

Mc Eiht "Tha Business"

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[eiht]
Geah (hey)
Bitch
Get down like you live, hey, uh
Get down like you live
Geah
Uh, we's a gang a player niggas that's out for dough
Gettin money 24

My crew's out to collect nuthin' but major dough
Floss around like kingpins in a rag 5-0
Can't nuthin' touch us - cause we's a
Tight-ass click
Rolex presidential
Filled with diamonds and shit
Who pull the licks straight
Pound after pound since '88
Shoe boxes full with cash meant to stash from the yay'
Federalies can't harm me
Black-ass army in armani
And they still
Can't see me
Cause I'm - paper down
Fiends to keep happy
Never - fuckin frown
Mr. tony the blacker baron
My bitches in g-strings covered by donna caren
Mr. tony never leave ya: bye bye!
Versace suits with the fuckin' collar - butterfly
Cristal everybody drinkin'
Bitches ain't gettin' in if their pussy stinkin'
Check it out

You know tha business, you know tha business
Step back and peep
And say what is this
A gang of player niggas
That's out for dough
Getting money 24
Lil' hawk fo' sho'
Geah

[lil hawk]

Peeping my nigga
We fucking hoes by the dozen
Walking around
This muthafucka too buzzing
? ? ? ? ? ? drink posted in my hand
'cardi and dom
Cause I'm the muthafuckin man
Step with a stroll
Little hawky too cold
On speakers that's ? ? ? ? I play them ho's on the low
You know
How the shit be going
When we be blitzed
High as fuck
And now them hookers sucking dicks

[da foe]

Aha aha, I needs them muthafuckin millions on the
west
So I can roll in a benz
And have a big lex
On top of the world
Is f-o-e
When I'm lettin' your ass know this is c-p-t
4-4 mags keep niggas tight
When we trying to stack them ends on the late night
hype
Hustlin' is how a nigga make move
For the business, my record blow up faster to
Triple
You know the business

[eiht]

You know tha business (geah) you know tha business
Step back and peep
And say what is this
A gang of player niggas
That's out for dough
Getting money 24
Big nasty fo' sho'

[big nasty]

You see tonight we gettin' deep
In gucci and armani
Gator boots and boogie suits
With the button from versace
Diamond down is a must
And a considerable part of our gear from the ? ? ? ?
princess cut
To the 6 pound studs in my ear

Hoppin out of the two-tone rolls
Killa ? ? ? ? on my toes, got me
Steady hollerin at ho's, this niggas cold and it shows
Diamonds shining
These beggars steady blindin
Peepin ho's I be findin and grindin, figures steady
climbin'
Who smoke weed the most?
Cristal when we toast
In j-boogie coats
300 foot speed boats
Smokin' pounds of yay
Nigga we guzzlin courvassier
Girl these nasty and eiht
And these mobsters don't play
Get down like you live

[eiht]
Hey
Geah (we ain't fakers)
You know tha business
Get down like you live
Geah

You know tha business, bitch, you know tha business
Step back and peep
And say what is this
A gang of player niggas
That's out for dough
Getting money 24
Ah ah, fo' sho'

Best stay the fuck up out my pockets
Cash flows to blast off like rockets
Anybody sippin'
Cristal - I ain't trippin
Cause the papers to burn
Tommy hil from head to toe
With the heads to turn
Jet boats
Bitches in bikinis with life coats
Max in the isles of hawaii
Or the alpine slopes
Fur coats keep the bitches smilin'
A little diamond
Keep the pussy for a little while and
I'll be gone
Mr. tony street tycoon
Lounging, 4 rottweilers, 5 bedrooms (hey)
Basketball court with a olympic pool
Big screen, sony play station geah, that's kinda cool

You wanna max?
7 digits on my new contracts
Guarantee paper stacks, dips in - nautica slacks
Y'all know who's the macks
And bitches - this ain't no game
Cause ain't a damn thang changed
And the names stay the same
Get down like you live

Geah
Get down like you live ho'
You know the muthafuckin business
Eiht hype, mob town and we outta this bitch
Geah

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