End Of The World

E-40

It's the end of the world
Everybody's lookin' for some satisfaction
I just want me a girl
Every motherfucker with some weed start passin'
It's the end of the game
All my fuckin' homies, chasin' G's, ain't nothin'
It ain't hard to explain
Came in the game with a few dollars, I left the game with a few mill'
That's the way I woulda retired from this rap game fo' real
Get a distribution deal, brush up some of this dirty scrill
Live up on the hill, like E-40 Fonzariggadale end of my history
Showin' some love to all of my thugs, all of my folks incarcerated
Liftin' waterbacks and drinkin' mud, walkin' the yard with they elbow up
Poppy grains crushed up, big A and little A
My cousin Freddy Smith and Mack North, see ya when you touch down
Man I'm doin' alright, I missed your call the other day
But I got yo' kite, you know my cousin
Such and such done, got back on the pipe
They took her down the other night for tryin' to steal a bike
Anyway, we walkin' on, man, I can't wait 'til y'all get home
Man there's so many funny style ass negroes on this earth
The real ones gone, hoe shit, lead to mo' shit
Gats is cheap, man, ain't no mo' money left out here
Man I'm one of the last of the Mohicans
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All my fuckin' homies chasin' G's, ain't nothin'
It ain't hard to explain
My gunspray'll pop this off the world, keep stackin
Uhh, I ain't tryin' to be landin' in a [Incomprehensible]
For whatever it's worth, I'ma get off first
Better him than me though, I done got down on fools befo'
Come with the package, 'specially when you're out there pitchin' blow
I wear these glasses to look like a nerd, square off like Urkel
Movin' too fast like turbo, gotta slow it down like turtles
Scrillionaire, millionaire, overcomin' obstacles and hurdles

There's somethin' 'bout my circle
Surrounded by Saggitarius, not too many Virgos
Just Scorpios and Aries, like
Like right now, I'm in the local booth, whassup slugger?
Hey, Pimp Juice, ya alright? Oh fo' sho', Fa shiggadale
You got some tweak? Nope, I smoked it to the fingernails

The fingernails? Yeah, 'cuz o, the fingernails
Man, I'm so high right now that I can barely even spell
Barely spell? On the real pimpin', I can't tell
Pimpin', you lyin I, yeah, mayn I'm drunk as hell
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It's about a quarter after nine, I know, I opened up
A verse with that line before, but I'ma say it one mo' time
I think I drunk too much wine
Anybody got a Motrin? I feel like my head's explodin'
Wakin' up in the mornin', squeezin' and fartin' and yawnin'
Smokin' a joint to the dome and
Talkin' on my burnt out phone and to my breakin' broad that ain't knowin'
To my mistress broad be hoein', my mistress broad, that's hoein'
In lieu of my pregnant broad that's showin', glarin' and glowin'
Ready to drop the load explode, sittin' on the porch, lightin' a torch
Puffin' on a clove, in and out of church, back and forth
Hustlin' gangster mode, run back in on that turf, sellin' that Nerf
That soft, white, rocky road, dolla danglin' for danglin' gangland
Manglin', set you up and bangin', claimin'
The park in the game that rainin', off there drinkin' and thinkin'
Chokin' and sparkin' and flamin', barely maintainin'
Hopin' and wishin' and dreamin', the Lord'll let me into his kingdom
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