

## 8 Ball "360 Degrees"

Visit "[360 Degrees](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Weeblelations

Weeblelations, testin', testin', testin', testin'  
Hey, turn my mic up, this a bitch, I got my dudes up in  
this mutha fucka  
That boy 8ball, 4-Tay, Speeze-weeze, Spice-weeze, ya  
smell me?  
It's E-feeze, mutha fuckaz ain't understandin' the signs  
of this  
I cuss a mutha fucka out

Niggaz gon' be feelin' what I'm revealin'  
Tryin' to do some healin' an' at the same time make a  
million  
Vibrate love an' happiness in this ghetto maze  
Hate us playaz, got this ryhme stayin' in a rage

Kill wit a pill, broke game like Nintendo  
Three hours an' fourty-four minutes straight to Frisco  
Bumpin' the rappin', 4-Tayzee baby  
Me an' 40 Water in the big body Mercedes

Four hundred, five hundred V-12 black Coupe  
None of my weebles wake that Barkley comin' out the  
roof  
Choppin' major game on the strength  
Man, we goes back juss like them splinters an' 'em  
temps, uh

Met this bitch that was in Houston, said she was from  
Houston though  
Said her profession just was stackin' major paper roll  
First at times it seems, gold credit cards, we kiss that  
ass  
Went from Bennies to Bossalini's, collectin' cash

They whistlin', I'm glistin' like Sammy Davis  
Born an' raised in the Bay, them hataz can't fade us  
I am the rapper that they call 4-Tay  
360 degrees, they can't fade the Yay, fool

Fuckin' off in the Bay wit some crazy niggaz

Gettin' drunk, gettin' high, so they saved ya nigga  
From the bottom of the stream to the top of the  
mountain  
In the 'O' straight clownin', talkin' 'bout what's goin'  
down

An' these niggaz feelin' me, soakin' up the love I give  
Nigga, all of us got kids, an' only got one life to live  
But sometimes that shit don't matta  
Animosity can lead we to ratta-tatta, splatta

All over shit leavin' tricks motionless  
Drinkin' blood like I been spittin' fire like kiss  
The only nigga sick as this behind me  
Is the gangsta, S P I C E  
(Yeah, smell me, yo)

Five albums in the game, 500 Benzo in my name  
Five niggaz in a bucket, five zig-zags to the brain  
To the greedy lil' paper, I'm on the MTV news  
I'm havin' slugs fo shistey niggaz, tryin' ta give me the  
blues

I ain't a mutha fuckin' Italian but my crew run like the  
Mafia  
8ball, 4-Tay, Banks an' 40 Water  
An' me Bossalini, Freddy Chico, Chanelle shit  
Met a couple of incidents where some niggaz tried to  
kill me

Just a part of the game, jealous niggaz out fo' fame  
When steady bustin' at me is to give no name  
But when they runnin' up on this muthafuckin' Don  
They catchin' pieces of hell, hot slugs from a nigga  
That's fresh out on bail

Long time comin', baby, somewhere off in the hills  
Me an' 40 Waters choppin' it up, keep or kill  
On the real about this underground lifestyle  
Intoxicated an' always heavily sedated

Bank's rocks the beat, I grab the mic an' bust  
Turn into a monster, eatin' weak MC's up  
Smokin' trees up, pinnin' hoes knees up  
Feds wouldn't ease up, had to put the keys up

Findin' Jesus prayin' fo the weak  
Hopin' somebody's on they knees prayin' fo' me  
In the midnight hour, somewhere on them drugs  
In a room full 'o thugs, 40' tell 'em how it was

They shot my mama's house up, back in 1992  
I keep goin' back an' play possum like I don't know who  
If I knew who? What? When? Where an' how?  
If I knew back then, would I know now?

The rap game ain't never gon' be decreasin'  
The only thing the rap game gon' keep on doin' is  
increasin'  
And there will be no over night sensations them 40,  
8ball, MJG  
Only drip we been layin' it down since Trout season

Now, all of a sudden I look good as Toni Braxton  
In a white house wit toys of traction  
Up-percussion, ya may wanna take a second look  
You can find me in the Florida designs book

The hall of game, is a 420 wit chrome rims all day  
Parked up on [Incomprehehsible]  
Nigga, this ain't none of that only reason I'm doin' a  
song wit dude  
An 'em is 'cuz I want they region, recognize game  
Game recognize game

360 degrees of game, talkin' 'bout game, talkin' 'bout  
game  
360 degrees of game wit hella bomb on the brain  
360 degrees of game, talkin' 'bout game, talkin' 'bout  
game  
360 degrees of game wit hella bomb on the brain

A-la, la, la  
A-la, la, la

Visit [8 Ball](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.