

8 Ball "Make"

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ROO, roo roo, roo (x3)

[chorus x2]

Dont make,(dont make)

me kill(me kill)

no mothafuckin body in herre(in herre)

ima shoot,(ima shoot)

three shots(three shots)

somebody dun' made me hott(me hott)

[MJG]

You got me fucked up,

we shoot guns and hit targets,

meat market ya'll haters up who start shit,

MJ-G rippin holes in bodyguards,

outta line poilces and boys who think they party hard,

and when the party started, i thought we was all

chilling,

i figured that everybody would be leavin here all living,

you standing to close,

parta you askin to much baby,

you need to get way from round me before our clique

go crazy,

[8ball]

Yeah mang, these niggas,

come around talkin 'bout they hott,

but they not,

fuckin wit fatboy and MJ,

nigga we the truth,

holla at a playa mang

streets or the booth,

we poppin at you hatas mang,

soft ass niggas, make they chin hit tha flo',

off brand niggaz take they cheese and they hoe,

mafio(mafio),

niggas know(niggas know) them real live G's hit tha do'

[chorus x2]

[MJG]

I got a .22, not much bigga than my finga

a wind chesta pistol grip pump as a head ranga,
a two shot daranga nine lil milana,
a big forty glock,
just call me the gun slanga,
some AK's spray to kill the front line,
130 dead from squeezin off one time,
all you mu'fuckin niggaz who gappin' they fly lip,
dont slip, let it rip,
im workin wit 5 clips

[8ball]

We 50 deep and erre' nigga wit me got they ice on,
lil nigga thatta break ya face like ROy Jones,
crushin bones, when its on, we aint neva scared,
them memphis boys, we so serious when its 'bout that
bread,
kidnap family members,
them niggas dont leave no witness,
they all love a gangstah, that shit be so addictive,
when we pull, they know who we are by the car,
We blowin big, and you kno Diddy, he goin' buy tha bar

[chorus x2]

[MJG]

Take yo vest off, im blowin yo neck off and eyes out,
high speed chase, i follow you to yo hideout,
shoot yo' fuckin ties out,
dont try to ride now,
what happened to the base in yo voice,
you just crying now,
thought you was a man now,
you startin' to look fine now,
a grim reaper been lookin fa ya,
and boy its times now,
to blo' tha wrong shit outta tha right side of yo head
mang,
aint no way for retaliation when U'z a dead man

[8ball]

Not a scared mang, we keepin out tha frame,
we stayin away from lames,
we runnin tha whole game,
i do it like G,
you aint fuckin wit me,
8ball and mjpg,
we reppin fa' tennessee,
wit murder and homicide,
the day the niggas die,
the day the niggas ride,
and we dont need a reason why,
and the power the week,

they get devowered,
we them boys, they disrespect,
wit bullets they get showered

[chourus x6]

[gunshots]

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