

8Ball & Mjg "Trying To Get At You"

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8Ball:

Smash with my niggas, you know how we do
Flippin through the hood, that's when I bumped into you
At the car-wash jumpin out your e-class
Petite frame with your little round fat ass
10 1/2 for your eyes and your pretty toes
I wanna know you but I heard you got a nigga though
Anyway I'ma spit it like I know that you with it
My windows are tinted so he won't know that you in it
We can cruise the city and get the car, we's in it
Drink a hen open up and let your boy squeeze in it
A G for real I never played those games
Wanna get in your brain, put some ice in your chain
You can stay with your manne, act a fool and complain
Come and get with your boy we just hang and bang
That's the business but you don't want a niggaa like me
You want a weak ass nigga just pretendin to be

[Chorus]:

I wish I would've said somethin
That would've made you stopped walkin
How can I let you know, girl
I'm trying to get at you, baby
And instead of trying to step on you
I let another nigga up on you
How can I let you know, girl
I'm trying to get at you, baby

MJG:

Baby you need a hard leg, a straight niggah with no
suga
One that won't play no games and give it to you
In the buck, doggy style, the whole mile
Mix it up, with the new and the old style
Ain't you tired of your man hangin up at your job
Followin you round, talkin bout you breakin his heart
You too pretty, to have a nigga prettier than you
You need a cut-throat niggah, baby tell you the truth
I'm MJG and I ain't tryin to stay in your face

Or croud your space or try to get a key to your place
I got my own spot shit but we gon hit the hotel-e
I can't take you to my spot until I know that you ready
See I ain't the one to fall in love just in a week
Take out all my money then go invest in a freak
I see something I like baby can I just get a number
Don't worry bout the stress and the pressure he got you
under

[Chorus]:

...

8Ball:

Look, if your boy calls tell him that you're rollin with
your girls
Tell him y'all shoppin you gon meet him at the grill
Really I'ma have you somewhere diggin in your ribs
Pullin off the rubber and shootin it on your lips
Dream about the day when I can hold your hips
Wanna spoil you and tell niggas you my bitch
See you got a nigga I don't wanna see y'all split
The real nigga in me make a nigga do that shit

MJG:

You're listenin to your friends again, oh no
Why you wanna take advice from them, they solo
I'm the one that put the spark in your life, all night
And all day, so motherfuck what they all say
Tell em MJ said it and MJ done it
Shot straight into your life like Haley's comet
Eliminated them other cats who wanna run it
Keep the bullshit we're takin you away from it

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