

8 Ball "Stripes"

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Yeah
Respect this

[CHORUS]

Look, I got my stripes up in this rap shit
My life is like a rollercoaster, up and down quick
Cloudy grey days hide away the sun rays
My only escape is to kneel and pray or smoke hay
Everyday

[VERSE 1: Eightball]

Thug livin', nigga, ain't nobody promised tomorrow
Ain't no second chance to live, it ain't no time to borrow
Money in these streets, trouble in these streets
I'm tryin to school these niggas deep within these beats
Life is for learnin, learn and live, nigga
What the world hold for me and all my real niggas?
The studio is where we meet up like a holy church
Worshippin the spirits of them niggas who done been
here first
And give it all to them young niggas who come after us
And don't give nothin to them boys that's out here fakin
tough
Project livin ain't no fly shit, I don't wanna go back
And I pray for all my niggas who can't do better than
that

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 2: Eightball]

I live it how it come to me, good or bad
I got to deal with it, this ain't no movie, see
When the gunshot spray ain't no tellin if a stray
Gonna put one of my little bitty sons in his grave
My nigga in the hood used to kick shit and do his thang
Now that nigga in a wheelchair, damn, ain't that fucked
up, mane?
Maybe it was somethin comin back from somethin that
he did
Maybe that was God's way of tellin him he need to quit
I don't know, I know he think about that shit everyday
though

What he did to make his life go the way that it go
Every nigga can't be blingin, Navigatin' on doubts
How many niggas really got a lot of stacks put up?
How many niggas got five cars and no house?
Hustlin' like a slave tryin to shut your baby mama
mouth
Long as you hustle ain't nothin impossible, my nigga
Then when you get it give it back cause you can't take it
witcha

[CHORUS]

Yeah
Ah-ha
Yeah
Eightball the Fat Mack
Fatboy
Eightball & MJG
Space Age Pimpin from way back, baby
You know what I'm sayin?
Yeah
CEO on the streets
Commander in Chief, baby
You know what I'm talkin about
From Orange Mound streets all over the world
East coast, West coast, overseas
This pimpin just ain't a whole lot, baby
I got my stripes up in this rap shit
Yeah

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