

# Drugs (feat. B-Legit)

## E-40

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[Verse 1: E-40]

This thang all the way on my got this thang beaten the trunk loose  
I'm on a big ass bottle of beast on some ocean spray cranberry juice  
And I strongly suggest that you don't sit in my transportation  
Cause the slap is so severe, and the beats excruciation  
My amps my pop your ear possibly collapse yo lung  
What color is your exterior? The same as grey poupon  
What is you a baller? Yeah but not Lebron  
Then what kind of baller are you? The kind that sell heroin  
The kind that lives his life illegal, toted gun and desert eagle  
Mobster like Bugsy Siegel I listen to 40 music  
Don't fuck with too many people mane most of them rappers fake  
See Feezy be speaking on some shit that I can relate  
When I was in the shoe they see Desus what got me through  
My nigga from the Brass to put me up on due, uhh  
The grit don't quitting my hustle'll never pause  
UH OH! Here come the law I got dope in my draws  
BEATCH!

[Hook: x2]

We be grinding seven days a week, heat under the front seat  
Bendin hella corners in my new school, one deep  
Every hood I'm in I get love from the plug  
And i probably sold your family member drugs (drugs)

[Verse 2: B-Legit]

How much money can a man make?  
I'm on the block cooking chickens with the pancakes  
And my fan base love to get high with me  
Get tipsy proolly set they own self a Mickeys  
Get em ricky  
Beaver he be militant  
Send the whole fifty clip through ya ligaments  
Got a knot pocket full of them Benjamin's

movin bricks like I'm try'na build a pyramid

Shit

40 glock with the laser dot

And I can make mash potatoes outta tater tots

Ask ya parking; I don't really like to talk alot

Block move like James, Wade and Chris Bosh

Let's get it I'm the real boss with the plug

I don't play I'm the nigga man I run the club

Keep it rough I'm the mayor doing hella stuff

Pass puff and they smell it when I light it up

Nigga what?

[Hook: x2]

We be grinding seven days a week, heat under the front seat

Bendin hella corners in my new school, one deep

Every hood I'm in I get love from the plug

And i probably sold your family member drugs (drugs)

[Verse 3: E-40]

What you do for a living a little bit of this a little bit of that

If I ain't got it I know where to get it or I can take it to where it's at

I can probably get'chu a deal, get'cha thirty percent off the sack

Depending on how many you want, and how much you know that a hustler got

Fuckin' right now y'all beefing, then circling yo block

Came to the right place, I got chops fresh out the box

Can have a foosy grape, if you want me too I can

But I gotta be honest with'chu it's goin cost you twenty grand

And a build with the gumble bout two, I was thought with the best Raul

See Raul been a neighborhood iron chef since 1982

Raul stay clockin' loo, boys in blue ain't gotta clue

Raul ain't never pop comp with a spoon or residue

Well what about some weed you got it I beg your pardon

I gotta hella connections my Negro my people they got garden

Need a fake ID or benefit card times is hard

You know Christmas is coming up, I got them gift cards

[Hook: x2]

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Bendin hella corners in my new school, one deep

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