

My Lil' Grimey Nigga

E-40

[feat. Stressmatic][Chorus x2: Stresmatic]My lil grimey nigga, he don't rap or nothin

The one in front of the club in the hoodie that be bustin

He don't love nothin, his pockets on slim

So when you go outside you better watch out for him

[Verse 1: E-40]When my lil grimey nigga come around fools get nervous

Cause he I'll and sick as the fuck, smirky, heartless and merciless

His daddy don't claim him even though he looks just like him

His mama been on goup ever since 1990

In and out of foster homes, YA, juvy, still ain't reformed

They say the doctor dropped him on his head when he was born

My lil grimey nigga maney, janky like tricked dice

Never been to church in his life, no conscience, put you on ice

Pack a gun and a knife, aim it right at your brain

Lookin like a plate, tuck it or you gon' get took for your chain

Him and his partners mannish body wounds mean in the hood

Came with an AK-47, pistol, handgun, assault weapon

I be tryina tell my lil grimey, "Slow down! " But he ain't listenin

Lil nigga hardheaded, look forward to goin to prison

Don't care if he make it to 25, he ain't trippin

Fifi, belushi, and pill, syrup and chacha sniffin

[Chorus x2: Stresmatic][Verse 2: E-40]My lil grimey be lurkin and prowlin in the wee hours of the night

With the hungry man and his...

Lookin to bump heads or cross paths with anybody that he got a problem with

Lurkin at the gas station on some old floop shit

Trained and programed to go, about his dough

A hitter, not a barber but carry a extra clipper

Got hella next of kin cousins and uncles up out the Rich

El Sobrante and Hercules teach him taught him how to fish

My lil grimey nigga, all the time right behind me nigga

On the block with the Glock where you can find me nigga

They didn't see his face, but everybody knew his name

Everybody knew his name, silhouette his body frame

I wonder what set he claim? For the money, fuck the fame

Do he make it rain? Hell nah, he gangbang (BITCH)

My lil grimey nigga, keep a dumper stashed in his motor

Set to set robbin niggas, he's a floater

[Chorus x2: Stresmatic]

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