

Eight Fingers Down

"Put Tha House On It"

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Talking]

I remember (I remember)

Right before I used to go to sleep (right before I used to go to sleep)

Me and my mom (me and my mom)

My mom used to tell me to say (my mom used to tell me to say)

Now I lay me down to sleep (now I lay me down to sleep)

I pray to the lord my soul to keep (I pray to the lord my soul to keep)

If I shall die (if I shall die)

Before I wake (before I wake)

I pray to the lord (I pray to the lord)

My soul to take (my soul to take)

So much drama in a nigga life

I have to take the scenic route home, and check the closets at night

Not afraid of the dark, just what the dark hides

Killas with they facemask, tryin' to get my safe cash

If I catch 'em should I blast, nigga?

Hell yeah

Cause if they catch me up in they shit, I'ma dead man

My eye for your eye, that's what the pages read

By any means necessary, that's what Malcolm said

So I'ma a roll like a 20 inch mo-mo

Fuck a lot of hoes, make dough, and kick the bo-bo

It's hard but fair

MJG told your bitch ass

Quick fast, I make my shit last, and put you in the past

Don't ask cat, go get a mask and a gat

Snatch a nigga wife, and make her tell ya where them bitches at

Mafia style, break the code and I'ma break your back

Straight up dogg, I put the house on that

Chorus:

What you wanna do?

Go to war man?

Well, talk is cheap, and the game done changed

Fights, only midnight gun blaze
So I say
Watch your back and don't come around my way

[Talking]

What must be
What shall be
That which is necessity to him that struggles
Is little more than choice to him that is willing

One of them fake niggaz, I'm hot like TNT
Blow up, and have you standin' in a puddle of pee-pee
See me, you couldn't do if you sight was 20-20
My lyrics so fat they made me go and call Jenny
Used to be poor like penny, not Anferne, but Janet
Until I unleashed my poetry upon the planet
Harder than granite
Player haters can't stand it
White folks would ban it, cause they children demand it
Tryin' to live a life, I've been fightin' to escape
Earnin' my respect, and never takin' breaks
Breakin' cakes
Everyday I'm on a paper chase
Shake and bake
Just so I could double up my ri-up
We buck, but don't nobody wanna find that out
Murder niggaz lyrically instead of pullin' my gat out
Now I'm on some hard core, makin' me a mill shit
Nothin' but the real shit
Soldier in the field shit
Feel this,
Nigga life will never slow it down
You need to do like New Edition baby, cool it now
One of us gon' chill, it's gon' be me or you cat
Fuck what you heard, I put the house on that
Bitch

Chorus

[Talkin]

You know (you know)
I want you to remember (I want you to remember)
Heaven is above all {heaven is above all}
And death is the judge that no king can corrupt (and
death is the judge that
no king can corrupt)
And hell (and hell)
Hell is only the truth (hell is only the truth)
Seen too late (seen too late)
Can you dig that? (can you dig that?)

Lord forgive me for the anger that I feel today
Give me the strength to be a man, and turn my cheek
the other way
The devil in the form of my enemy has tested me
Now I must retaliate before they get the best of me
No name callin', hoe, I wouldn't give you the pleasure
So you can run and tell niggaz that I'm the one jealous
Oh yeah
I'm supposed to fall for that punk shit
All you did was sign a contract, to get your ass kicked
Blasted
Found in a ditch with your wig split
Thinkin' that we niggaz on some rappin' kiddie kid shit
Dig this
Is my success a threat to you?
Nigga why you hate me, cause I do the shit I do?
Be true, nigga spit it or forget it
If I'm the one wrong, I'll be the first to admit it
And then we can get down, any way you want it
My nigg 'Twan told me
Ball, put the house on that mayne

Chorus

[Talking]
Yeah man
To mothafuckers that don't understand this shit man
Know what I'm sayin'?
Nigga better feel me this time
I ain't goin'
You know what I'm talkin' about man?
Check this out man
Shit makes me hot man
Bitch ass niggaz man
Talkin' that shit man
Know what I'm talkin' about?
Tryin' to let these niggaz know
Bitch
It ain't no playin' no more mothafucker
Yeah
Bet them hoes felt that
Don't come around my way

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