

8ball**"Shot Off - Ludacris"**

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[Intro: Eightball]

He he he, yeeah

[Verse 1: Eightball]

What kind of nigga always run his mouth like a hoe

Like his jaw got a battery, this nigga always know

Who got robbed, got shot, who got put on lock

Nobody invited you and still you got up in the spot

Me, I'm not a witness, keep my distance, mind my business

You, somebody talk, you in they mouth like a dentist

We keep it gangsta, mommas love it cause they know it's real

Like UGK, "we keeps it real" mobbin' through the field

Big Ball, Fatboy, unload heat when my brain spill

You for it, images without no coke connect pills

We keep it crunk and poppin' real niggaz know the deal

We Bad Boys, anywhere we at we smoke and kill

You try to stop it, get yo' shit broke up in twenty pieces

We roll deep in brand new vehicles wit secret features

Game preachers move yo' pimpin' for you mamasitas

We players on the field, y'all niggaz in them bleachers

[Chorus: Eightball - (Repeat 2X)]

You talkin' down behind my back (uh) you done shot off nigga

Fifty, four or twenty sack, you done shot off nigga

If you fly and got a gun (uh) when the drama come, you run (uh)

You know what you just done, you done shot off nigga

[Verse 2: MJG]

Man, come on now, you done shot off just like Mike

Davis lost a knockoff

Or his tight-ass shirt when the button pop off

You standin' it's snowin' you got yo' shoes and socks on

Who holds the key? No fucking bout it, I broke the lock off

I grew the top off, took the comma, period, dot off

And ran on wit it and broke you a whole lot off

I'm gettin' hot and startin' to boil, don't turn the pot off
You just affected wit it, pimpin' yo, get yo' rocks off
Release some pressure, stop all that cryin' and wipe ya
snot off

Excuses you be usin' for losin' it's cheap as hot sauce
Earn yo' position, stop hatin' beacuse you not boss
M-J-G, pimp tight, I'm movin' yo' spot off
And I don't reach, stoppin' yo' plans, fucking yo' plot
off

I go hard and I don't sheave and I'm not off
And livin' on the edge rebellin' I'm never dropped off
Like Aaron Hall, "Don't Be Afraid" bitch, call the cops
off

[Chorus: Eightball - (Repeat 2X)]

[Verse 3: Ludacris]

Now you can either check yo' ego at the do' (door) or
let the drama unfold
And check my Rap Sheet, BITCH, I'm almost ten million
sold

I'm only rappin' cause I want to, I got enough plaques
Needless to say, my favorite rappers told me to get on
this track

And so I DID it, quickly wrote my sixteen down and SPIT
it

By the end of the verse you'll say, "once again,
Ludacris SHIT it"

Then I'll wipe this wit yo' face and put yo' pride in the
trash

My whole career is like my video, I'm showin' my ass
I keeps it, "gangsta, gangsta!" shooters and
shanksters

Until you shot off motherfuckers, I'm a "thank ya, thank
ya!"

Runnin' yo' mouth behind my back until you run out of
time

But at least yo' talkin' let's me know some millions stay
on yo' mind

It ain't nothin' wrong wit that

Tell em grabbin' the thang and then I put it to yo' brain
And change everything you ever hope fo' (for) wit the
.44

You'll be fallin' back

And Yacht - is what I'm drinkin' steady thinkin' bout
these pigs chasin'

I'm bout to bring home the bacon

[Chorus: Eightball - (Repeat 4X)]

