

## 8ball

### "Reason For Rhyme"

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[Verse 1: MJG, Eightball]

I'm MJG, the nigga with the versatile style  
Check your calendar realize that I been here for awhile  
When I was young I took the soul up out of rhythm and blues  
When hip hop originated slowly paid my dues  
And take my shoes, and try to walk a mile in my past  
Without them salt shaker sheisters tryin to get in that ass  
It's been too long, you motherfuckers fittin to feel the south  
Shut your mouth, shut your do you little freak ass hoe  
I'm bout tired of all this damn east and west coast shit  
Especially when other niggaz tryin to work in this bitch  
I paid my dues to the fullest, worked to god damn hard  
For you too kill the industry and leave me out of a job  
You niggaz strain yourself, to maintain yourself  
And now you playin with enough rope to actually hang yourself  
But you don't care, hell, you constantly fallin deep in the plot  
Mesmerized from all the bitches and the money you got  
You must of forgot they said that rap would never last ten years  
And if your selfish to the fact, I'm tryin to have a career  
Now listen here, what do we have, we got probable cause  
To keep the pen on the paper and the glock in your drawers, nigga

Remember back when we used to do this shit for fun  
Bein the dopest on my block made me ranked number one  
No gun, just a pen and notebook paper by the sheet  
In the crib, gettin funky off the next nigga beat  
No electronics to make the shit that I wrote the chronic  
Shit sick enough to bring vomit from your stomach  
Quick as a comet, shield your eyes from the UV  
Groovey, like a nigga from a Batman movie

Real about the shit that I express over dope beats  
You can't say it was fake unless you grew up on my street  
Concrete head niggaz, runnin from FED niggaz,  
Po' ass scared niggaz, that came out dead niggaz  
And all I ever wanted to be was an emcee  
Did a little dirt and found it wasn't for me  
Poetry flowin through my bloodstream like a drug  
I'm addicted to rhyme because I love the buzz, nigga

[Chorus x2:]

My reason for rhyme  
Because I'm true to this rap  
My reason for rhyme  
Because I'm real with this rap  
My reason for rhyme  
It ain't all about the cheese  
Even though fat lp's can make a nigga g's

[Verse 2: MJG:]

My reason for rhyming, while I'm in, a position to be tellin  
It's not about the fame and them bitches who be yellin  
At my concerts, one verse, dicks up, quick fuck  
Lies start spreadin now you tangled in a mix up  
I gits up, do sits up, and squeeze my mental mindrame  
back in order  
And use my hand as a tape recorder  
Jottin down all the information placed in front of me  
The good time, the bad time, the way I think it oughta  
be  
Now follow G, can you comprehend?  
If you can then drink a shot of Hen  
Hit this hand on your silver end  
Friends don't be friends and foes don't be foes  
However the way you bring it, that's how you want it, I  
suppose  
I can stay up out the game keep my aim on my paper  
And I'll be sure to keep my pimpin real with Tony Draper  
And I'll portray the man that I'm known to be  
Dim the lights (Hip-tie) for the MJG

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 3: Eightball]

Give me a crowd of wild niggaz who love real hip hop  
And watched smoke get soaked up, like water in a mop  
Drop presidents among me and my own folk  
And let that bullshit walk among the past with ghosts

Ain't no hope of bein takin seriously  
When limited avenues are given to me  
So, naturally I take shit and make shit mine  
Jackin only for position in this thing called rhyme  
Freestyle, not great, but if you wait for a second  
I could write some shit down that could get a gold  
record  
Thought about not the first thing that I think about  
MJG and Eightball and hard is how we comin out  
Runnin out, niggaz who can't hold on like En Vogue  
Even though I moved out the mound I'm still ten toed  
Down for the shit I do, the Suave House crew  
True to this shit, because this shit is so true

[Chorus x2:]

[End with shoutout]

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