

Haert

"Sundown"

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Y'all niggas know what it is
Just another one for the neighborhood
All my niggas smoking good
P.A., one time
EightBall, Craig Love (yeah)
Press the button

[K.P.]

Look like marinating time as I check my watch
I work up and tallied up, time to close up shop
Look like the competition ain't closing yet
We seasoned vets, you motherfuckers pose no threat
Got a whole stack of bread, a pot full of cabbage
Enough bricks to build a house, not a mansion, but
bigger than average
As I dig into the leather while the street lights hit
Razor blades, sharp creases, and some smell good
shit
Oh, here the wind blows, roll up the window
Suffocate from that green presidential for sure
College Park, its about time that I head for home
Sipping Hen as I corner bend dusk to dawn

[Jazzy Pha, uncredited]

When the sunshine falls, its a whole 'nother world
And we get how we get, and we do it how we do it
And it's on, to the early morn'

When the sunshine falls, its a whole 'nother world
And we get how we get, and we do it how we do it
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[Big Reese]

Now all my trill ass gangsta partners throw your hands
up
Throw your hands up
What what what what, throw your hands up
Now all my real ass ghetto girls throw your hands up
Throw your hands up
What what what what, throw your hands up

Damn, a nigga done slept all day
But it's cool cuz it don't jump till sundown anyway
It's Friday night, hop in the Benz, get in traffic
Hit 112, PLM, huh, parking lot macking
Smiling, girls they start reacting, they stare (?)
Tapping their partners, pointing their fingers, yeah,
bitch, that's me
The one you heard about, how we turn 'em out
Down in South Beach, with Craig Love spinning out
In and out, like B-boy
Keep the heat boy, the street's no joke
Especially College Park, you mess around and lose
your throat
See Benzes with rims provoke, but I promote no
violence
Bump the system, throw the peace sign, and keep on
riding

[Jazzy Pha, uncredited]

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[EightBall]

Another day, and I'm just another nigga living it
Hustling and giving it at least 110 percent
EightBall, more than just your average everyday
Young player staying loaded on that sticky green hay
Whoo! I just love it when it fill up in my chest
Swell up in my head and make me create shit like this
Rhyming, a front lineman, with perfect timing
The day I stop breathing is the day I stop grinding
Reality, real life is what inspires me
When you think about Hen and hay, you think about
'Ball and MJG
Dipping through your city looking for the brownest
roundest,
superstar to go and clown with
I fell in love with the lifestyle, not the booty
Making bread and what your girlfriend be doing to me
EightBall the Fat Mack, scooping up your puddy cat
Pull up and hit the horn...

[Jazzy Pha, uncredited]

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[EightBall]

Yeah, EightBall the Fat Mack

EightBall and MJG

Spaceage forever

Slab riders

Down with P.A., representing the south like it has never
been represented before

Spaceage FOREVER

[Jazze Pha, uncredited]

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