' around in the fast lane
Chevy, Cougars and Mustangs
Novas, Granadas, and Falcons
Project livin' and public housin'
Automatic, systematic, do what you do playa
Just keep that money on ya mind
(I got my mind on my money and my money on my mind, uh)
In the traffic, baller status, do what you do playa
Just keep on hustlin' on the grind
Ladies and gentlemen, it's ghetto F A Beezy, F A Sheezy
Bustas hate me 'cause I f'ed they breezies

Playboy, these techs spray easy
Like you don't know the hoodrat Hugh Hef play greasy
I get money on the grind
So if you got ya mind on my money, I put some money on ya mind
Ya honey gone be mine
'Cause ya diamond forecast is partly cloudy
The kids look sunny on the shine
I'm gettin' ticked off again
Y'all must like ridin' in long black caddy's that they stick coffins in
The click often been, blowin' sticky
That come in the same jars that they stick coffee in
And I got chicks offerin'
But I play hard to get, unless they suck me 'til my dick soft again
You lookin' at the way the coast to coast G do it
From the Brooklyn to the Bay, bring the hook in by the way, oh
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In the traffic, baller status, do what you do playa
Just keep on hustlin' on the grind
To all you playas out there hustlin'
And all my thugs that be thuggin'
To all you playas out there hustlin'
And all my thugs that be thuggin'
It don't matter if you locin' or bleedin'
Whether it's backwards or zig zags ya smokin' ya weed in
You slow pokin' or speedin'
All that counts to these motherfuckers is if you broke or succeedin'
I'm gettin' used to strokin' and sweetin', pokin' and skeetin'
Stayin' focused while feedin', so I don't choke what I'm eatin'
I'm lookin' for towns to put the coke and the weed in
To sit with white folks in a meetin', please believe it
I used to sell tapes up out my truck and slang Cain
Respected on the streets before the fame
Ain't nothin' lame or game goofy about my game
Paid my dues, obeyed the rules
Stuck to the script, me and the click
All a my fellows and all a my dawgs
Ridin' the mustard and mayonnaise on vogues
Feelin' em up, sittin' 'em down
Bossin' and flossin' all over the town
Hardest state Benzes ya ever heard
In ya life man, write that down
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