

Eazy-E

"8 Ball"

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I dont 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 dont 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'
Cours
(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 thats 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
Thats 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 thats 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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