

## 8 Ball "Don't Make"

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Chorus - MJG]

Don't make(don't make)

Me kill(me kill)

No muthafuckin body in here(in here)

Ima shoot(ima shoot)

Three shots(three shots)

Somebody done made me hot(me hot)

Don't make(don't make)

Me kill(me kill)

No muthafuckin body in here(in here)

Ima shoot(ima shoot)

Three shots(three shots)

Somebody done made me hot(me hot)

[MJG]

You got me fucked up, we shoot guns and hit targets

Meat market, chop haters up who start shit

M.J.G., rippin holes in body gaurds

Outta line, polices and boys who think they body hard

And when the party started, I thought we was all chillin

I figured that everybody be leavin here all livin

You standin to close partna, you askin too much baby

You need to get way from round me, before our clique

goin crazy

[Eightball]

They ma-ny niggaz come round, talkin bout

They hot, but they not, fuckin with fat boy and MJ

Nigga we the truth, holla at a playa man

Streets are the booth, we poppin at you hatas man

Soft ass niggaz make they chin hit the floor

Off bran niggaz take they cheese and they hoe

Mafio (mafio), Niggaz know (niggaz know)

When them real live g's hit the door (hit the door)

[Chorus]

[Verse 2 - MJG]

I got a 22, not much bigger than my finger

A winchester pistol grip pump thats a head ringer

A two shot derringer, not little millinater

A big 40 glock, just call me the gun slanger  
Some AK spray to kill the front line  
One hundred and thirty dead from squeezin off one  
time

All you muthafuckin niggaz, that yappin that fly lip  
Let it rip, don't slip, I'm workin with fly clips

[Eightball]

We fifty deep and every nigga with me got they ice on  
Look, niggaz gotta brake your face like Roy Jones  
Crush your bones when its on, we ain't never scared  
Them Memphis boys, we so serious when its bout that  
bread  
Kidnap family members, them niggaz don't leave no  
witness  
They all love a gangsta, that shit be so addictive  
When we pull up, they know who we are by the car  
We blowin big, and you know Diddy he gonna buy the  
bar

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - MJG]

Take your vest off, I'm blowin your neck off and eyes  
out  
High speed chase, I'll follow you to your hideout  
Shoot your fuckin tires out, don't try to ride now  
What happend to the bass in your voice, you just cryin  
now  
Thought you was a man, you starting to look fine now  
The grim reaper been lookin for ya, and boy its time  
now  
And blow the roll, shit out the right side of your head  
man  
Aint no way for retaliation when yous'a dead man

Not a scared man, we keep it, out the frame  
We stayin away from lames, and run the whole game  
I do it like G, you aint, fuckin with me  
Eightball, MJG, we reppin for Tennessee  
With murder and homicide, and daily, niggaz die  
And daily, niggaz ride, it don't mean with we you wise  
Money, and the power, the weak, they get devoured  
Them boys that disrespect, with bullets they get  
showered

[Chorus repeat x 3]

\*gunshots\*

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