

E-40, (I'll Be Yo) Huckleberry

(D-Shot)

Hey now baby, how you been doin?
You been doin fine?
You know you called me last week
I got your message but I was outta state, yaknowwhatl'msayin?
(Now I come through, just like the hog I am)
It seems you need a little bit of excitement in your life
(All up in her bedroom, serenading one of my tunes)
I'm here for you, don't sweat it
(She's got an attitude against her man)
How your man be treatin you?
(She needs me to get her in the mood)
I know
(I had to hit her, I'm never scary I'll be yo huckleberry!)
See you can call me any hour, that's how we do it

I'm in and out, and partner you ain't knowin this
She loves you dearly but she's all on a player's tip
Cause you ain't givin' somethin that she really needs
And that's that good ass lovin, partner can't you see
She's bored no trust, she sits in the house all day
While you out there ballin, tryin to have it the kingpin way
She gets no time, your schedule way too deep
You leaves out the house everytime you get a beep
To all you ladies, sweet dark and lovely
See players like me, I likes to taste the Easter bunny
I likes to lick you down, give you self esteem
I'm the playboy you want, on your under team
Yo' huckleberry, mackin fast Shot-ty
One of them type of ballers on the same level as Gotti
So all you tenders, it's all to the good
So page me on the under and I'll creep through yo' hood

chorus

If you need some lovin, lovin girl
I'll be yo' huckleberry, berry
And if you need someone to talk to girl, talk to girl
You can call me on the under, under

(E-40)

Lookin at my oyster perpetual Rolex, browsin through my Rolodex
Baby done left a verbal, want me to hit that girdle
Come through on a tuck, while he's in the shower
Get it when he's with Rob and 'em, after hours
Slumpin Johnnie Taylor, regulatin
Cheatin in next room, fornicatin'
Demonstratin, new and improved moves
Legislatin, Erk and drinkin booze
But when you plug it, baby see you soon
You say one day, we gon' jump the broom
It was seven years, and she was faithful for ya
But did she love ya, or was she used to ya
It ain't my fault you got too attached
But don't check me partner, check yo baitch
Wanna know my name, call me 40 Pop Cherry
I'll be yo huckleberry

chorus

(D-Shot)

I'm on yo mind, twenty-four seven
When you at work, you calls me at eleven
And that's cool, cause my number won't be on yo' bill
Ohh baby girl all we wanna do is keep it real

No hesitation, we wanna play this game right
But if you feel me, we gots to have our game tight
So we can mob to the beach and champagne and all
Rub you down to the camisole
One hundred miles away, while your man think you at work
That boy Shot, is all up in these skirts
If there's a bluebird on my shoulder should I hit it
I turn her around, then from the back that's when I hit it
But hittin it from the back ain't always what I wanna do
I got ta do you hard, so you can tell your crew
That that boy Shot knows how to... *uck
He got you givin it up
And you ain't done that in years
That's right
And you ain't done that in years

chorus

Keep it on the under, on the under, no one has to know
It's between me and you, take my pager number
You can call me, call me, all times of the day...