

Eightball & Mjg "Shot Off"

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He, he, he, yeah

What kind of nigga always run his mouth like a hoe?
Like his jaw got a battery, this nigga always know
Who got robbed, got shot, who got put on lock
Nobody invited you and still you got up in the spot

Me, I'm not a witness, keep my distance, mind my
business
You, somebody talk, you in they mouth like a dentist
We keep it gangsta, mommas love it 'cause they know
it's real
Like UGK, we keeps it real, mobbin' through the field

Big Ball, Fatboy, unload heat when my brain spill
You for it, images without no coke connect pills
We keep it crunk and poppin' real niggaz know the deal
We Bad Boys, anywhere we at we smoke and kill

You try to stop it, get yo' shit broke up in twenty pieces
We roll deep in brand new vehicles wit secret features
Game preachers move yo' pimpin' for you mamasitas
We players on the field, y'all niggaz in them bleachers

You talkin' down behind my back
(Uh)
You done shot off nigga
Fifty, four or twenty sack, you done shot off nigga
If you fly and got a gun
(Uh)
When the drama come, you run
(Uh)
You know what you just done, you done shot off nigga

You talkin' down behind my back
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You done shot off nigga
Fifty, four or twenty sack, you done shot off nigga
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When the drama come, you run
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You know what you just done, you done shot off nigga

Man, come on now, you done shot off just like Mike
Davis

Lost a knockoff or his tight-ass shirt when the button
pop off

You standin' it's snowin' you got yo' shoes and socks
on

Who holds the key? No fucking 'bout it, I broke the lock
off

I grew the top off, took the comma, period, dot off
And ran on wit it and broke you a whole lot off
I'm gettin' hot and startin' to boil, don't turn the pot off
You just affected wit it, pimpin' yo, get yo' rocks off

Release some pressure, stop all that cryin' and wipe yo'
snot off

Excuses you be usin' for losin' it's cheap as hot sauce
Earn yo' position, stop hatin' because you not boss
MJG, pimp tight, I'm movin' yo' spot off

And I don't reach, stoppin' yo' plans, fucking yo' plot
off

I go hard and I don't sheave and I'm not off
And livin' on the edge rebellin' I'm never dropped off
Like Aaron Hall, don't be afraid, bitch, call the cops off

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Now you can either check yo' ego at the do' or let
The drama unfold and check my rap sheet, bitch
I'm almost ten million sold, I'm only rappin' cause I

want to
I got enough plaques, needless to say, my favorite
Rappers told me to get on this track and so I did it

Quickly wrote my sixteen down and spit it
By the end of the verse you'll say, once again,
Ludacris, sit it
Then I'll wipe this wit yo' face and put yo' pride in the
trash
My whole career is like my video, I'm showin' my ass

I keeps it, "Gangsta, gangsta!", shooters and
shanksters
Until you shot off motherfuckers, I'm a thank you, thank
you
Runnin' yo' mouth behind my back until you run out of
time but
At least yo' talkin' let's me know some millions stay on
yo' mind

It ain't nothin' wrong wit that tell em grabbin' the thang
And then I put it to yo' brain and change everything
You ever hope fo' wit the .44 you'll be fallin' back and
yacht
Is what I'm drinkin' steady thinkin' 'bout these pigs
chasin'
I'm 'bout to bring home the bacon

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