

8 Ball "Shot Off"

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[8ball]

Hee,hee, yeeah

[8ball]

What kinda always run his mouth, like a hoe,
like his jaw got a battery, this nigga always know,
who got stabbed, got shot, who got put on lock,
nobody invited you and still you got up in the spot,
me, i'm not a witness, keep my distance, mind my
business,
you, somebody talk, you in they mouth, like a dentist,
we keep it gangstah, mommas love it cause they know
its real,
like UGK, "we keep it real" mobbin' through tha field,
Big ball, fat boy, unload heat when my brain spill,
you for it, images without no coke connect pills,
we keep it crunk and poppin', real niggas kno tha deal,
we bad boys, anywhere we at we smoke and kill,
you try to stop it, get yo' shit broke up in 20 pieces
we roll deep in, brand new vehicles wit' secret features,
game preachers, mucho pimpin' fa you mamacitas,
we players on the field, y'all niggaz in dem bleachers,

[Chorus-8ball x2]

You talkin' down behind my back,
you den' shot off nigga,
fifty,four, twenty sack, you den' shot off nigga,
if you fly, n got a gun, when tha drama come, you run,
you know what you jus' dun', you dun' shott off nigga

[MJG]

mang, come on now, you den' shot off,
just like Mike Davis lost a knockoff,
for a tight ass shirt when the button pop off,
you standin, its snowin,
you got yo' shoes and socks off,
who holds the key?
no fuckin body, i brokez tha' lock off,
i blew tha' top off, took tha comma, period dot off,
and ran on wit it and broke you a whole lot off,
im gettin hot, im startin to boil,dont turn tha' pot off
you jus' affected pimpin, pimpin, yo go get yo' rocks

off
release some pressure, stop all tha cryin, and wipe ya
snot off,
the excuses you be usin fa losin' is as cheap as hott
sauce,
earn yo position, stop hatin because you not boss,
MJ-G, pimp tite, im movin' yo spot off,
and i dont reach, stoppin' yo' plans, fuckin' yo' plot off
i go hard, and i dont cheat, and im not off,
and livin on tha edge, rebellin im never dropped off,
like aaron hall "dont be afraid", bitch, just call the cops
off

[chorus x2]

[Ludacris]

Now you can either check yo' ego at tha do' or let tha
drama unfold,
and check my rap sheet, BITCH, i'm almost ten million
sold,
i'm only rappin' cause i want to, i got enough plaques,
needless to say, my favorite rappers told me to get on
dis track,
and so i DiD it, quickly wrote my sixteen down and SPiT
it,
by tha end of the verse, you'll say "once again,
Ludacris SHit it"
Then I'll wipe this wit yo' face, and put yo' pride in tha
trash,
my whole careet is like my video, i'm showin' my ass,
i keeps it, 'gangstah, gangstah', shootas n shankstahz,
and to you shot off mothafuckas, i'ma 'thank ya, thank
ya'
runnin yo' mouth behind my back until you run outta
time,
but at least yo' talkin lets know some millions stays on
yo' mind,
it aint nothin' wrong wit that,
tell 'em grabbin' tha thang and then I put it to yo' brain,
and change everything you ever hope fo' wit tha .44,
you'll be fallin back,
and yacht-is what im drinkin' steady thinkin about dese
pinks chasin,
i'm 'bout ta bring home da bacon

[chorus x4]

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