

Eight Fingers Down "Ball And Bun"

Visit "[Ball And Bun](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Featuring Bun B Of UGK]
[EightBall]
Check 1 2
Check 1 2 baby yeah uh
1 2 1 2 microphone check 2
somebody better tells these mothafuckers how we
wreck fools
Disrespect fools
Check and snap necks too
Chrushin' duos
Sittin' waitin' on the next 2
Nigga me and Bun got the extra clips and bullet proofs
Gone off illegal shit bustin' out the sunroofs
Scatterin' niggaz chatterin'
About where they been
Where they from, why they hate me, and relate me with
Stereotypical, down South country shit
On the real, we on the hustlin' makin' money shit
It's EightBizall makin' nigga feel Memphis, Tenn
Makin' hip-hop, funky as a chit-a-lin
Bitter men, mad, thinkin' that they better men
Knockin' at the Suave House door, but we won't let 'em
in
Hoes and niggaz, got a lot of shit to talk about
Runnin' your mouth, can get you dead, deep down
South
Chorus:
[EightBall]
I don't know where ya been,
And I don't know what ya seen
But I know deep down South,
It's all about the green
[Bun]
Now, I don't know what ya seen,
And I don't know where ya been
But I know deep down South, ya keep your G-U-N
[EightBall]
I don't know what you've done,
And I don't know what you do
But I know deep down South
Nigga, it's all on you

[Bun]

Now, I don't know what you do
An I know what you've done
But we can't tell ya 'bout nobody else,
But Ball and Bun

[Bun]

I see no evil,
Say no evil,
Hear no evil,
Try not to get in no evils
Raised up on Briz and Biz Bo-wevils
Ain't no sequels for your people when we touch down
South gon' put that crush down
Nigga lay your philly, and you'll touch down
Takin' that shit so much clown
Don't even sound real no mo'
Your cap'll get peeled, slo-mo
Fuck you and that steel .44
I'm triz, oh hoe
Pay your dumbasses no nevermind
Flip flows, so clever shine
Like diamond grapes on leather vines
Forever I regard it
As the first fool that started
Movin' gassed up niggaz till they farted
Hands, black hearted, cold
Get retarded
Like slingblade, it bring made niggaz
I played niggaz
Still wanna see a thing fade niggaz
I stay niggaz
That is the fight, what you believe
Give you life room to breathe
But tonights the night for you to leave
As soon as sleep
Ain't got, no tricks up,
Your still get mixed up
From Southern black macks
That stay gettin' they dicked sucked
Chorus
[EightBall]
Crooked as the first letter in the word South
Niggaz who be 'bout gettin' paid, even when it's a
drought
Fuckin' some stout, smokin' out
At my nigga house
98 live, side bet and gettin' screwed out
Screwed up, drinkin' my cup
Grippin' my nuts
Hoes be jockin', but eager niggaz get setup
Wet up, fucked up, what's up?

Test us, guess what?
True but, you just, messed up
Deeper, than encyclopedia Britanica
If Ball don't do it, then Bun-B gonna handle ya
[Bun]
To all you Betty Crocker,
Cock knockers that wanna cook a cake
But don't know what it took to make that bitch,
Take a look you fake
And switch your recipe
Niggaz always takin' tests of me
Pressin' me, just to see the stress and hate
Bring the best of me
Leave your mouth open, sesame seed
I seperate from stem and weed
Me, I go, murder
Murder them in deep blood clot
They get all red hot from lead shots
And what not
Mine, I go dead after red dot
And buckshot,
So bitch niggaz get the fuck out
Leave suckas stuck, fuck props
This where the buck stops
Chorus
[EightBall Talking]
Yeah, Euphoric images
Pyscadelic gangsta shit
This is fuckin' groovy man
I'll be back
3004

Visit [Eight Fingers Down](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.