Bring The Yellow Tape

E-40

Some serious ass shit jumped off a little bit over an hour ago
My ace Boon just got peelt at the corner store
It's unbelievable, I'm shocked, this can't be true
I'm cryin' vengeance for revenge, look what I doCalled up my Mossie, told my niggaz to be on alert
Heard it was some player hating OG's out there putting in work
From what I understand that shit ain't over no turfs and drugs
It's over some bitches and some jealous niggaz with a grudgeHot at the head, I'm fired up I wanna do 'em in myself
Hit me up in the corner and watch me
Let them motherfuckers have it Nelf
Money talks and bullshit walks, I'm off to San Leandro
For some glocks and techno chops and a gang of ammoTook a hit of the chronic dank to expand my thoughts relax nerves
When I get back to the town just think
Them niggaz gonna get straight served
And a ballerish nigga like me, young in the game straight having thangs
Taking this bullshit from some ol' jealous ass OG's manI'm not having it, you want some funk I'll bring it to ya
Dagnamit, I thought you suckas already knew
Yes indeed, them niggaz act like they can't bleed
But them lies, I'm talking about the element of surpriseBring the noise, who's fallin' like the big boys?
Heavens to Merkatroid, I'm ballin' like the big boys
I just got word, I heard the same niggaz robbed my partner herb
Pulled on his dick with a pair of appliers, got him for a birdIt's gettin' stanky, got my curiosity arousin'
See, herbs a factor, he's worth seven hundred thousand
GTE mobile net cellular communication
I got his voice mail number, let me try and page himI'm hecka cool, he hecksa cool with me
He called me back said, "Let's go party on them fools E"
I said, "Where you at?"
He said, "Where you at?", I said, "I'm in Vallejo"
He said, "I tell you what, let's hook up me and you at Dennys in the Vill"I said, "Roger", he said, "Over and out, don't fake out"
I said, "What time?" He said, "One o' clock
If it's traffic, go the back route"
Ya see, sloppy jobs ain't my forte so no mistakes
We do it right and when it's done bring the yellow tapeBring the yellow tape
Bring the yellow tape
Bring the yellow tape
The yellow tapeWassup, my Naga, you ready to ride
On these hoe ass block busters

That's me an Herb talking outside of Denny's
Smoking a beedie sittin' in my CutlassIt's only a handful of them suck L's, I can count them on my fingers
Fuck, letting this shit die down, I'm ready to hear the fat singers
I'm 'bout my gats but can't make cash with niggaz
Breathing all down my assTherefore I must explore by taking a few lives to even the score
My ace Boon, my sugar low, blood pressure high [Incomprehensible]
Drinking and crying, two four seven my stomach in and outI know this one botch that got my nigga
That just got out of jail's baby
She'll play hop scratch she works for
Pacific Bell and she just might maybeHelp me pull these niggaz coat tails true [Incomprehensible]
Find out where they sleep by looking up there address on the computer
Herb hollard, "Bingo, tomorrow we ride, my naga
Fake ass niggaz done stuck there fingers in
Some permanent shit that they can't wipe off"Yeah, motherfuckers fail realize the size of this
Oh, it's gon' get done, three or four more hot ones
Added on to the fire that already got 'em
Ain't no kind of [Incomprehensible] to meMy dick get hard off this type shit, boy
Tell that botch to get the 707's
On them niggaz residential spots
By tomorrow afternoon and it's onThink I didn't, got on it right away
Finally got me a chance to use my
Heckler & Koch collection throw-aways
And when we did it, I guess you could say we did that
And after that niggaz gave me my 'specBring the yellow tape
Bring the yellow tape
The yellow tapeBring the yellow tape
The yellow tape
The yellow tape[Incomprehensible]

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