

## Eight Fingers Down

### "All 4 Nuthin'"

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Chorus

A man would die a thousand times  
Before he reach one with soul  
The one he beathes will be his last breath  
Or does any one ever known  
He died with his riches in the streets  
Because game, is all that he knows  
Sacrifice his life for the paper  
And that's just how the story goes  
You do it all for nothin'

6:30 in the mornin' my mama wakin' me up  
Tellin' me to get ready for school, or she gon' kick my  
butt  
Iron my jeans till they creased, put on nikes and a  
fleece  
She thinks I'm goin' to school, but I'm headed for them  
streets  
Before 12 am, I done did more shit than a marine  
Fall up in the school house, high off them greens  
Hoes bobbin', who that young nigga with the Figero  
They call him big Ball, but his real name is Primrol  
4th period, american history ain't too interestin'  
My beeper blowin' up, my homies havin' a smoke  
session  
30 minutes later, I'm stadnin' on the avenue  
Duck pulled up in the cut, thang  
Askin' me what I wanna do  
Jumped in the ride, fuck this shit, I ain't hesistatin'  
Trees, and chedddar cheese, keepin' me from  
graduatin'  
Hoes and clothes,  
Big bones, and vogues  
Young nigga puttin' in work,  
Superstar of the ghetto

Chorus

Summertime, every weekend the club packed  
After 10, if I don't hit ya back, that's where I'm at  
Me and my folks get mad love from the freaky hoes

Sleaky hoes, right up under they nigga nose  
I'm at the bar gettin' lifted scopin' out the crew  
Niggaz chillin' after a hard week of payin' dues  
North Memphis niggaz  
Dick from Hollywood to Douglas  
On the dance floor, provin' that they hood the roughest  
South side, and cast day and niggaz will rob you quick  
Repossess what you possess like it was they shit  
But I was a player, to all the players in other hoods  
From dicks and hoes  
From Fraiser back to Westwood  
Now I'm 19, my job is to supply the fiends  
Cook the rock, morphine, or a bag of green  
Posted at my mom's house when in the came the door  
Black suits and search warrants and I'm the nigga they  
lookin' for

Everybody wants to live the life  
The good life that was seen  
Nobody wants to pay the price  
But we want to live a life that's free  
Why would they make such a thin line  
Even below we're livin' it  
For the life, I would do anything  
Then do it all, then do it all  
All for nothin'

All for nothin'  
All for nothin'  
Sometimes, we do it all for nothin'  
All for nothin'  
All for nothin'  
Sometimes, we do it all for nothin'  
All for nothin'  
All for nothin'  
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All for nothin'  
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I'm 25 now, been gone away for 5 strong  
And so much shit has changed around my mama's  
home  
My P-O, said a nigga can't achieve pay no more  
The justice system tryin' to play me with revolvin' door  
Violate parole and I'll be facin' time again  
In the penn, tell me how a nigga supposed to win?  
I hit my niggaz up who turned me on back in the game  
Finally came across some hedges and a quarter thing  
So much has changed, these young niggaz be snortin'  
cocaine

Shootin' up heroin, and shootin' niggaz for ghetto fame  
I gotta lace my boots and wade through the muddy  
waters  
Prey on flesh, so I can feed my sons and daughters  
Ain't no love, niggaz hate to see another bubble  
At the club sittin' on chrome  
Brother playin' trouble  
Cheefin' hay, before I knew it steel was in my face  
I went for mine now I'm restin' in a better place

Chorus

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