

## **Eightball & MJG "Ballin' G's"**

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Chorus: (Eightball)

be ballin g's we get buck  
all ballin g's just get crunk  
bitches let me see you ride that dick  
nigga you got ice than rock that shit  
real niggas they dont hide they shit  
we live and die for niggas we ride wit  
fuck tha fame you can have that shit  
imma slang an husltin an try to break me a bitch

Verse 1: (MJG)

I been many places  
niggas pimpin an niggas playin  
niggas hustlin niggas lyin an niggas prayin  
for that allmighty  
I ride them twenty inch yokohamas  
in this game nigga I broke ya momma  
smokin some-a  
that tropical potent thunder  
slangin dick knockin hoes down like lumber  
chancin of u seein this nigga, Stevie Wonder  
the pope said he wanna come smoke leave ya number

(Eightball)

one of the realest niggas you looked at trick  
imma slang an hustle an try an break me a bitch  
soft ass niggas dont bust like this  
eightball fuck up all yall when I spit  
blows like snows in Ohio thats thick  
catch this come up short like bushwick  
trick we be known at the slap ridas click  
we dont chase hoes an hate niggas that ride dick

(Chorus)

Verse 2: (MJG)

w-w-w.m-j-g.com  
give me the mic an ill give you songs  
when the beats bumpin  
give you something  
for yo streo  
an benz-o

chockin the fuck off endo  
then go  
splurgin off something in some over sized excursins  
livin with a bitch you do nothin but blow herbs  
when we tally hoe  
daddy go  
thats when my niggas say boom boom crack boom  
boom  
thats what the trigger say

(Eightball)

what I deliever  
make you civil  
like you was ???  
break the skeleton outta mothafuckas who sellin them  
shoot legs shootin heads necks an chests first  
physically hurtin me  
but nigga the stress hurts  
I got a red shirt  
spreadin over this bullshit  
sometimes I wanna put down this pen and pull this  
firearm  
how come you think ??? with my pistol and  
think I got no killin utensils

(MJG)

pistol play  
playin wit me a get ya kidnapped  
evidence show im just a hustla that know how to rap  
post up an im gone bleed yo block  
make it hot til it burn like a nigga sellin rocks  
dd or one d nigga what the fuck  
my room of 45's got my back in the cuts  
??? join the club  
I bust all day  
just as long as a mothafucka pay me what I weight  
hate in my bloodstream  
smoked out dreams  
shoot raps through my vein like a nigga was a fiend  
I told yall niggas we was hard from the start  
keep enough shit yo blow ya block apart  
just to say I did that  
you know who did that  
that nigga everybody know  
he in the fat pack  
moet if it was fly nigga I said it  
you might regret it if you wet it  
and you need a medic

(Chorus)

(Eightball and MJG talking)

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