

## **Santana F/ Everlast**

### **"8 Ball"**

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Kick that shit...

I don't drink brass monkey  
Like to be funky  
Nickname Bullet Loc  
Your 8-ball junkie  
Bass drum kickin' to show my shit  
Rockin', holdin' my dick  
Boy  
I don't quit  
Crowd rockin' muthafucka from around the way  
I got a six-shooter, yo, mean I'm brave  
Rollin' through the hood  
To find the boys  
Kick dust and cuss, crank up some noise  
Police on my drawers  
I have to pause  
40 Ounce's in my lap and it's freezin' my balls  
Hook a right turn, let the boys go past  
Then I say to myself: "They can kiss my ass!"  
Hip to get drunk got the 8 in my lips  
Put in the old tape Marvin Gaye's greatest hits  
Turn the shit up had the bass on high on  
Cruisin' through the East Side, South ??  
Seen the bitch ass  
Then I say word  
Took a look at the face and the bitch was street curb  
Ho's on my dick for the title I'm holdin'  
Bullet Loc fucked up and got the 8-ball rollin'

In the cityyyyy --> Ronnie Hudson's West Coast Pop  
Lock  
Kick that shit --> Flavor Flav

Ridin' on ??? weed is on ???  
Turned down the sound  
And ditch the law  
Stopped at a light and had a fit  
Cause old bitch almost wrecked my shit  
Flipped his ass off, put it to the floor  
Bottle was empty so I went to the store

Nigga on tilt cause I was drunk  
See an enemy on mine, had to go in my trunk  
Reached inside cause it's like that  
Came back out with a silver gat  
Fired at the punk and it was all ?? cause  
I had to show the nigga what time it was  
Pulled out the heat  
And like a mirage  
A busta like that got out of dodge  
Sucker's on me cause the title I'm holdin'  
Bullet Loc's fucked up and got the 8 ball rollin'

In the cityyyyy --> Ronnie Hudson's West Coast Pop  
Lock  
Kick that shit --> Flavor Flav

Olde English 800 cause that's my brand  
Take it in a bottle, 40, quart or can  
Drink it like a madman, yes I do  
Fuck the police and the 5.0 too  
Stepped in the party, I was drunk as hell  
3 bitches already said: "Ohh Bullet your breath smells!"  
40 ounce in hand  
That's what I got  
(Yo, you see Bullet earlin' in the parkin lot?)  
Stepped on your foot, cold dissed your ho'  
Asked her to dance and she said: "Hell no!"  
Called her a bitch cause that's the rule  
(Bitch, who d'you callin' a bitch?)  
Boyz in the hood tryin' to keep me cool  
Tell your homeboy you wanna kick my butt  
I walked in your face and we get 'em up  
I start droppin' the dogs  
And watch you fold  
Just dumb full of cum, got knocked out cold  
(Ah aha, made you look sick you snotty nosed prick  
Now your fly bitch is all over his dick)  
Punk got dropped cause the title I'm holdin'  
Bullet Loc fucked up and got the 8-ball rollin'

In the cityyyyy --> Ronnie Hudson's West Coast Pop  
Lock  
Kick that shit --> Flavor Flav

Pass the brew muthafucka while I tear shit up  
And y'all listen up close to roll call  
Bullet Loc's in this bitch, I got money and juice  
Blue crooks with me and we make the deuce  
Ant Banks makes the beats so muthafuckin' funky  
Do the Olde 8  
Fuck the brass monkey

I write all the rhymes  
That I say  
Hail to the niggas from C.I.A.  
Blue Tray is down and in effect  
We make hardcore jams so fuck respect  
Make a toast blue beast to the title I'm holdin'  
Bullet Loc's fucked up and got the 8-ball rollin'

In the cityyyyyy --> Ronnie Hudson's West Coast Pop  
Lock

Yeah yeah nigga  
Bullet Loc is in this biotch  
Rest In Peace to my nigga Eazy-E  
Wha-wha-wha-wha-wha what!

In the cityyyyyy (San Diego)  
Kick that shit --> Flavor Flav  
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