

## Eight Fingers Down "Stripes"

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Yeah  
Respect this

[ CHORUS ]

Look, I got my stripes up in this rap shit  
My life is like a rollercoaster, up and down quick  
Cloudy grey days hide away the sun rays  
My only escape is to kneel and pray or smoke hay  
Everyday

[ VERSE 1: Eightball ]

Thug livin', nigga, ain't nobody promised tomorrow  
Ain't no second chance to live, it ain't no time to borrow  
Money in these streets, trouble in these streets  
I'm tryin to school these niggas deep within these beats  
Life is for learnin, learn and live, nigga  
What the world hold for me and all my real niggas?  
The studio is where we meet up like a holy church  
Worshippin the spirits of them niggas who done been  
here first  
And give it all to them young niggas who come after us  
And don't give nothin to them boys that's out here fakin  
tough  
Project livin ain't no fly shit, I don't wanna go back  
And I pray for all my niggas who can't do better than  
that

[ CHORUS ]

[ VERSE 2: Eightball ]

I live it how it come to me, good or bad  
I got to deal with it, this ain't no movie, see  
When the gunshot spray ain't no tellin if a stray  
Gonna put one of my little bitty sons in his grave  
My nigga in the hood used to kick shit and do his thang  
Now that nigga in a wheelchair, damn, ain't that fucked  
up, mane?  
Maybe it was somethin comin back from somethin that  
he did  
Maybe that was God's way of tellin him he need to quit  
I don't know, I know he think about that shit everyday

though  
What he did to make his life go the way that it go  
Every nigga can't be blingin, Navigatin' on doubts  
How many niggas really got a lot of stacks put up?  
How many niggas got five cars and no house?  
Hustlin' like a slave tryin to shut your baby mama  
mouth  
Long as you hustle ain't nothin impossible, my nigga  
Then when you get it give it back cause you can't take it  
witcha

[ CHORUS ]

Yeah  
Ah-ha  
Yeah  
Eightball the Fat Mack  
Fatboy  
Eightball & MJG  
Space Age Pimpin from way back, baby  
You know what I'm sayin?  
Yeah  
CEO on the streets  
Commander in Chief, baby  
You know what I'm talkin about  
From Orange Mound streets all over the world  
East coast, West coast, overseas  
This pimpin just ain't a whole lot, baby  
I got my stripes up in this rap shit  
Yeah

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