

Eightball

"Do You Really? (f/ MJG)"

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Yeah, it's time to get crunked up in this bitch
You know what I'm talkin' about
Yeah, Eightball and MJG, for my real niggaz
Layin' it down for all my real niggaz

Yeah, uh
Let's get it crunk up in this bitch
Where ya at?
Where ya at huh? Where ya at huh?
Where ya at? Where ya at huh?

This for all them real gangsta-ass nigga
Yeah for all them real, gangsta-ass bitches
yaknowhamsayin'?
My brothers gettin' money out here yaknowhamsayin'?
Real underground lovin' muh'fuckers, get the club buck
Yaknahmtalkin''bout? Yeah, yeah

MJ, G up in yo shit like some toilet paper
Get fresh wit' me nigga I'ma spoil it later
You'll float backside up in a swamp of gators
Then you're a snack-sized nigga, formerly a hater

Heavy weighters, street poetry creators
Double-barrel blast for you pimp game perpetrators
Can't touch us, I know you wanna be us
Fake-ass rappers can't fuck wit' what we bust

Whoa, do you really wanna get crunk?
Hey, do you really wanna get buck?
Whoa, do you really wanna get crunk?
Hey, all my players, all my gangstas

Whoa, do you really wanna get crunk?
Hey, do you really wanna get buck?
Whoa, do you really wanna get crunk?
Hey, all my hustlers, all my grinders

Roll through, one deep, heat in the waistband
Jealous-ass niggaz might try and touch a made man
Crazy rap fans, followin' my rap van
Wanna get a hug, wanna shake a playa hand

Smoke somethin', I'm a fiend for the sticky green
My whole team, keep it clean like a pinky ring
Hardcore like a scene in Cabrini Green
Plenty green get a young nigga anything

Excursion, escalate with the big rims
Denim suits, soulja rag with my gold Timbs
Poppin' pills like a nigga eatin' M&M's
Shoppin' deals at the table wit the best of them

Leave the rest of them, way in the back
Weak-ass rappers get smoked like a sack
Fat Boy did that, didn't nobody help me
MJ to the G

Do you really wanna get buck?
Then tell the truth, I don't give a fuck
Each day is a blessin', I'ma live it up
Put ya best south fit in the cleaner
Da, da, dun, da, dun, hit the horn like Leana

I never seen a, party crunker than the one I'm in
Bitch pullin' contest we done won again
We hit the scene all the women start swarmin' in
I feel like I died, went to heaven and born again

Pimp tight, MJ fuckin' G
Death wish meant for anybody touchin' me
I'ma hit the dancefloor with a attitude
Who's the killer now? Tell me who's the badder dude?

Who's the one who ain't afraid to let the bullets fly?
If you know you ain't gon' use it, why you pull it why?
Do you really wanna kill me and do time?
And leave ya kids and ya girlfriend left behind?

Whoa, do you really wanna get crunk?
Hey, do you really wanna get buck?
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Hey, all my players, all my gangstas

Whoa, do you really wanna get crunk?
Hey, do you really wanna get buck?
Whoa, do you really wanna get crunk?
Hey, all my hustlers, all my grinders

Do you really wanna hit the sauna
With some bitches and marijuana?
Sailboats offa the beaches of California
Getcha game tighter as a fist and the ice that's on it

Y'all ain't crunker than us, ghetto performers

Street roamers, still keepin' the heat on us
Corner on a nice day, nigga just thought I'd warn ya
Eightball and MJG, we the buckest
Dope shit nigga, roll us up in the Duchess

One of the hardest niggaz that you will ever meet
Two of the hardest niggaz to bust over beats
It's all real, never fantasy or incomplete
Incomplete emcees just can't compete

Hear defeat, I'm elite when I grab a sheet
Grab a pen and compose what my life hold
Fuck what a nigga stole I'ma still roll
Fifty deep, fifty feet from you weak hoes

Whoa, do you really wanna get crunk?
Hey, do you really wanna get buck?
Whoa, do you really wanna get crunk?
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Whoa, do you really wanna get crunk?
Hey, all my hustlers, all my grinders

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