

# The Other Day Ago (feat. Spice 1 & Celly Cel)

## E-40

Ugh, street nigga man (steet nigga)  
Street nigga man  
You a street nigga bra  
Street nigga man (steet nigga)  
HelloStreet nigga, all my life i've been thuging heavily influenced by niggas that ain't got nothin  
And these hoes don't want no squares  
They want a nigga that's hustlin  
Even though squares be having  
Just as much paper than niggas husslin  
But it's me she loving cause i'm hecca known  
And i'll hella famous on my soil  
You kind find me around my mama's house with a bottle of Crown Royal  
With my car parked in the grass  
Smokin a cross blunt light it up on 3 ends and it burns down to one  
Nigga-rich everybody know my name  
Yeah I'm havin a little bit a change  
Known for serving blow see more snow than the X-Games  
Trained to go, dreads braided like Lil Wayne  
Keep a hammer in my Fruit of the Looms or should I say Hanes  
I'm a street outta here street nigga  
These hoes love me but I ain't a sweet nigga  
I'm a street nigga neva been a weak nigga  
Solid as they come I'm concrete nigga  
I'm a street nigga I'm a street nigga  
Bring it to ya front door when i beef with you  
I'm a street nigga I'm a street nigga  
If you ain't out here in these streets i can't eat with yaWhen me and the dope game first walked down the aisle  
One thing I vowed to do was to keep Ann Hill bail-spot and my lawyer on speed dial  
Some these police be trigga happy light you up like a lamp  
Just like they did with DJ Henry and Oscar Grant  
I fucks with elegant broads and i fucks with tramps  
Video vixens and hood hoes from different camps  
Went from seed to a weed plant to a elbow  
Kid on my way back from the little sto'  
They seeing hot issue, hypodermic needles between they toes  
Functional coke fiends keep a job and powder they nose  
Selling chicken and turkey wings, quarters, halves and wholes  
Plotting on jewelry, hanging out at the rap shows  
I'm try'nna make more money on an accident than a lot of y'all do on purpose

Your squad is a couple of clowns short of a circus  
My squad we golden and polished just like a turkish robe  
30 odd 6 with kaleidoscope vision precision no competition  
Fuck with OGs and those youngsters that don't listen  
Position them keys and I'm droppin em intermission  
Go any soil i want any hood don't need permission  
Street nigga not a rap nigga this is the soundtrack of my life  
Hood figure not a bitch nigga a fixture roll the dice  
Trunk full a kid niggas in my whip and Harley bikes  
Play a fixture for false and my folks will cut off ya lights  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>