

Gasoline (feat. Turf Talk & Doonie)

E-40

[E-40]

Elite alloy candy coated custom paint
Verizon wireless phone
Jacob watch with interchangeable bands and five time zones
Tryin to holla at a redbone
Smokin on some cactus
Sippin on some super duper extra strength
A buck fifty a shot louie the thirteenth
Head hard as a rock stop by the barber shop
Shoot some craps in the back then hit the block
There go the elroys
They handcuffin my boys
They fittin to take 'em to the prestink
Couldn't say they ABC's backwards
So? Shoot I can't say my ABC's backwards when I'm sober
E-Figgady a different pedigree than most of these suckers up in this industry
be trying to copy me
Trend setta, game markin decta, vendetta, big chedda, soil block protectas(Chorus)
[Turf Talk & Doonie]
Hey, hey-ey
Fuck rallies ride gold ones mang
Sick Wid It nigga what you claim?
My niggaz spit gasoline (x2)[E-40]
Never low on gas
Never on an empty tank
High octane for the brain, puffin on some dank
Traffic backed up like a toilets do, bumper to bumper
Music on slap, sounding like a concert
Drink in my lap, finger on my thumper
Twist wig back, head crack
Flat line, alpine, deck
Rolla supplier, quiet as it's kept
I want to retire but I can't, the game needs me
The game would be boring without E-Feezy
I wake up every morning to a shot of liquor
A shoebox full of herb and some grits and turkey sausage for my liver
Sellin units out the trunk of my car
And just think, I started with a pickle jar
From a sixteenth of yowder to a quarter kick of blow

To a whole thing of some of that YOU KNOW!(Chorus)

[Turf Talk & Doonie]

Hey, hey

Fuck rallies, ride gold ones mang

Sick wid it nigga what you claim

My niggaz spit gasoline (x2)[E-40]

Yo, yo yo

I'm close, I'm doing the most, I flamboast

I coast, take my foot off the brake

Then I casper the friendly ghost up the interstate

Gettin neck motion, deep throat

Honey bout to choke

I got brigadels to see, marbles to make

Drop the prices from state to state like the west Nile virus

Prolly gammas miralicious

Big spit, game vicious

Man on the microphigadelian foshelian

It's nothin but the forty water

Always on, uh, some unreasonable

Can't fuck wit it if it ain't equinomically um, er, uh, ta, uh, feasible

Me and my weoples stay yaypered up

Got a "Just say no to drug" bumper sticker on my truck and an American flag

So I can camouflage my image

I'm smokin on some spinach

I need to play some tennis before I go to court

The water might be finished if he don't report(Chorus)

[Turf Talk & Doonie]

Hey, hey

Fuck rallies ride gold ones mang

Sick wid it nigga what you claim

My niggaz spit gasoline (x4)Gasoline! (x16)

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