

Eightball

"If I Die"

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[MG] Â Intro]

Huh, yeah, Â'Ball you could dig this one pontâ
Got that boom, huh, boom-boom, boom, boom

[Chorus Â Children] 2x

He is the Â Slab Rider
Orange Mounder, Third-Coast Sider
He is the Â Slab Rider
Big hydro, fifthteen riders

[Eightball Â verse 1]

Who wanna ride wit the big Â'Ball
IÂ'm foÂ' doÂ's, I got room enough for all of yÂ'all
If you donÂ't know me IÂ'm the one they call the "Fat
Mack"
IÂ'm givinÂ' instructions on, "How to Lace a Phat Track"
I come from hard times hopinÂ' IÂ'm never goinÂ' back
Never thought that all of this would come from writing
raps
Big money, big grills, big cars
Women used to trip, now they wanna know who we are
I stayed the same Â while everything around me
changed
My old pontâ's locked up Â fuckinÂ' wit them thangs
ItÂ's not a game, really itÂ's a damn shame
Â'Cause if I wasnÂ't here IÂ'd probably be wit them
mane
Thank the Lord IÂ'm not, knock on wood baby
This whole world crazy, everybody livinÂ' shady
And IÂ'm stuck in the middle stayinÂ' true to myself
I canÂ't be nobody else, tellÂ' em who I am...

[Chorus Â Children] 2x

He is the Â Slab Rider
Orange Mounder, Third-Coast Sider
He is the Â Slab Rider
Big hydro, fifthteen riders

[Eightball Â verse 2]

From Lamar Cove and Orange Mound
To Bill St. where the legendary put it down
Memphis, Tennessee is where I got my home training

In the streets instead of sittin' at home complainin'
Mississippi, Arkansas, and everything in-between
I know it's real, but it all feels like a dream
In New Orleans smokin' out wit my dogg Woo
When done seen so much shit between me and you
Nashville I'ma holla at my nigga C
All my niggas, oh yeah rest in peace P
Dallas, I'm wit Rally at Phenomena
Houston I'm everywhere, holla at me Ma'
But it ain't nothing like them thick-ass Georgia
peaches
Sweet fruit and they never are out of season
It don't matter if you in the ghetto or the 'burbs
Ask somebody, who's that... and they'll say...

[Chorus Children] 2x
He is the Slab Rider
Orange Mounder, Third-Coast Sider
He is the Slab Rider
Big hydro, fifteenth riders

[Eightball verse 3]
My nigga G in V.I.P, in St. Lou'
Duke and Coo' runners in Miami can't forget you
Jacksonville, Tallahassee, Sapp smokin' wit me
Me and Moss in Minnesota smokin' green-sticky
Dave and 'Toine got my back when I'm in the Apple
My cousin Forty got me drinkin' E&J and Snapple
Louisville, Money Mike what's the deal baby
All my Alabama niggas keep it real baby
O.H and the Dime always on my mind
Cleveland to Cincinnati hoes so fine
Detroit all the way to Flint, Michigan
I spanked this broad but I really wanted to spank her
friend
Nappy City where the thugs keep it real gritty
Chi-Town where you might loses yo' life quickly
From the streets, to the clubs, to the stage
Ask about 'Ball, and they all gone say...

[Chorus Children] 2x
He is the Slab Rider
Orange Mounder, Third-Coast Sider
He is the Slab Rider
Big hydro, fifteenth riders

[Children] 2x
Keep ridin', ridin', ridin', Eighball just keep on
ridin'
Keep ridin', ridin', ridin', Orange Mound and
Third-Coast Sider

[Eightball Â Outro]

Yeah, yeah Fat Boy... representinÂ' you know what IÂ'm talkinÂ' Â'bout

Like always baby, stay shocked out, to all my real niggas stayinÂ' down

StayinÂ' true, ya know what IÂ'm sayinÂ'

We gone get this money baby, we gone do it how it go, yot know what IÂ'm talkinÂ' Â'bout

Yeah, we gone grind, we gone hustle

All them boys that didnÂ't think we could do it, the doubters, the haters we gone do it for them

We doinÂ' it for the doubter and haters, the one that think we canÂ't do it, yeah this for you

Straight from them slab riders, them niggas that be grindinÂ' for real, them niggas that be hustlinÂ' for real

Them niggas that be on the streets

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