

## Eels

### "For Years"

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(\*talking\*)

You motherfuckers, fucking nickel and dime niggaz  
and shit  
Talkin bout stopping me, how the fuck you gonna stop  
me  
I started this Short Stop ass shit, nigga I Short Stop  
Every motherfucking body you know dat, huh

[Lil' Troy]

What's up y'all, Lil' Troy is back  
The more you try to stop me, the more I stack  
Money, clothes, cars, hoes  
S.U.V.'s, six T.V.'s  
How the fuck did I come up  
Boy mama ain't raise, no dumb punk  
I stepped in the game, flipped my change  
Got the fuck out, 'fore the people came  
But I still got caught, in the cross  
Just got released, from the half way house  
Threw a champaign party for myself  
Paid fifty G's, like I never left  
So bow down, when I come through  
Short Stop Wear, that's my shit too  
Dream about it, I done that  
I'm the first nigga, signed Scarface to a contract  
You might say, I'm ahead of my time  
I did FED, and regular time  
Nickel and dime, niggaz always bumping  
Let me tell y'all motherfuckers something

[Hook]

I've been making this money for years  
I've been breaking these hundreds for years  
I've been driving these cars for years  
Making the deals, shifting the gears  
I've been fucking these hoes for years  
I've been buying these clothes for years  
I've been with Pat and them for years  
Making the deals, shifting the gears

[R-Dis]

H-Town is the spot, where niggaz get shot  
Hoes sell cock, every block is hot  
Try to take what I got, we gon box  
9 times out of 10, I'ma knock yo motherfucking ass out  
Nigga I'm trained to whoop ass, and count cash  
Can I rock the mic, you god damn right  
But if I got my tool, I'ma drop a fool  
From a distance, I'm not gon fight  
You can make it easy, or you can make it tough  
Why rassel with a nigga, when I can just bust  
My nuts hang, to the flo' like drapes  
Niggaz tripping off my tapes, since 1988  
I make money money, make money money money  
Pretty hoes I trap put down my mack  
Get that cat, from the back  
Gon be like that, until I fall  
I'm with y'all, fuck the laws  
Gots to ball, try to put me on pause  
I'ma bust em, in they motherfucking jaws  
When it comes to paper, I ain't a stranger  
Mark my fucking words, ain't nothing gon change  
cause

[Hook]

[D-Man]

Guess who jumped in the industry  
With Lil' Troy, niggaz tried to finish me  
'Fore I started, departed  
Now I'm back, as a junior mack to make noise  
Like Too Short, I just can't stay away  
Cause I'm tired of putting shit, on lay-away  
So I gotta get up, and try to make a way  
I feel great, I signed my contract today  
Can you believe, Lil' Troy didn't even  
Want my style, raps, flows, rhymes  
Just my loyalty, so he ended up spoiling me  
I got God with me  
And now I'm as hard as can be, nobody harder than me  
You see through niggaz, just like water to drink  
I'm like Pinocchio, when my flows start to grow  
The big we ego straight  
Now I'm in the game fa sho, who say I ain't no pro  
Who said a making ass nigga, can't go  
Let a nigga know, so I can put it in your face  
And take it on your toe  
Since 9-1, nigga I've been doing this  
Been around the world, airplanes and cruise ships  
Don't cap, even if you could prove the shit  
Trying to get rich quick, by moving hits  
So fuck fame, I'ma sold game

Make hits get mo' change, but won't change  
I'ma be a star soon, platinumize myself  
And turn it all to a cartoon  
Short Stop is the hardest, Lil' Troy, Bay-B. Doll and R-Dis  
We top notch, we taking over that's a promise bitch  
Wanna know me, look me up under max anonymous

[Hook - 3x]

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