

8-Ball & MJG

"Don't Want No Drama"

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It's Bad Boy South, niggaz, Ball and G
Orange Mound, the moment you been waitin' for
C'mon now, let's go, let's go, let's so, c'mon

Straight from the underground, fat boy from the mound
Spit it, how I live it, keep it gutter, that's how we get down
I wanna see you get it crunk, let a nigga know what hood you from
Everybody wit me drunk as fuck, break it down, then roll it up

Back it up, a girl like you, a nigga like me can't pass it up
Rollin' by, lookin' good, put it in reverse, then back it up
What's the deal? Lemme make it clear, what you got right here
They break mold, one of a kind, fat boy witta gold mouth that shine

Hard to touch, sorry to tell you, boys out here ain't hard as us
Ball an' G, part of the streets 'coz the streets are a part of us
Lay it down, please remember, games, we don't play them now
Disrespect, please remember, stains, we gon' spray them round

Buss a nigga head, smack a ho, shoot the club up
Buss a nigga head, smack a ho, shoot the club up
Bitch, nigga, bitch, nigga
Bitch, nigga, bitch

You don't want drama, no
You don't want none, no
You don't want drama, no
You don't want none, no

Get up, get crunk, let's race to the trunk
Get a pump, unload an' dump, fuck it, he chose to jump

In the middle of a fire, scotch an' burn him, let's
overheat him
Really mistreat him, let's Rodney King him an' over beat
him

MJG is the reason yo' season needed seasonal spices
They needed more life an' lucky yo' wife was bleedin'
Now your life is leavin' yo' body for drinkin' too much
Bacardi
You should've known when you started, never fuck with
G an' E

In any climate, I'm shinin', floss, I'm perfect wit timin'
I'm good for rippin' an' rhymin' in an' out the beat
An' 8 Ball is loadin' the clip for niggaz supposin' to trip
An' you know I'm rollin' the whip, we finna set 'em free

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8 Ball an' G, get it crunk fo' sho'
My swagger, my flavor, my pimpin', my flow
My ho, my woman, my slacks, my denims
My backstroke in swimmin', in pools wit models in 'em

Them boys, they hate it, we hustle, we made it
We richer, the picture is two of the greatest
The realest, you bump some Ball an' G you gon' feel it
Guaranteed, muh'fucker, stamp, sign, seal it

We placin' the fakest, they don't give it up, we gon'
take it
The realest up in in this niggaz buckin', bitches shakin'
They asses but cash it, might be a habit
Like mics when we grab it, we cock it, we blast it

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So here we go, Bab Boy South
Ball an' G, Orange Mound, New York collaboration
You don't want no drama, you don't want none
I see you ATL, let's tear this shit up

C'mon, c'mon, I said, let's tear this shit up
Yeah, Ball an' G, Bad Boy South
Let's go, let's work these motherfuckers
Let's get this money, niggaz, yeah, as we proceed

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