

## 8Ball & Mjg "Players Night Out"

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(music plays in back)

Chorus(singing)

O-OH-O-O-OH-O-OH It's the playerz night

O-OH-O-O-OH-O-OH it's the players night

Verse 1: Eightball

I'm just loungin, coolin, maxin in the studio

Drankin on the yak, smokin fat mac indo

five-o, droptop, watermelon flip flop

Put her to the floor and watch how fast that ass drop

Oh my god the sun is out I feel like ridin G, (MJG- meet  
me up at

pressure world),

alright nigga(MJG-Peace Nigga)

Pull up at pressure world blowin on the fat one

I'm cool with everyone but still pack a fat gun

I gotta meet my nigga MJG ya know

he said he got the hook up with a couple of west

Memphis hoes

Verse 2: MJG

Two hoes takin off they clothes

Given up they mouth to the pimps of the house

Got seveteen dollars in my tank and I think if the hoes  
wanna have

dranks

but we ain't cuzz we can't waste time on a hotcap

Shit like ridin with a bitch all in my lap

I got pimp shit planned for the nine-fo

How the fuck you figure I coming through the front  
door

Roll me spliff with the tip up to my mouth

fire dat bitch up cuzz its players night out

Chorus: x2

Verse 3: Eightball

Yeah you know where I'm headin fool

Straight to the nigga with the herbs I gotta smoke a

spliff  
so I can calm my nerves  
Full of yak  
But a nigga ain't drunk yet  
Waitin on a beep from this hoe I just met  
She's a star so I gotta get her put the mack down tight  
so I know I'm gonna hit her  
Split her, then get up and leave the hoe bitter  
cuzz I play her like myself does not want to get her  
Its still kinda early and I'm losing my buzz  
Stop by the crib smoke a spliff in the hot tub  
MJG is in the den gettin chwed on  
that nigga must be drunk he still got his shoes on  
I gotta broad in the kitchen cookin steaks  
I'm puttin on my clothes and I'm bout to hit the highway  
I got to get out this muthafuckin house so I can splurge  
on this playerz night out

Chorus:x2

Verse 4: MJG

Ahhh Shit  
Just got hit with a heavy quantity of bud  
hit the chevy, as I flip to the mall scopin out the bitches  
on the strip  
Shorts glued down to they hips  
gotta a special kinda cup for my cognac  
Cuzz I lean back, take a sip, and show these hoes  
where my love at  
ridin down the avenue followin a stranga  
Stack it to the wall as I fire up another blunt  
MJG drucker than a muthafuckin fish with thirty-seven  
bitches in my dick  
I got another destination ain't no use in chillin wit these  
hoes  
cuzz bitches want riches  
And I  
Being the type of hustler that I am really don't give a  
god damn  
B-U-S-I-N-E-double S is what I'm all about  
Put'em in a middle of a playaz night out

(singing in the back)x2

just a G  
just a Pimp

Chorus:x2

