

8 Ball "Spit"

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[Verse 1]

Uhh..

I never played the games, fucked hoes and tricks
Niggaz think with they dick and get hit for licks
We mob for life, straight scarred for life
"Space Age 4 Eva" nigga fuck the hype
Hard rounds I bust, crush punks to dust
Weak studio gangsta, you can't fuck with us
We live the streets, give streets the piece
Defeat weak emcees and bust heat to eat
My love for change, got me stuck in the game
Got me goin insane, who the fuck can I blame?
No you but me, not him but I
Is the one to blame for anything I try
Love life and give, but a trick ain't me
Give bitches the dick and give niggaz the heat
Bust flows that kill, homicide for real
Gold grill and trills, you weak niggaz no the deal

[Hook]

Y'all niggaz can't fuck wit... the shit I spit
Y'all niggaz can't fuck wit... what I fuck wit
Y'all niggaz can't fuck wit... the shit I kick
Y'all niggaz can't fuck wit... what I fuck wit

[Verse 2]

I got a mind for murder, leave niggaz with stitches
Bloody kick in the crown for thinkin this is fictitious
I'ma live for this and I'ma die for this
Eye for eye for this, flip a pie for this
This shit is love and hate, niggaz love to hate it
A piece of paper and a ink pen made me straight
God knows I try, every breath I take
Every song I make, is from the heart to the tape
I break and crack flows, build and stack flows
Attack the track flows, back to back flows
You know, I do whatever to get the cash flow
Bust and mash fo' eights in the slab ho
Southern distributor, narcotic deliverer
This shit I be throwin up, combustin and blowin up
I told you niggaz this, see now you done got me pissed
Eightball - Fat Boy - murderous lyricist

[Hook x2]

[Verse 3]

Yeah..

I never fuck with fakes, these niggaz is snakes
Smile in my face schemin tryna see what they can take
Emcee for life, AK-47 flows
Like Al Capone nigga, I'm showin my golds
Black skin and rocks, hittin bitches that bop
Blowin weed on the parkin lot, fuck the cops
We crash the scene, fulla tuss' and lean
With my saggin jeans, tryna bag a queen
Fuck niggaz with blunts, tryna get in my mix
Brown weed fulla seeds, I don't smoke that shit
I'm a green fanatic, I should be in a clinic
Talkin to a psychiatrist cuz I know I be trippin
Long nights, fist fights, smoke till we cain't
Life of a hustler, go hard in the paint
The streets, got no heart, and no mercy
I think that's why they call down south dirty

[Hook to fade]

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