

Eightball

"Pimp In My Own Rhyme"

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Unh, light up the bomb
Cuz here I come
It's eight bizall got the remedy
Dr. Green's sticky got the cure for me
Pimp tight, I'm so tight
Takin flight like a kite
When the wind blows
Creepin in my Timbo's
Most, hoe's know, I'm out to get the loot
Fuck being your boyfriend girl I wanna hit the boot's
Jump, deep in that rump, and then I got a flat bitch
You should've known how a real nigga act
That's, why I be, about my P's and Q's
Cuz hoe's end up being bad news
Find em, fuck em, split em, forget em
Let the hoe go, so the next Joe can hit em
Real about this playa shit, Suave came deeper than the
ocean
Lip on hay, hit me wit the potion, floatin
Cloud nine is beneath me
Niggas can't see Eightball and MJ fuckin G
Dope, like a cake, fake, niggas get the
Fuckin wit' the,

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