

Eightball & Mjg "Don't Make"

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Don't make, don't make, me kill, me kill
No mu'fuckin' body in here, in here
I'mma shoot, I'mma shoot, 3 shots, 3 shots
Somebody done made me hot, me hot
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You got me fucked up, we shoot guns and hit targets
Meat market, chop haters up who start shit
MJG, rippin' holes in body gaurds
Outta line, polices' and boys who think they body hard
And when the party started, I thought we was all chillin'
I figured that everybody be leavin' here all livin'
You standin' too close partna, you askin' too much baby
You need to get way from round me, before our clique
goin' crazy

They ma-ny niggaz come round, talkin' 'bout
They hot, but they not, fuckin' with fat boy and MJ
Nigga we the truth, holla at a playa man
Streets are the booth, we poppin' at you hatas man
Soft ass niggaz make they chin hit the floor
Off bran niggaz take they cheese and they hoe
Mafio, Mafio, niggaz know, niggas know
When them real live G's hit the door, hit the door

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I got a 22, not much bigger than my finger
A winchester pistol grip pump tha'ts a head ringer
A two shot derringer, not little millinater
A big 40 glock, just call me the gun slanger
Some AK spray to kill the front line

One hundred and thirty dead from squeezin' off one
time
All you muthafuckin' niggaz, that yappin' that fly lip
Let it rip, don't slip, I'm workin' with fly clips

We fifty deep and every nigga with me got they ice on
Look, niggaz gotta brake your face like Roy Jones
Crush your bones when it's on, we ain't never scared
Them Memphis boys, we so serious when it's 'bout that
bread
Kidnap family members, them niggaz don't leave no
witness
They all love a gangsta, that shit be so addictive
When we pull up, they know who we are by the car
We blowin' big, and you know Diddy he gonna buy the
bar

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Take your vest off, I'm blowin' your neck off and eyes
out
High speed chase, I'll follow you to your hideout
Shoot your fuckin' tires out, don't try to ride now
What happend to the bass in your voice, you just cryin'
now?
Thought you was a man, you starting to look fine now
The grim reaper been lookin' for ya, and boy it's time
now
And blow the roll, shit out the right side of your head
man
Ain't no way for retaliation when you's a dead man

Not a scared man, we keep it, out the frame
We stayin' away from lames, and run the whole game
I do it like G, you ain't fuckin' with me
Eightball, MJG, we reppin' for Tennessee
With murder and homicide, and daily niggaz die
And daily niggaz ride, it don't mean with we you wise
Money, and the power, the weak, they get devoured
Them boys that disrespect, with bullets they get
showered

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