

# Outta Town (feat. B-Legit & Laroo T.H.H.)

## E-40

Birds on the highway flying in the rental  
The pills look like skittles  
And the OG's just as strong as can be  
Let's take a trip outta town  
I gotta double my money  
My connect is waiting on me  
Being broke ain't nothing funny  
Let's take a trip outta town  
Box it up and wrap it  
Then let's get in traffic  
I can fedex you a package  
Let's take a trip outta town  
Pardon me... but would you happen to have any gray poupon  
Fuck naw bitch we out here clippin' coupons (coupons)  
Welfare recipients fixed income (income)  
EBT cards PG&E none  
After sitting in the dark for a week no lights for a week  
Made up my mind I'm a do what I gotta to do as a man and get on the grind  
I rap and I rhyme but so far that ain't made me a dime  
I'm sick of my mama flippin' pattys working at Maggies commin' home cryin'  
On the weekend workin part time stressin' and prayin'  
It's goin be alright mommy I put that on me  
I'm a start sellin tree cause it's less risky  
Went and got a cannabis card so the popo can't frisk me  
Goin hard on the yard rollin my sleeve gettin down and dirty  
Amtrackin it outta state and city to city  
Greyhound bussin it seal it and tuck it in my booty  
Got pills, windshield and elbows of broccoli  
BIATCH!  
Pisces got the prices dope be da nicest  
Niggas cop cakes and cut them into slices  
Then we get vices feds and the task force  
I can teach you how to get it, crash course  
And when it's slow you gotta move around  
Find a nigga outta town say he gettin down  
Put em on the ground see you in about a week  
The only way to eat keep your money in the streets (ya)  
South niggas put they border up  
Arizona Mex fuck tha border up  
They even get across if they sorta tuff  
You gotta know who to trust that's important stuff  
California grown what you knowin good

And they be blowin that up in the back wood  
And they be coppin that if the scratch good  
All you gotta do is just give it to the neighborhood I give it too ya  
I got tha tracking number tear the paper up when it lands  
Quick notha hunned in tha rubba band it's never enough  
Just feedin 5 (5) on the wake up touch wherever you desire  
Them niggas pack was quiet I came with all loud  
Mama didn't know how tha money came she was proud  
I open doors in a small town avoid snitches  
Bounce back like trampolines when work missing (GET IT BACK!)  
Is you lookin for a way in or way out  
Credit good real niggas never see the drought  
Shot the game to my lil nigga cause he tha driver  
Minivan got 10 cakes on each tire  
We take that highway up town with light traffic  
No smokin speed limit we so active  
Have my bread straight big faces facing up  
Let this rental car trail me with hammers tucked

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>