

## **Eightball F/ Master P, Mystikal, Psycho Drama, Sil "Thelonious"**

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Ha, yeah, yeah  
Uhh, yeah, yeah, play at your own risk  
Act like you know bitch I'm on some grown shit  
Ha, yeah, yeah, play at your own risk  
Act like you know bitch I'm on some grown shit  
It's the Thelonious, super microphonist  
You know us, this rap shit we 'bout to own it  
You know it, these Mini-Me's tryin to clone us  
I got a bonus for the bitch that run up on us  
I got a bonus for your bitch that run up on us  
It's the Thelonious, super microphonist

Uhh, no time to sleep cuz if you sleep you don't eat  
Gotta hold heat, just to make ends meet  
Niggas livin on the street while other niggas feast  
Aight wit you it aint aight wit me  
Right, gotta make money all my life  
Gotta stay fuckin bitches many types  
Yeah you know what I'm talkin 'bout  
Yup, stay turnin these bitches out  
Dick em down also dick em out  
Throw somethin down whenever my dick's out  
They know me so they restructure and reroute  
They know me from Washington to down south  
All the way to London to my nigga Common house  
Right, it's like a game we never play out, out, out, out...

Nigga no doubt, nigga get live or get knocked the fuck  
out  
Word up, just be about what you about dogg  
Knowhatimsayin, just play at your own risk  
Act like you know bitch I'm on some grown shit  
It's the Thelonious, super microphonist  
You know us, this rap shit we 'bout to own it  
You know it, cuz you can feel it in your throat  
Say it

I'm 'bout to let my mind float  
(Com, say it)  
Get your third eye poked  
Fuck game, I assemble dope...

Ness, a nigga that's fresh as the 'fess  
Studied this rap shit, no need to mic test  
You can feel it in your chest  
Your B I, feel it in her breasts  
Plus you, rhyme like a nigga wit his nipples pierced  
We lick off lyrics in the streets and real niggas hear us  
Dreamin when I wrote this, box me if I go too wild  
Still doin this shit like dude in wild style  
Invitin wack niggas to dinner  
I "Trick Daddy" emcees and I don't know, "Nann Nigga"  
Who can take it where I take it  
You better goin to God like Mase did  
Leavin crowds complacent  
I move em above clouds whether on some surf and turf  
shit  
Or thug style you can feel it in your body  
Yeah y'all you can feel it in your body

Like if a 12 gauge shottie shell hit your body  
You don't want no one to find your ass a hobby  
Carbon copy, niggas tryin to clone us  
You know us, Thelonious, super microphone  
You know this, rap shit we 'bout to own it dun, for real

Ay, it's like a ritual  
You been invited let the mortal body stimulate the  
place  
With the grace, nevertheless, I stress  
Let the music put a smile on your face  
As for the ritual, when it comes to spiritual excellence  
You know I always leave you with the taste  
I know you like it hard to the core  
That's what you ask for, you achin for the best  
Hurtin like a sore in that ass, like a ritual  
Conversation with the most high makes me wanna cry  
I wonder why, you wanna get to paradise  
But that itty bitty part of you don't wanna die  
So pay attention to my word, cuz it's the truth  
Meditation ease the mind, and brings the youth  
It's like a verse you could never read out of a book  
Droppin the line in your mind like a fish hook  
Word is birth, yo I do it till the break of day  
Pay attention to your art, never go astray  
Word is bond

Yo we do it and we don't quit  
Sucka nigga you don't want it, it's Thelonious  
Ownin this rap shit, super microphonist, and we known  
to spit  
I spit fire like Esther on Sanford and Son did  
I'm raw dude, more juice than Sunkiss

You want this, so MJ kept sayin the rhyme flawless  
Shit fly like MJ in his prime, "Off The Wall" wit mines  
I'm grabbin my balls when I rhyme, nine nines bustin  
plus  
Ball all the time, now stay on your mind like great sex  
You aint on my mind I'm thinkin 'bout paychecks  
Niggas large like an Adex Avirex jacket  
Yo the gods they bust like latex sex packets  
Emcees they don't rhyme and ball, they lyin' to y'all  
They dyin' to ball, the rhyme we do all the time  
We do all the fine bitches they fall in lines  
Me and my mans is somethin like the Source Sports  
We gettin money a long time and y'all short  
My niggas bounce and full rise and y'all fall  
You funny doo, cuz really you think you can do me  
When you roll a 500 that's really a 320  
Should of let somebody else hook it  
Numbers look crooked like King Kong shook it  
I'm from where niggas bang gats when they celebrate  
That's how they play, don't let it be a holiday  
Thelonious niggas, if you testin us we get you laid back  
Show you the definition of a pay back

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