

## Eatmewhileimhot

### "8 Ball"

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I don't drink \*\*\* monkey  
Like the beat funky  
Nick name Eazy-E  
Yo 8-Ball Junkie  
Bass drum kickin  
To show my sh\*t  
Rappin holdin of my d\*ck  
Boy I don't quit  
Crime rappin mutha f\*cka  
>From around the way  
I gotta sick shooter  
Yo mean hombre  
Rollin through the hood  
To find the boys  
Kick dust and cuss  
Crank up some noise  
Police on my drawers  
I have to pause  
40 ounce in my lap  
And it's freezin my balls  
I Hooked a right turn  
Let the boys go past  
And I say to myself  
'They can kiss my a\*\*'  
\*\* Get drunk got the 8 in my lips  
Put in the old tape  
Marvin Gayes Greatest hits  
Turn the shit up  
Have the base cold rompin  
Crusin through the East Side  
South of Compton  
See a big a\*\*  
And I said 'word'  
I took a look at the face  
And the bitch was to the curb  
Hoe on my tipp  
For the title I'm holdin  
Eazy-E's F\*cked up  
An got the 8-Ball rollin'  
Coursus  
(I was)

Who Kickin' a\*\*?  
(I was)  
Raised in LA  
(I was)  
Crusin down the street in my 6-4  
(to much posse)  
Ridin Los Loses  
Lookin for Crenshaw  
Turned down the sound  
To diss the law  
Stopped at a light  
And had a fit  
Cause a Mexican almost  
Wreaked my shit  
Flipped his a\*\* off  
\*\* to the floor  
Bottle was empty  
So I went to the store  
Nigga on tilt  
Cause I was drunk  
Seen a sissy a\*\* punk  
Had to go in my trunk  
Reached inside  
Cause it's like that  
Came back out  
With a silver gat  
Fired at the punk  
And it was all because  
I had to show the nigga  
What time it was  
Put up the Jam  
It ends like a mirage  
A sissy like that  
Got out of dodge  
Suckers on me  
For the title I'm holdin  
Eazy-E's F\*cked up  
And got the 8-Ball rollin  
(Fuck It Up ya'll) x6  
(YEAH)  
Old East 800  
'cause that's my brand  
Take it in a bottle  
40, Quart, or Can  
Drink it like a mad man  
Yes I do  
F\*\*K the police  
And a 502  
Stepped in the party  
I was drunk as hell  
Three b\*\*ches already said

'Eric yo breath smells'  
40 ounce in hand  
That's what I got  
(Yo man you see Eazy hurlin in a parking lot)  
Stepped on yo foot  
Cold dissed yo hoe  
Asked her to dance  
And she said 'hell no'  
Called her a b\*\*ch  
Cause that's the rule  
Boyz in the hood  
Tryin to keep me cool  
You tell my homeboy  
You wanna kick my but  
I walked in your face  
And we get them up  
I start droppin the dogs  
And watch you fold  
Straight dumb fulla cum  
Got knocked out cold  
(Made you look sick  
You snotty nosed prick  
Now yo fly b\*\*ch  
Is all over his d\*\*k)  
Punk got dropped  
For the title I'm holdin  
Eazy-E's f\*cked up  
And got the 8-Ball rollin  
Coursus  
Pass the brew M\*tha F\*ckas  
While I trash shit up  
And yall listen up close to role call:  
Eazy-E's in the place  
I got money and juice  
Rondevues with me  
And we make the duce  
Dre makes the beat  
So g\*d damn funky  
Do the old 8  
F\*ck the Brass Monkey  
Ice Cube writes the rhymes  
That I say  
Hail to the niggaz  
>From CIA  
Cazy beat/D is down  
And in effect  
We make hard core jams  
So fuck respect  
Make a toast toast puppy punk  
To the title I'm holdin  
Eazy-E's f\*cked up

And got the 8-Ball rollin

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