

## **Eightball & Mjg "Anotha Day In Tha Hood"**

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[ VERSE 1: Eightball ]

Eightball the Fat Mac must express  
While a nigga's gettin zooted from the potent-ass sess  
Lookin back, damn, I was wild as a juvenile  
Mama showed love and she struggled for her only  
child  
But like my dad I was stuck in the streets  
I never wanted to work hard, cause that shit ain't for  
me  
Back then only 16, ignorant and curious  
Mom's gettin periods cause I wasn't serious  
I said fuck school teachers and the church preachers  
I wanted to hang with my niggas with the street  
sweepers  
Back in the days sellin herbs on the [Name]  
Me and Squeaky doin city-wide talent shows  
Gettin dissed, gettin pissed cause of this shit  
Cause it's so hard in this muthafuckin business  
I said many times, "Mama, I'ma make you proud"  
But I could never leave the thug life of Orange Mound  
I'm on the corner drinkin Thunderbird, slingin rocks  
They in my hands cause the cops know 'bout the  
matchbox  
But I can't sell dope, rappin is the way, gee  
And this is just another day around the homies

[ VERSE 2: MJG ]

..mid day, I was deep into a sleep  
Unconscious from that hay that they distribute on em  
streets  
My world was constantly spinnin from the RÃfÂ©my  
that was in me  
And we ain't half-stepped on them blunts, we chiefed  
up plenty  
A penny to be earned in a day is what I'm looking for  
Hopin for, some kind of way to make a little more  
ducats  
Fuck it, shit that I just needed, I just stuck it  
Up, hell, nigga might as well  
Proceed to hustle like a p-i-m-p  
MJ fuckin G  
The nigga with the muthafuckin clout, no doubt

The pimps is in the muthafuckin house  
Be up out [Name], black folk is takin over  
You know how I know? Gimme the mic and I show ya  
I teach ya, I reach ya with this pimpalistic knowledge  
The shit a nigga learned back in Break-A-Bitch College  
Started, to hustle at the age of 11  
Started makin money when a nigga turned 12  
Started to indulg at the age of 13  
At 14 a nigga flatfoot was raisin hell  
In the muthafuckin hood

[ VERSE 3: Eightball ]

So many rappers in this industry, I don't doubt  
That it's a bunch of niggas broke with a CD out  
It ain't new to me, cause me and MJG  
Had to struggle just to hustle down in Tennessee  
In Memphis, tryin to be a rapper  
But rappin don't mean shit to Elvis Presley-lovin  
crackers  
Plus I'm with a record label gankin me and fuckin me  
Niggas always promisin me shit that I will never see  
Trick-buster always talkin 'bout we family  
But while I was rappin he was snortin up my royalty  
So I got smart, hit the streets and said fuck that  
That's when this nigga named T Money heard our first  
track  
Pack em up, move em out, straight down to Texas  
Me and JG ridin drop-top Lexus  
"Coming Out Hard" on the charts in the 'Billboard'  
Second album droppin and we waitin on our first award  
Niggas talkin cause the crew ain't walkin no mo'  
Them jealous busters tryin to start shit over hoes  
I don't know what is worse, livin bad or livin good  
But the whole world remind me of my neighborhood

[ VERSE 4: MJG ]

See, I'm a self-made hustler, trustin the  
Niggas who think that two heads are better than one  
And ready to get the job done, son  
MJG gots game in the street sale  
That makes me get lifts in the studio  
Even though it was kind of hard as far as I can see  
Growin up in the Orange Mound Tennessee community  
Could it be the future had love for a nigga who  
Struggled through all type of shit for a bill or two?  
Still I do shows for my fans cause my fans buy my  
tapes  
And the tapes make my g's and the g's keeps me  
straight  
And I hate when the busters smile all in my face like a

hoe  
And talk shit in the down low  
Look out, punk, mutha-fucka, sucka, niggas  
My finger's gettin tired of the trigger, dig a  
Grave, shit, cause I don't want his boys to have to deal  
With the smell of the trick I just killed  
???? if you can't hang with the stress, best  
Wipe the big 'S' off your muthafuckin chest  
Press issues, makin sure they fully understood  
'bout a young nigga life in the muthafuckin hood

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