Breakin' News

Playboy Tre

Well I mean man, Ranking Scroo 'long side E-40, ya hear?
All crew, pick up yourself thou respect who say, every thing's cool
Fa sho, fa sho
It's either gonna be him or me and I ain't finsta be either or
Fear no man, bar none, be a hog like a wild bull
Playas don't keep score
Let 'em know that this is grown man shit ya fucking with
Autoloaders, hunting rifles ya fucking with
Somebody gon' mind somebody shit ya fucking with
We give a fuck about who ya with and whatever horse ya rolled in on
Ya ain't finna take me outta my zone
Cause I'ma stay getting my money on and be about me and mine
Watch out for salty ass niggas during daylight savings time
Cause that's around the time of the year when the splitter splatter
Folks be losing the lives, they kidneys and gall bladder
We in the stink of it man, me and my runners and gunners
We come through dumping with those autoloader turkey hunters
Never lose sleep, never worry, never weep
You could spend that time praying that what the preacher be speaking
Them suckas like to cheat, watch the beef say it's cool
Them double back pull out them hammers and tools
And beddybye your them Harrington riches and varmen rifles screws
For bragging rights, just to say he made the news
Well is no one going? No step flowing
With real king news now we all stop joking
Money in my pocket, come try take it
He run up and don't want but if ya want them come get
Cause when the morning come yes we breaking news
Evening come yo we breaking news
So lift up ya foot and put it iny ya dancing shoes
Cause if ya fuck with us yo ya bound to lose
Breakin' news
If you mess with the bull your gonna get the horns
When the clouds is dark that means it's finna storm
If ya car is parked and the music is loud
That means ya setting off alarms in the crowd
When ya spider senses tell you that something is up
Then I suggest you go with ya gut, don't ignore your first mind
Always pay attention to your warning signs

Always be awoke, always be aware, always look over ya shoulder
Always be alert of the rollers
When ya perking and ya sliding sipping Saint Ides or King Cobra
In ya scraper, feeling ya paper rubbing Donny Taylor or Clarence Carter
A lot smarter than the average Joe

Straight out the ghetto they call me E-40
Still hungry, still rapping like I'm still 'spose
Still money, still money on my mind folks
I never play out I'm just like Pea-Cokes
I survive in a drought, I sit on all my dope
And wait for the value to sky rocket
Make them client pay top dollars so when they comin' cop it
Well is no one going? No step flowing
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So lift up ya foot and put it iny ya dancing shoes
Cause if ya fuck with us yo ya bound to lose
Breakin' news, this just in
Have heart, have money, have when, 'cause ya never know when
Ya gotta fight to the death, you can't be running out of breath
Get in shape before it's late
I'm at three hundred and twenty now but I used to weigh three fifty eight
My doctor made me lose weight, my doctor said
"Charlie Hustle, we gon' turn all this fat that you got into muscle"
But fools gon' think that I'm smoking, no they ain't loc
You got high blood pressure
The leading cause of death among black folk
Er' since yo ass was just a 'lil kid
The slave masters would give him all the left over and crap from the pig
Enough of that, I said what I said
Now let's get back to busting heads
Know when to act a fool and who to act a fool with
Know who to be cool with and who not to be cool with
Cause the same dude you grew up and went to school with
A be the same dude that cross you and try to get you hit
Cause misery loves company and company loves misery
And money causes jealousy and envy
Well is no one going? No step flowing
With real king news now we all stop joking
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