

## **Eightball & Mjg "Trying To Get At You"**

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8Ball:

Smash with my niggas, you know how we do  
Flippin through the hood, that's when I bumped into you  
At the car-wash jumpin out your e-class  
Petite frame with your little round fat ass  
10 1/2 for your eyes and your pretty toes  
I wanna know you but I heard you got a nigga though  
Anyway I'ma spit it like I know that you with it  
My windows are tinted so he won't know that you in it  
We can cruise the city and get the car, we's in it  
Drink a hen open up and let your boy squeeze in it  
A G for real I never played those games  
Wanna get in your brain, put some ice in your chain  
You can stay with your manne, act a fool and complain  
Come and get with your boy we just hang and bang  
That's the business but you don't want a niggaa like me  
You want a weak ass nigga just pretendin to be

[Chorus]:

I wish I would've said somethin  
That would've made you stopped walkin  
How can I let you know, girl  
I'm trying to get at you, baby  
And instead of trying to step on you  
I let another nigga up on you  
How can I let you know, girl  
I'm trying to get at you, baby

MJG:

Baby you need a hard leg, a straight niggah with no  
suga  
One that won't play no games and give it to you  
In the buck, doggy style, the whole mile  
Mix it up, with the new and the old style  
Ain't you tired of your man hangin up at your job  
Followin you round, talkin bout you breakin his heart  
You too pretty, to have a nigga prettier than you  
You need a cut-throat niggah, baby tell you the truth  
I'm MJG and I ain't tryin to stay in your face

Or croud your space or try to get a key to your place  
I got my own spot shit but we gon hit the hotel-e  
I can't take you to my spot until I know that you ready  
See I ain't the one to fall in love just in a week  
Take out all my money then go invest in a freak  
I see something I like baby can I just get a number  
Don't worry bout the stress and the pressure he got you  
under

[Chorus]:

...

8Ball:

Look, if your boy calls tell him that you're rollin with  
your girls  
Tell him y'all shoppin you gon meet him at the grill  
Really I'ma have you somewhere diggin in your ribs  
Pullin off the rubber and shootin it on your lips  
Dream about the day when I can hold your hips  
Wanna spoil you and tell niggas you my bitch  
See you got a nigga I don't wanna see y'all split  
The real nigga in me make a nigga do that shit

MJG:

You're listenin to your friends again, oh no  
Why you wanna take advice from them, they solo  
I'm the one that put the spark in your life, all night  
And all day, so motherfuck what they all say  
Tell em MJ said it and MJ done it  
Shot straight into your life like Haley's comet  
Eliminated them other cats who wanna run it  
Keep the bullshit we're takin you away from it

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