

## A Transylvanian Funeral "8 Million Stories"

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Verse one: phife dawg

Went to carvel to get a milk shake  
This honey ripped me off of my loot case  
The car oh yeah theres money in my jacket  
Somebody broke into my ride and cold macked it  
Yo tip I tell you man the devils trying it  
But Im goin to stay strong cause I aint bying it  
Tonight Im taking sherry out  
I dont have jack to wear  
You know Ive got to look dipped in the freshest gear  
Cool I found something so I ironed it  
I think I caught up on the phone  
Oh shit Im trying it  
Will someone tell me what did I do to deserve this?  
I think Ill pull out my super ? and serve this  
My little brother wants barney, cool Im getting it  
Took him down to kay-bee, they aint sellin it  
Here we go with the crying, yo hes throwing fits  
My blood pressure blowing up, I cant take this shit  
Finally got what he wanted now hes good to go  
Again the robbers smashed, weres my radio?  
One time the car was in the shop I had to borrow see...  
They had no mercy on the car oh you hell kill me  
Where the hell can nicki be? Im goin to smack her up  
I got the tickets for the knicks and she cold stood me  
up  
I need to hit a hunny off yo drill pas me the phone  
Pulled out my hooker hoes, oh yo sheelas home  
Steady smiling like a mother yo Im wrecked to bone  
Went down on hun, shes in the red zone  
Stressed out more than one could ever be  
Forever trying to clear the sample for my new lp  
With all these trials and tribulations yo Ive been  
affected  
And to top it off, stars got ejected

Refrain

Verse two: phife dawg

Just last week my girl was stressing me  
Now her best friend be underssing me  
Well I was lovin her by the moon lit  
Now Im tricking on her like kinte  
Bought a bag of izm from the smoke shop  
Walking towards the car, here come the damn cops  
Now Im station bound for the thai sticks  
I bought it for my man, I dont believe this shit  
Coach sat me down from the ball team  
Cause I was breakin niggaz on the inseams  
Some niggas cross town was trying to stick me  
All I had was shorts, a dollar fifty  
Picked up this gir in the hoopty  
Just because of her rhymes she tried to soup me  
Pay for this and pay for that loot for nails and hair  
Who the hell do you think I am, mr. belvedere?  
Go and get a bloody job then can we look cute  
Even if you get me boots, youll neva see my loot  
She wasnt even all of that just anothe hooker  
Took the journey that ass way, quick like chucky booker  
Sometimes you got put the hoes in their freakin place  
Just move from in front me with your botty face!

My man mohammed in the house, huh [come on, come on]  
Zulu nation in the house, huh [come on, come on]  
Sub rock is in the house, huh [come on, come on]  
My man skeff is in the house, huh [come on, come on]  
Jarobi white is in the house, huh [come on, come on]  
Bob power in the house, huh [come on, come on]  
My man eric in the house, huh [come on, come on]  
My man lytcha in the house, huh [come on, come on]  
[help me, help me, help me, help me, help me, help me.....muhammad!!]

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