

Eightball & MJG "Spit"

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I never played the games, fucked hoes and tricks
Niggaz think with they dick and get hit for licks
We mob for life, straight scarred for life
Space age 4 eva nigga fuck the hype

Hard rounds I bust, crush punks to dust
Weak studio gangsta, you can't fuck with us
We live the streets, give streets the piece
Defeat weak emcees and bust heat to eat

My love for change, got me stuck in the game
Got me going insane, who the fuck can I blame?
No you but me, not him but I
Is the one to blame for anything I try

Love life and give, but a trick ain't me
Give bitches the dick and give niggaz the heat
Bust flows that kill, homicide for real
Gold grill and trills, you weak niggaz no the deal

Y'all niggaz can't fuck with, the shit I spit
Y'all niggaz can't fuck with, what I fuck with
Y'all niggaz can't fuck with, the shit I kick
Y'all niggaz can't fuck with, what I fuck with

I got a mind for murder, leave niggaz with stitches
Bloody kick in the crown for thinking this is fictitious
I'ma live for this and I'ma die for this
Eye for eye for this, flip a pie for this

This shit is love and hate, niggaz love to hate it
A piece of paper and a ink pen made me straight
God knows I try, every breath I take
Every song I make is from the heart to the tape

I break and crack flows, build and stack flows
Attack the track flows, back to back flows
You know, I do whatever to get the cash flow
Bust and mash fo' eights in the slab ho

Southern distributor, narcotic deliverer
This shit I be throwing up, combusting and blowing up

I told you niggaz this, see now you done got me pissed
Eight ball, fat boy, murderous lyricist

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Yeah, I never fuck with fakes, these niggaz is snakes
Smile in my face scheming tryna see what they can
take
Emcee for life, AK-47 flows
Like AL Capone nigga, I'm showing my golds

Black skin and rocks, hitting bitches that bop
Blowing weed on the parking lot, fuck the cops
We crash the scene, fulla tuss' and lean
With my sagging jeans, tryna bag a queen

Fuck niggaz with blunts, tryna get in my mix
Brown weed fulla seeds, I don't smoke that shit
I'm a green fanatic, I should be in a clinic
Talking to a psychiatrist 'cuz I know I be tripping

Long nights, fist fights, smoke till we can't
Life of a hustler, go hard in the paint
The streets, got no heart, and no mercy
I think that's why they call down south dirty

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