

Eightball & Mjg

"Players Night Out"

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[music plays in back]

[Chorus: singing]

O-OH-O-O-OH-O-OH It's the playerz night

O-OH-O-O-OH-O-OH it's the players night

[Verse 1: Eightball]

I'm just loungin, coolin, maxin in the studio

Drankin on the yak, smokin fat mac indo

five-o, droptop, watermelon flip flop

Put her to the floor and watch how fast that ass drop

Oh my god the sun is out I feel like ridin G, (MJG- meet
me up at

pressure world),

alright nigga(MJG-Peace Nigga)

Pull up at pressure world blowin on the fat one

I'm cool with everyone but still pack a fat gun

I gotta meet my nigga MJG ya know

he said he got the hook up with a couple of west

Memphis hoes

[Verse 2: MJG]

Two hoes takin off they clothes

Given up they mouth to the pimps of the house

Got seveteen dollars in my tank and I think if the hoes
wanna have

dranks

but we ain't cuzz we can't waste time on a hotcap

Shit like ridin with a bitch all in my lap

I got pimp shit planned for the nine-fo

How the fuck you figure I coming through the front
door

Roll me spliff with the tip up to my mouth

fire dat bitch up cuzz its players night out

[Chorus: x2]

[Verse 3: Eightball]

Yeah you know where I'm headin fool
Straight to the nigga with the herbs I gotta smoke a
spliff
so I can calm my nerves
Full of yak
But a nigga ain't drunk yet
Waitin on a beep from this hoe I just met
She's a star so I gotta get her put the mack down tight
so I know I'm gonna hit her
Split her, then get up and leave the hoe bitter
cuzz I play her like myself does not want to get her
Its still kinda early and I'm losing my buzz
Stop by the crib smoke a spliff in the hot tub
MJG is in the den gettin chwed on
that nigga must be drunk he still got his shoes on
I gotta broad in the kitchen cookin steaks
I'm puttin on my clothes and I'm bout to hit the highway
I got to get out this muthafuckin house so I can splurge
on this playerz night out

[Chorus: x2]

[Verse 4: MJG]

Ahhh Shit
Just got hit with a heavy quantity of bud
hit the chevy, as I flip to the mall scopin out the bitches
on the strip
Shorts glued down to they hips
gotta a special kinda cup for my cognac
Cuzz I lean back, take a sip, and show these hoes
where my love at
ridin down the avenue followin a stranga
Stack it to the wall as I fire up another blunt
MJG drucker than a muthafuckin fish with thirty-seven
bitches in my dick
I got another destination ain't no use in chillin wit these
hoes
cuzz bitches want riches
And I
Being the type of hustler that I am really don't give a
god damn
B-U-S-I-N-E-double S is what I'm all about
Put'em in a middle of a playaz night out

[singing in the back x2]

just a G
just a Pimp

[Chorus: x2]

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