

8ball**"Don't make"**

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Chorus - MJG]

Don't make(don't make)

Me kill(me kill)

No muthafuckin body in here(in here)

Ima shoot(ima shoot)

Three shots(three shots)

Somebody done made me hot(me hot)

Don't make(don't make)

Me kill(me kill)

No muthafuckin body in here(in here)

Ima shoot(ima shoot)

Three shots(three shots)

Somebody done made me hot(me hot)

[Verse - MJG]

You got me fucked up, we shoot guns and hit targets

Meat market, chop haters up who start shit

M.J.G., rippin holes in body gaurds

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 to close partna, you askin too much baby

You need to get way from round me, before our clique
goin crazy

[Eightball]

They ma-ny niggaz come round, talkin bout

They hot, but they not, fuckin with fat boy and MJ

Nigga we the truth, holla at a playa man

Streets are the booth, we poppin at you hatas man

Soft ass niggaz make they chin hit the floor

Off bran niggaz take they cheese and they hoe

Mafio (mafio), Niggaz know (niggaz know)

When them real live g's hit the door (hit the door)

[Chorus]

[Verse 2 - MJG]

I got a 22, not much bigger than my finger

A winchester pistol grip pump thats a head ringer

A two shot derringer, not little millinater
A big 40 glock, just call me the gun slanger
Some AK spray to kill the front line
One hundred and thirty dead from squeezin off one
time

All you muthafuckin niggaz, that yappin that fly lip
Let it rip, don't slip, I'm workin with fly clips

[Eightball]

We fifty deep and every nigga with me got they ice on
Look, niggaz gottta brake your face like Roy Jones
Crush your bones when its on, we ain't never scared
Them Memphis boys, we so serious when its bout that
bread
Kidnap family members, them niggaz don't leave no
witness
They all love a gangsta, 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 gonna buy the
bar

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - MJG]

Take your vest off, I'm blowin your neck off and eyes
out
High speed chase, I'll follow you to your hideout
Shoot your fuckin tires out, don't try to ride now
What happend to the bass in your voice, you just cryin
now
Thought you was a man, you starting to look fine now
The grim reaper been lookin for ya, and boy its time
now
And blow the roll, shit out the right side of your head
man
Aint no way for retaliation when yous'a dead man

Not a scared man, we keep it, out the frame
We stayin away from lames, and run the whole game
I do it like G, you aint, fuckin with me
Eightball, MJG, we reppin for Tennessee
With murder and homicide, and daily, niggaz die
And daily, niggaz ride, it don't mean with we you wise
Money, and the power, the weak, they get devoured
Them boys that disrespect, with bullets they get
showered

[Chorus repeat x 3]

gunshots

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