

## 8ball "Let's Ride"

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(feat. MJG)

you know sometimes you have to use a little  
composure  
be playa about the situation but this is not the time  
nigga  
this is not the time nigga its time to ride its time to ride

sometimes you have to keep it calm play it low  
bite your bottom lip to keep from clickin' on a hoe  
in the streets what the fuck don't nobody play  
from Memphis to the Bay niggas diein' all day  
over yea shipped with coke and candy cut up into  
bricks  
bitches that be thick be settin' up them tricks  
gettin' licks rules don't apply to gettin' rich  
start a business sell a ki pimp a bitch  
make that switch real niggas flip shit  
and farm the shit with a bad ass yellow bitch  
Eight-Ball translation three and a half  
you not affiliated nigga if you have to ask  
rich kid a queens nigga a green nigga  
when I say green nigga all about his cream nigga  
I suggest invest in a tank and a vest  
cuz me and all my niggas gone ride

[Chorus]

one time for my real niggas (let's ride)  
two times for the game its all in your brain  
man if I had a buck for everytime I've fucked up  
i would be the big willy nigga with my feet up  
but I'm in the field killin' for a meal  
around fake hoes talkin' about they keep it real  
money murder all in my eyes real niggas ride and they  
don't ask why

I'm a real ass nigga who I be MJ  
livin' to handle business every god damn day  
now who in the fuck be talkin' shit behind my back  
lookin' to find a hundred and thirty ways to get jacked  
tie you in the sack procede to pack you off too young  
yea you brought some pain I brought the rain and I stun

to feel  
I wonder will these fake ass bitches become real  
hell naw don't forget bout the spliff and I tell ya'll  
should I spell ya'll fake ass bustas before I see ya  
and I can tell by the scent in the air I don't wanna meet  
ya  
and I don't care if its the motherfuckin' holidays  
I ain't gone preach just pose and look up at me like  
a big 'ol pimp ass I'll beat 'cha  
nigga I smash down to take care of killers who spit  
trash  
small pounds no limit soldiers we kick cash  
at the drop of ball D-I-M-E P-I-M-P  
tight pass nigga for real trick don't tell me

[Chorus]  
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preacher man could you pray for me cuz I'm about to  
sin  
my homicidal poetry killin' again and again  
T-Mix gave me the gun when he sat and made the track  
a mental picture forms when I fire up a batch  
of sticky green love controllin' what I'm speakin'  
sprayin' niggas leavin' niggas layin' up leakin'  
for weeks and weepin' from my grim reapin' realiwin'  
Mj wake 'em up from sleepin'

I'm creepin' peepin' in your windows  
smokin' regular now you gonna leave us behind

we two steps ahead of the competition  
we leave 'em wishin' upon the moon

we here with T-Mix creatin' a boom to move the room  
its that pimp shit that hardcore shit that shit you run  
from  
see I ain't got time for this superstlye shit i know where  
I come from

ghetto hood ass nigga hard nine if you ever wanna  
meet  
me in person I ain't hard to find

[Chorus]

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