

Eightball & MJG "No Sellout (f/ Koncrete)"

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Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah nigga
Uh, uh, yeah, yeah
Eightball nigga, Koncrete nigga
Yeah, yeah, uh, yeah, yeah

Spark the weed up turn the beat up let's get it popping
It's on we dropping that homegrown ghetto to ghetto
topic
Flip shit rip shit quick bit sick with this shit here
Explicit content misfits fear now let's get this shit clear
This instant right here

Set it I bet it they won't forget it I wrote I edit
Call the paramedic, said I meant it, still in it to win it
From start to finish no gimmick
Got to give spinach ya timid

I'm rugged so fuck it, I love it
Dogs we stay above it corrupted
From dawn to dusk so we can thug it
(Naw)

To all my broken kinfolkin' stressing keep on smoking
Nick and Slick, Tone and Mint gotta hit the grind again
Living dirty gots to get with it time to go and get it
8ways we represent it all my noggins is demented
Better watch them cars that's tinted you don't want to
be up in it

Swish this tre like Hardaway send they soldiers far
away
But I'm living on the corner got this hardened
marijuana
Know it's wrong but fuck that leave me where the bucks
at
Last year was hard this one looking even worsen now
Chilled from the start but my anger got me colder now

Whatcha really gon' do round here
We stuck like Chuck and we can't get out
On the block and I'ma sell them rocks
Rock come through and we got to open up shop

(Yeah, Koncrete, Eightball like this right here)
Yeah, yeah, that's how we do it nigga

When I open up my mouth, you can hear the south
Packing guns stacking funds, fuck selling out
When I open up my mouth, you can hear the south
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I got my nigga's with me
You got a problem with something
I say then come get me
I'm in a southern city sipping on some cold Remy

At the club looking at girls with big ass and titties
The instrumental that you hearing came from Frank
Nitti
We do it big keep it gangsta got to stay gritty

We on the rise real fast like gas prices
The industry is bland so we came to add spices
Heat it up beat it up thugs treat it up
Transform it into something that's complete with us
You didn't know I run with killers on a regular
Conceal weapons rhyme skill is spectacular

Little Nicky got my back, baby bear witness
Get past him and you gonna have to deal with Tony
Dimples
Deon and Mint Green make it seem so simple
8ways representing making other crews cripple
You know I, you know I, I

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We rugged like cave-dwellers them haters be way
jealous
They speaking that haterism, you need to behave fellas
We banging fo' sho now you'd think we be slow now

Them 'Bama boys ripping hard, we make you say, "Oh now"

I never come synthetic, the lyrical diabetic
You should be apologetic for spittin' shit so pathetic
So roll up the marijuana we hotter than Arizona
Don't make Lil' Man put it on ya
You sweating me like a sauna

My nigga get real with it from here to Mobile with it
We showing y'all still with it so nigga just deal with it
Koncrete and the Fat Mack we sip on that cognac
So let's get this platinum plaque so we can watch paper stack

I be that nigga from the 'Bama, 'Bama got plenty of monogrammar
Call me yo pussy-rammer dumping dick in yo mamma-jamma
Pose for that camera cat be sweeter than Tropicana
All for the fashion but I be like yo fuck the glamor
My country grammar have bitches come out of pajama
But not the shady one that get you throwed off in the slammer

Me and my fama out there dirty be actin' nutty with [unverified]
Keeping it smutty even the [unverified]
Busters ain't wonder what they facing
Niggas got them thoughts that longer than tele communications
Wait for the [unverified]
Slab we be blazing spitting that southern incantations

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When I open up my, damn hold up is that it?

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