

8-Ball & MJG

"You Don't Want Drama"

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Yeah, it's Bad Boy South Niggaz, Ball and G
Orange Mound, the moment you've all been waitin' for
Collaboration, c'mon now, let's go, let's go, let's go,
come on

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 and 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 rite
here
They broke the mold, one of a kind, fat boy witta gold
mouth that shine

Hard to touch, sorry to tell you, you boys out here ain't
hard as us
It's Ball and G, part of the streets, 'cuz 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 and dump, forget it, close the
trunk
In the middle of a fire, scotch and burn him, let's
overheat him

Really mistreat him, let's Rodney King him and over
beat him

MJG is the reason yo season needed seasonal spices
They needed more life and lucky yo wife was bleedin'
I don't like this leavin' yo body, for drinkin' too much
Bacardi
You should've known when you started, never fuck with
G and E

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

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8 Ball and G, get it crunk fa 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 and G, you gon' feel it
Guaranteed, muhfucker, 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, Bad Boy South, Ball and 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, yeah, Ball and 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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