

# Sideways (feat. B-Legit & Mac Shon)

E-40

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Mob shit bitch  
I know you know  
But check game doe I'm in the S-E 4-double-oh  
Sitting real low, stick in the flo', oh  
The hoe want me to come swoop  
Take her for a ride in my blue Lex Luther But the bitch ain't got no gas fetti  
So I burnt her like fast Freddy  
Hit me on the first when your mail has come  
And maybe we can go to the mall or somethin' Heavy ass shit for the mob  
When I make a zillion I resign  
I'm realer than a hundred dollar bill with the line across  
When Christmas come around ask Santa Claus Santa do you know E-40?  
Bet you that nigga say, "That's my homey!"  
We used to perv grind curb trip to my grandma  
Kahlua with them brandy almost every day Cardiac is cool, but I'm on gin  
Santa bought me, a new mac-10 Yeah, click shit makes a motherfucker's night  
Niggaz listen to it 'cuz it's light  
Crooked twisted unlisted on the highways  
We riding sideways, beotch I'm riding sideways, this way thatta way  
Back up the coupe and roll sideways  
I'm riding sideways, this way thatta way  
Made a left at the corner 'cuz it was hoes I'm riding sideways, this way thatta way  
I'm looking for a big seat  
I'm riding sideways, this way thatta way  
Hoes see this type of shit and go real I'm riding city to city me and leviti  
So get your toilet paper 'cuz it's gon' get shitty  
I hit the highway goin' east  
Twenty-two ounces of yeast I'm playin' this game 'cuz a nigga my age be  
I met her last night and today she paged me  
Wanna know if b-legit can kick it tonight  
Only sixteen, way too tight But age ain't nothin' but a number  
Baby got her hair done by shanda

Nine nine ten, eleven and up  
If you bleed, you get fucked No not me, not fo'-oh  
I break the bootch down with a two by fo'  
Every fuckin' day is a holiday, celebration  
When the bitch is actin' crabby  
That means she's on her menestration I be like fuckin' em like dissin' it to the highest  
Talkin' more shit than kalidous  
A str-uh, strizuck out in my cutlass supreme on a Friday  
Which way we ridin'  
Riding sideways, beotch I'm riding sideways, this way thatta way  
Doing about a buck fifty  
I'm riding sideways, this way thatta way  
Danked out and full of that cisco I'm riding sideways, this way thatta way  
Pervin' swervin' runnin' all into the curb  
I'm riding sideways, this way thatta way  
'Bout a gallon to the dome, then that's the hit See I'm a hogg nigga, Beverly hill Billy  
Neck bone, socks, tails, pork 'N' beans and chili  
Just like my nigga Celly, we likes to kick it silly  
Regurgitate and kick a bootch move up out the telly 'Cause they out there bad ain't satisfied  
Hoes just wanna be pacified  
But I can't do no justice 'cuz the justice ain't to be did  
Bitch you usin' too much red Now I've been known to break niggaz off  
Hard type or soft, line 'em up chalk 'em up as a loss  
See me in the parking lot doing my thang  
Love to see my old school dance in the rain The po-po's came then they closed up shop  
Smashed through the hood and we made that hot  
You see the shit don't stop, motherfuckers pop  
Seven-deuce drop coney air shocks Riding through the shit like racer x  
And if a motherfucker flex break back and necks  
Running red lights and the right-of-ways  
How we gonna get it doe?  
We get it sideways, bitch I'm riding sideways, this way thatta way  
Late at night up and down saying hi  
I'm riding sideways, this way thatta way  
Be trapped trunk, stark boulevard I'm riding sideways, this way thatta way  
Come here you little hard-ass boy  
I'm riding sideways, this way thatta way  
Niggaz like to hear this type of shit when they crawl

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