

Catch a Fade (feat. Kendrick Lamar & Droop-E)

E-40

Jumping off the front porch with a new approach
Don't approach me with the bullshit
I remote to a location where the broom sit
Here I go, street sweeper
Monday to Friday, if not though we can catch a fade
(Catch a fade!) Catch a fade
(Catch a fade!) Catch a fade
(Catch a fade!) Catch a fade
(Catch a fade!)

Pulling up and hopping out, shell, catch it popping out
And I ain't never been a Tom or a Jerry, pussy or a rat
Pussy on my nut sack, carry plenty Kenny Tates
Give me that, give me plenty Feddi
Federales on my back, pack 'em in the cemetery
Send a scary hit out on your messenger, I'm ignorant to wrestle a
Gorilla in the center of an Acura Integra
I'm pissed off, so I piss off rooftops
Drink it through a straw, fuck a rent-a-cop, I'm hot
I'm napalm when the beat slap like eight palms
And I wear eight charms, every airport alarm
Go off till they tackle me, what I do wrong?
Nigga, it ain't bout the chain, nigga, you the fucking bomb
Bomb on a bitch nigga, then his bitch later
Pull the tips on a bitch nigga, you a fucking waiter
I don't even want a favor, I just want a fair one
And it's like that till the sheriffs come
Droop-E, look, problems we solved 'em, bout that action
One less sucker nigga, that's subtraction
There's bosses, factors on the team
Real niggas, no actors on the team
Not you, who Droop? He a good dude
Put him in a bad mood, turn you into goon food
I'm in the party feeling like me
S-I-C-K with T.D.E.
Your bitch on sacks, in my ear like wax
And this Landy got her ready to get it hit from the back
She chose up chump, salute, give daps
Or get your face flat, you don't want that
And get your nose tapped, you don't want that
Get your life fucked up all over a batch

Get cropped, get chopped
On your head like a barber shop
Have it out in the parking lot Stay turned, super charged up, stoked
Ghetto pass never revoked, mouthpiece faster than a speedboat
Keep it one hundred like a C-note, pea coat
Popo tryna decode lingo
Not drunk, but I finna be hella twisted
Lifted like a toilet seat, grown ass kid
My bitch always telling me, I ain't shit
She hate me, but she love my dick
Trapper factor macker, having money like a rapper (rapper)
Bumping local talent, pulling up with the blapper (blapper)
Partner want to challenge cause my pockets hella fatter (fatter)
But he gon' be unlucky like walking under a ladder (ladder)
Put hands on a man, fuck unity (fuck unity)
Ain't nothing between us, but space and opportunity (space and opportunity)
Never been a sucker (sucker), never been a lame
Stay in your lane, you can't see me like a stealth plan (like a stealth plane)
Biatch!(Where you from Droop-E?) {The West}
(Where you from Kendrick? The West
Aye 40, where you from though? (The West)
Who bring it to they front do'? (The West)
Aye, where they get they game from? (The West)
Aye, where they get they slang from? (The West)
Aye, where they get they strength from? (The West)
Aye, where they get they greats from (The West, biatch!)

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