

## 8ball "My First Love"

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Yeah, hmm, can you dig that?  
Hmm, can you feel that?  
Can you feel that? Yeah, uh  
Can you, yeah, yeah let me stick you with this  
Lets see, can you feel

I grab my pen, caressin' empty pages  
I grab my pen, caressin' empty pages  
Makin' love, creatin' money makin' phrases  
Let me mold you, into what I dreamed you would be

Let the world see your beauty and associate it with me  
When I'm poor and broke down  
Lookin' bummy with no money  
I can feel you in my soul

Close my eyes and let you take control  
I grab my pen, caressin' empty pages  
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Makin' love, creatin' money makin' phrases

Makin' love, creatin' money makin' phrases  
When I'm alone, you comfort me and soothe my head  
When we get down, we don't need no hotel room or  
bed  
Give me head, suck my brain, and watch it shoot out  
lyrics  
Into your ears, makin' you pregnant with EightBall's  
spirit

If you take a look inside my mind  
Within' you'll find my baby  
Love so high, I'm blessed by God  
I pray that'll you'll always stay  
My first love, my first love

Yeah, I could feel you, I love the way you give it to me  
I can you feel you, I love the way you give it to me  
Make me feel like a king, and I won't give your love  
away  
Make me feel like a king, and I won't give your love  
away

Sacrifice, so no one can run away with you  
Give my life, cause all I want to do is be with you  
Some don't think, a nigga like me should speak freely  
Tell you tricks how I feel with my original poetry

See, when I didn't have shit, on the street  
Tryin' to hit a lick  
Didn't nobody try to give me shit  
I worked for it and got jerked for it

Got hurt for it  
Still in the mix, these tricks never knew I could last long  
Come strong and make a nigga pick me up like a  
ringin' telephone

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