Brownie Points

E-40

Yeah
Seven, oh, seven
Yeah, Charlie Hustle
Playa, playa
What's wrong with these old niggaz, man?
D-day, what's wrong with these niggaz?
What's wrong with these niggaz?
This fuckin' game, tryin'
To get brownie points and stripes
Smack points yeah
(Yeah)
You got somethin' for these old niggaz, doe
What we got fo' 'em big balla?
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Beotch
What's the subject? Fo' brings niggaz they Kotex
Where we reside, I creeps my ass up inside
And smash these brownies off in his face
That I done shitted and pissed on, dude, how that taste?
Catch him out his place, out of his area
With his nephew and his niece, ooh, the more the merrier
Nigga tried to fuck mines off
(What'd he do?)
Tried to gauge the porch with my broads on Watoo
Dude, you done broke fuckin' code
I'm finst ta dump drop clip, dump, drop, clip, reload
Be like I can motherfuckin' explode
Talkin' about I'll be fuckin' all kind of women
That's B R P, blade, run or pimpin'
Once upon a time there was this guy named Dane
Tried to fuck my bitch, but he kris krossed game
I don't owe this motherfucker in the first
But he done made livin' in my house
A whole lot worse
Tryin' to gain some stripes
It's nothin' nice, read him his rights
Collar him and laugh, rollin over and politickin' with the vice
Crackin' under pressure, bust a pipe
Snake eyes is crooked dice

(Goin' all up, out your way just to get them brownie points)
It's steaks and knives, read him his rights
So called best friend'll stab yo' ass in the back with a knife
And try to put yo' ass on ice
For brownie points and stripes
For brownie points and stripes
Niggaz'll take your life
Just to get them brownie points
You niggaz got me stuck, what?
Watchin' y'all spit it and get it fucked up
Lucked up, my mobb, niggaz, yeah, we gon' bust what
If he isn't never see mail, 'cause that we sell
Dope by the truckloads, hoes can catch it retail
Motherfuckers grindin' but we all ain't played
And all ain't paid, now watch 'em all get sprayed
Laid back and watch him misprint it, we been spit it
For you newcomers who thinkin' you done it, I put my fist in it

Let yo' bitch get it, serve a D and watch a bitch split it
If I ain't wit' it, it wasn't enough fuckin' chips in it
Niggaz try to gain stripe, I flame mic
Got 'em all caught up in the same shit, call it game tight
Keep my name hyped, strivin' to get my name right
When it's fucked up, I'm the one you can blame right
Hatin' on my niggaz when I did the shit
Yo, we the shit, represent this Hogg ass bitch
It's nothin' nice, read him his rights
Collar him and laugh, rollin' over and politickin' with the vice
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Young Mack Jr., ain't nothin' but 14, Mack Jr. think he tough
Mack Jr. be havin' problems with his stomach
Throwin' up that green stuff, Mack Jr. done tried everything
(In the bay)
The whole Taco
Mack Jr. be takin' whiffles of that Khadafi and shovin' it up his nostrils
Mack Jr. just got out the hall, Jr. I call your bluff

Jr. ain't to be played, Jr. quick to bust
Mack Jr. be geekin', Mack Jr. be havin' withdrawal
Mack Jr. be tweekin', Mack Jr. be workin' hella close with the law
I don't know this motherfucker, never saw the dude
But Mack Jr., all the time be seein'
My viznideos on the tizznelevision tube
Fool know not that he'll blunder, I got yo' ass hypnotized
Talkin about, when you see that nigga E-40, 'Element of Surprise'
One of my fellas overheard about it in the pen, chopped a couple of kites
Told me to be careful cause niggaz'll take yo' life for braggin rights
That ain't fair so stop that, baby
Attitude why do niggaz gotta cheat
Don't them niggaz know I got enough fetti
To put they whole fuckin' family to sleep?
It's nothin nice read him his rights
Collar him and laugh, rollin' over and politickin' with the vice
Crackin' under pressure, bust a pipe
Snake eyes is crooked dice
(Goin' all up, out your way just to get them brownie points)
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