Eightball & MJG "Memphis City Blues"

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Said I got the blues Said I got the blues Memphis city blues

Yeah, light up the green, watch me light up the room Watch me light up the mic, fat boy, be the truth Nigga live and learn, learn the streets or get burned Niggas take what you earn, they be slick as a perm Man I try to be slicker, try to be cunning and quicker Try to be more than just another broke ass nigga In this game of life, lose your life in the game Take a life full of pain, make you remember my name

From the home of the blues, thought I paid my dues It's hard to fill my shoes, imitators abuse I just love the music, like my heart and my brain Couldn't live without it, that's impossible man I'm unstoppable man, from the bottom I came Niggas scratching for bread, stumbled up on the fame Humble niggas with game, shut yo' mouth up and listen

Recognize, it's a blessing, thankful just to be living

I got the Memphis City Blues
Ooo, I could feel it now
The neighborhood pimps introduced us to pimping
And everybody we know used to play in them streets
Oh man, oh man, oh man

I got the Memphis City Blues
Ooo, I could feel it now
The neighborhood pimps introduced us to pimping
(This is how they put it down)
Everybody we know used to play in them streets
(We know)
Oh man, oh man, oh man

I had the Memphis City Jones running through my bones Way, way back with A+ beepers and gray phones

Even further back when I was just playing around the yard

Riding bikes and shit, falling and getting my legs scarred

In the music city, Memphis Tenn, they turned me into this

My dad and a couple of my friends, they played instruments

And when we used to roll to school at 16 We bumped shit like Bobby Womack and Al Green

Hell, I knew most of the old school shit from front to end

I would start to memorize, four fives at age 10 I come from a city where R&B run deep And the blues was the music that paved the whole street

It was only natural that we would take the torch and run wit it

Be serious, but still have a little fun wit it MJG, from a town that runs real deep Ask B.B. King and Isaac Hayes on Bill Street

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(This is how they put it down)
Everybody we know used to play in them streets
(We know)
Oh man, oh man, oh man

Yeah, on that pimping man, me and G was born and raised

Commodores, O Jays, Frankie Beverly and Maze Windows rolled down, no AC cause the gas low Bread at a minimum, but still we found a place to go North to the South at my nigga house, chiefing out Skipping school, learning what the Memphis City Blues 'bout

Me and G and a whole bunch of others Had a rocky road to travel just to make the world love us

'Cause it's the Memphis City, really to call it itty bitty Would be an understatement We got big ass, cash, and titties Big pimping working and hurt, the pockets of big tippers

Side dippers and big jails to hide niggas
But we stayed out, hard times, we prayed bout 'em
Nigga step up talking that shit and I laid out 'em
MJG rappin' the Memphis Tennie, you and I could feel it
Pass me some of the henny

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(This is how they put it down)
And everybody we know used to play in them streets
(We know)
Oh man, oh man, oh man
Said I got the blues
Said I got the blues
Gotta Jones in my bones
And it won't leave me alone
I got the blues

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