

Eightball

"40, Rappin 4-Tay, Spice-1 - 360 Degrees"

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Weeble-lations!!

(*E-40*)

Weeble-lations testin, testin.

Testin, testin,

hey, turn my mic up, this a bitch, I got my dudes up in
this mutha

fucka, that boy Eightball, 4-Tay, Speeze-weeze, Spice-
weeze, ya smell

me? It's E-feeze. Mutha fuckaz ain't understandin the
signs of this, I

cuss a mutha fucka out.

(*Eightball*)

Niggaz gonna be feelin, what I'm revealin,

tryin to do some healin, an at the same time make a
million,

vibrate love an happiness in this ghetto maze,

hate us playaz got this ryhme stayin in a rage,

kill wit a pill, broke game like Nintendo,

three hours an forty-four minutes straight to Frisco,

bumpin the Rappin, 4-Tayzee baby,

me an 40 Water in the big body Mercedez.

(*Rappin 4-Tay*)

Four hundred, five hundred V-12 black coupe,

none of my weebles wake that barkley comin out the
roof,

choppin major game on the strength,

man we goes back juss like them splinters an 'em

temps, uh

met this bitch that was in Houston, said she was from
Houston,

said her profession was stackin major paper roll,

first at times it seems, gold credit cards we get that

ass,

went from bennies to bossalini's, collectin cash,

they whistlin, I'm glistin like Sammy Davis,

born an raised in the Bay them hataz can't fade us,
I am the rapper that they call 4-Tay,
360 degrees, they can't fade the Yay, fool.

(*Eightball*)

Fuckin off in the Bay wit some crazy niggaz,
gettin drunk, gettin high so they saved ya nigga,
from the bottom of the stream to the top of the
mountian,
in the "O" straight clownin,
talkin bout whats goin down an,
these niggaz feelin me,
soakin up the love I give,
nigga all of us got kids, an only got one life to live,
but sometimes that shit don't matta,
animosity can lead we to ratta-tatta,
splatta,
all over shit, an leave tricks motionless,
drinkin blood like I, an spittin fire like kiss,
the only nigga sick as this,
behind me,
is the gangsta, S-P-I-C-E.

(*Spice-1*)

Yeah smell me,
yo five albums in the game,
500 Benzo in my name,
five niggaz in a bucket,
five zig-zags to the brain,
to the greedy lil paper, I'm on the MTV news,
I'm havin slugs fo shistey niggaz, tryin ta give me the
blues,
I ain't a mutha fuckin Italian,
but my crew run like the Mafia,
Eightball, 4-Tay, Banks, an 40 Water,
an me Bossalini, Freddy Chico, Chanelle shit,
met a couple of inccidents where some niggaz tried to
kill me,
juss a part of the game,
jelous niggaz out fo fame,
when steady bustin at me,
is to give no names,
but when they runnin up on this muthafuckin Don
they catchin pieces of hell,
hot slugs from a nigga that's fresh out on bail.

(*Eightball*)

Long time comin baby,

somewhere off in the hills,
me an 40 Waters choppin it up, keep or kill,
on the real about this underground lifestyle,
intoxicated,
an always heavily sedated,
Bank's rocks the beat,
I grab the mic an bust,
turn into a monster,
eatin weak mc's up,
smokin trees up,
pinnin hoes knees up,
feds wouldn't ease up,
had to put the keys up,
findin Jesus prayin fo the weak,
hopin somebody's on they knees prayin fo me,
in the midnight hour somewhere on them drugs,
in a room full 'o thugs, 40 tell em how it was.

(*E-40*)

They shot my mama's house up, back in 1992('92),
I keep goin back an play possum like I don't know who,
if I knew who, what, when, where an how,
if I knew back then, would I know now?
the rap game ain't never gonna be decreasin,
the only thing the rap game
gonna keep on doin is increasin(increasin),
there will be no over-night sensations,
them 40, Eightball, MJG, only drip
we been layin it down since trout season,
now all of a sudden I look good as Toni Braxton,
in a white house wit toys of traction,
uppercussion, ya may wanna take a second look,
you can find me in the Florida designs book,
the hall of game, is a 420 wit chrome rims all day(all
day),
parked up on ???,
nigga this ain't none of that,
only reason I'm doin a song wit dude an 'em is cuz I
want they region
recognize game, game recognize game.
Can't be no bigga pimp than me nigga.

(chorus x2)

360 degrees of game,
talkin bout game,
talkin bout game,
360 degrees of game,
wit hella bomb on the brain.

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