

## **8-Ball & MJG "Don't Make"**

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Don't make, don't make  
Me kill, me kill  
No mufuckin' body in here, in here  
I'mma shoot, I'mma shoot  
3 shots, 3 shots  
Somebody done made me hot, me hot

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You got me fucked up, we shoot guns and hit targets  
Meat market, y'all haters up who start shit  
MJ, G rippin' hoes and bodyguards  
Outta line, polices and boys who think they body hard  
And when the party started I thought we was all chillin'  
I figured that everybody be leavin' here all livin'  
You standin' too close, partna, you askin' too much  
Baby, you need to get way from round me before our  
clique go crazy

Yeah, mayne these niggas comin' round talkin' 'bout  
they hot  
But they not fuckin' with Fatboy and MJ  
Nigga we the truth, holla at playa mayne  
Streets or the booth, we poppin' at you haters mayne  
Soft ass niggas make they chin hit the flo  
Off brand niggas take they cheese and they hoe  
Mafio, mafio, niggas know, niggas know  
When them real live gees hit the do, hit the do

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I gotta 22, not much bigga than my fanga  
A Windchesta pistol grip pump that's a head ranga  
A two shot Daraga and that little Milanana  
A big fourty clock just call me the gun slanga  
Some AK's spray to kill the front line  
One hundred and thirty dead from squeezin' off one  
time  
All you mufuckin' niggas who gappin' that fly lip  
Let it rip, don't slip, I'm workin' with five clips

We fifty deep and every nigga with me got they ice on  
Hood niggas that'll break yo face like Roy Jones  
Crushin' bones when it's on we ain't never scared  
Them Memphis boys be so serious when it's 'bout that  
bread  
Kidnap family members, them niggas don't leave no  
witness  
They all love a gansta, that shit be so addictive  
When we pull up they know who we are by the car  
We blowin' big and you know diddy he gon buy the bar

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Take your vest off, I'm blowin' yo kneck off  
And eyes out, high speed chase  
I follow you to your hide out, shoot your fuckin' tires out  
Don't try to ride now, what happen to the bass in your  
voice  
You just cryin' now, I thought you was a man  
You startin' to look fine now  
The grim reaper been lookin' for you and boy it's time  
now  
To blow the wrong shit out the right side of your head

mayne  
Ain't no way for retaliation when you's a dead mayne

Not a scared mayne, we keep it off the frame  
We stayin' away from lames and runnin' the whole  
game  
I do it like a GEE, you ain't fuckin' with me  
8 ball, MJG, we reppin' for Tennessee with murder and  
homicide  
The day niggas die, the day niggas ride and don't  
need a reason why  
It's money and the power, the weak, they get devoured  
Them boys they disrespect with bullets they get  
showered

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