

## 8Ball & Mjg "Immortal 2K"

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Intro:

(Gunshots)

5th Ward and Outlawz x6

Verse 1:

[007 of the 5th Ward Boyz]

I'm a little lost

Me and you, knowin' nothin' but the hustler

Mafia life and mob musta

What the loss, 5th Ward Boyz and Outlawz

Don't give a fuck who you is

Bitch, I kill your kids

You a B, get at your kid you can

Fuck the pen

A Nigga baptized the sin

Shots are here, blows of weed and high speed

Paddy deep, immortal Niggas ride with me

Verse 2:

[E.D.I of the Outlawz]

Is it politics or paper

Ghetto taxes to enslave us

Babies die, mommas cry

Ain't nobody come and save us

Better hate and I hate you then

Now hate me cause you can't change

Now hate me cause you blame me of stoppin' this  
fuckin' thing

High sign and high tappin' phone, rappin'  
motherfuckers

It's Rap-A-Lot Mafia and we at you motherfuckers

Blast at you motherfuckers, we the most T-lawz

And the 5th Ward Boyz join the mob and see the mob

Verse 3:

[Young Noble of the Outlawz]

Bein' talent than an average jab

More balanced than an average cat

Slappin' leg, last for my stack

I stab with the track

Call me low ends on the (?)

Oh you wanna hurt me, or blow a controversy  
I'm the motherfuckin' best Nigga, after Pac  
After stuck at Rap-A-Lot,  
I can't wait till we drop  
I'm takin' yours with 8-ball  
Bringin' you all,  
in the 5th Ward with them Boyz, fuck it up  
And when we fuckin' it up it ain't FUNNY  
Niggas gotta eat, motherfucker take MONEY

Chorus:

[All]

You live the life of crime  
Blind mine  
Still find time to gettin' high  
We still ride and we still die  
We die even though we try to change in this game  
Still 5th Ward and Outlawz stay remain the same  
Some aim to get with them  
Put your guns in the sky  
(Put your guns in the sky)  
One time we all ride  
Outlawz we multiply  
Bye, bye

Verse 4:

[E-Rock of the 5th Ward Boyz]

Livin' that mob life, that's sheist fly  
But it's real life  
I put my faith in God, hope I don't die tonight  
It's critical look in these streets  
Fuckin' with me  
Tried for that Nigga Pac, screamin' M.O.B  
Cause it's the mob bitch  
5th Ward and Outlawz  
We can't be stopped  
Rap-A-Lot blowin' up your whole block  
Rollin' bad, beamin' red dots on your head  
Cockin', squeezin',  
to your Fubu (gunshot) like you bleed so  
Coward guys, when you see E-Rock  
Fuckin' these bitch Niggas, bustin' nuts with my Glock

Verse 5:

[Kastro of the Outlawz]

Gettin' punch-drunk, motherfuckin' hoes in my  
underwear  
>From out the gutter, life stink like hootie-hair  
I been there, that's why I survive anywhere  
Fried any tear, don't believe this here  
Yeah, these Niggas is lame, tamed as Puff Daddy

Scared shots out they Glock when they caught at me  
Hard scratched me, even harder to relax me  
You a bitch, boy and 5th Ward be body on the bags

Verse 6:

[Lo-Life of the 5th Ward Boyz]  
This shit's comin' from a mile away  
Don't make me shit a style a day  
Lend of shots to your block,  
till the corners throw their ride away  
Ain't weezin up, we heatin' up  
Ready for rush hour  
Throwin' up gas and powder  
Screamin' money and the power die  
Motherfucker, go try your luck up and fuck up  
Don't let your smooth chase  
Fool your ass, what you gonna hush us  
We did it out the car man  
Put your ass in the ride  
When Niggas die of homicide  
(?) fuckin' sky

Chorus x1,5

(Gunshots)

5th Ward Boyz and Outlawz x3

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