

W.C., Hog

featuring E-40, Too \$hort

[WC] Ooh-OOOOOHHHHH!

[E-40] BEYOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOTCH! Huh-ha, hah!

[WC] Dub Cya, nya!

[E-40] Uhhhh, hah!

[WC] Fonzarelli, what's crackin loc?

[E-40] Whassupish weebelations?

[WC] \$hort Dawg, we all hogs

[TS] Ain't nuttin nigga, it's that pimp shit bwoy

[E-40] We doin our thingamajig up in this BEYOTCH!

Verse One: WC

Thinkin of a master plan

Cause ain't naytin but crumbs inside my hand

So I, hit the stick, leaves my residence

Thinkin, "How can I get paid for spinnin this gangsta shit?"

A three-strike victim, with a million dollar dream

of swervin 740 Beem's and count G's from money machines

My click trump tight, nigga we roll like dice

For the ten china whites seekin hustler paradise

Where you from, what's your name, motherfucker what you sayin?

Dub C still claimin that Maad Circle gang and

smokin dank and drankin, jaw breakin runnin the pavement

Top rankin CD slanger, ghetto Hall of Famer

International resider worldwider packin heat

Mashin for the cheddar with No Limit's like Master P

Found my glitch in this rap game, now I'm steady bustin

Dub C, hoo-ridin for the chip but still hustlin

Chorus: *unknown singers*

Keep hustlin -- cause I'm all about mine, yeah yeah

Keep on hustlin... droppin keys funk stackin weed shiftin

Keep hustlin -- true players play it all night long

Keep on hustlin... on and on

Verse Two: E-40

Check it out; Dub C ?the below? system

got ya ninjas dang near ready to put hands on ?PGA any man?

Bout to bomb on this bitch-ass for turnin off my lights and gas, low on cash

Bad enough I gotta go next door to take a bath, ain't got no water

Plus I heard that the police department homicide division

wanna holla at me about a manslaughter

Triflin ass baby mama, she's a botch bitch think I'm rich

Don't know the outcome, talkin bout "He got bread, he on Dub album"

I play ya like dick and bend a dick's dream how can I focus (hocus pocus)

When I'm famous as "fuck Christmas Eve, eviction notice"

These rap videos gotta soon to be up and coming rappers thinkin cute

knowin that we unrecouped

E-Fonzarelli, P.K.A. Charlie Hustle

Knockin though, knock a hoe without a penny in my pocket

I don't come from much, so in order to do what I gotta do to survive

Tapes and CD's be my nine to five

Check it out, mathematics, paper rappamatics established

Long money, way before I signed for cabbage

Chorus

[E-40] Get your marbles main, get your paper ... glorify your paper route

Verse Three: Too \$hort

Yeah

I'm comin from a fashion show, with a flashy hoe

Smokin indo from the Valle-jo

Like them 3rd Ward niggaz from the Calliope

If you tryin to get high, what you passin foe?

Top notch on my right smellin smoke

But she don't know about the hustlin that I did when I was broke

My best customers, real macks and G's

Dopefiend beats on the backstreets

Me and Freddie B sellin game

Custom made tapes with your name, you can't complain
I always been about the business, I ain't changed
As long as I'm in it, I'm stayin the same
Ghetto star, feelin the pavement
I'm always down to earth, tryin to get paid bitch
Ain't no secret, to what I'm doin
I got the game from Oakland so I came to this conclusion
Chorus
\$hort Dawg, you know we players main
Get your money nigga
[E-40] E-40 get yo' paper main, get yo' change
[TS] You know \$hort Dawg always get his scratch
[E-40] Dub C!
[TS] Nya! Nya!
[WC] You know I'm takin mine nya!
[E-40] Fsssssh, ahh, uhhhh, erytime up in they tall can face
Glorifyin our paper route, nonstop -- you know?
BEYOTCH!