

Eight Fingers Down

"Drama In My Life"

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[EightBall]

Time waits for no one
But you never could of told me that
Bowlin' ball nuts and a gat
But not enough time for me to react
Cheddar in my possession
Livin' in an expedition
Cheefin' to stop my stressin'
On the low attraction no attention
Who in the fuck got nuts enough to come test me, not a
soul
I pack a tool, I'm unjackable, cause I'm always on my
toes
Penny hoes, you know that shit goes
Loot bring a nigga much love
In a club, buyin' up all the champagne, high on rich
nigga drugs
Never knew, someone was scopin' me, gettin' close to
me
Tryin' they best to get a hold of me, for my jewelry, and
my currency
But I couldn't see, what was in store for me
Nigga wanted go to war with me
My philosophy, it was jealousy, or evil animosity

Chorus:

Idiotic tendency to be doin' some shit (drama in my
life)
When a mothafucker cross me like a crucifix (so much,
so much, drama in my
Life)
Noose over loose bitch noodles (drama in my life)
See me that, that me (drama in my life)
What you do that (drama in my life)
Should it come back (drama in my life)
Give it more with some frequency bitch (drama in my
life)
And if I come back before that shit (so much, so much,
drama in my life)
That's concrete put your shoes in it (drama in my life)

Ah, what the fuck?
You need your jaw broke?
You know why you got shot up
You can't control that money, or your mouth
The skies the limit, but you's a illegitimate prick in it
And I swear to god, oh my and the devil and the angels
ain't missin' shit
Broad as the eye can see
A black one will rise, and boys so you best watch out for
me
What's stoppin' you?
The drama in your life is watchin' me
Better peep your feature (what?)
Turn in your cleats, cause it's time for the medic
Bogus hocks and marks, I test it
Better flex, then dead
As red as your eyes
This shit is soul, so it's got me
Gottin' me callin' my guy a nug
Paper to precious in the faces of death in the
pressence
Of a hundred guys, and a hundred guns

I'm gonna spit it to you like they told it to me
See, this world can get colder then a bitch you see how
froze it can be, and
Over
In the, blink of an eye situation
Based it in hatred
You can taste it
It's now how many minutes till you do wrong
You gone, to the basement
But I'm faced with
Niggaz just like me tryin' to replace my placement
From this shit it looks the shit niggaz don't want no
statements
Yet they on some hate shit
I'm erasin' my defense
Helpin' me keep my patience
Contemplatin' on the moves these sons of bitches
makin'
But the whole disgrace
They don't know I'm laced with this deed
Ducked and wrapped in a mass destruction
I guess this drama in my life is just a reproccussion
A mothafuckin'

Chorus

And my mothafuckin' clutch in a disgustin' world
Is a gut wrenchin' nothin' fucked up in the cut steady

strugglin'
Puzzled introduction of flux with the cuts from my
trouble and this hustle
Is bubbled engulfed in the governments smugglin'
Should I give a fuck if then?
Niggaz don't make it no better with bullshit they
speakin'
See they thinkin' they know the business
Let a hoe get in change and they ready to pull shit
Tweakin' heathin' skeekin'
Hear the demon's shriekin'
Seekin' my soul to be keepin'
I'm losin' me to mothafuckers try to see the idiotic
tendency to do some
Shit

Mothafuckers die
Why ask why when you got concussions and casts
He the worsts
And now you know for the pain the baddest habits
I gon' ride
Kinetic energies growin' thicker
Adrenalin rushin' fast
Slanted fangs from viscious elixers
I'm crazy deranged
The nigga knows the deal
I'm gettin' the thousands, the hundreds, the paper
To precious the faces of deaths
I, I, better done it
That, that mean, when you do bad shit it come back
Even more confusin' bitch
And if I come again that means the looser the lips for
bitches

[EightBall]
The whole moral to my dilemma
How can you expect the unexpected
Drama in your life
Can get your life ejected
Popped out, knocked out, dropped out of the human
race
Memories get erased
The killer and I standin' face to face
Now we gotta race, but it ain't no second place in this
marathon
Look what that Anna done, crossed me with some
drama son
Not thinkin' about how loud, my actions speakin'
Now I'm reapin' what I stole from those

Chorus 2X

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