

Eightball w MJG

"Stompin' and Pimpin'"

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EightBall]

Let it loose

Mature content

Here we come again bitch, in your mothafuckin' face

EightBall and M-J-fuckin'-G rippin' up the place

Comin' out hard, like I told you I was gonna do

At the Marriott, lettin' your hoe do what she wanna do

Not because I paid her, or made her

Nigga who, you think I be a trick and give my money
up?

Uh

No, no, I got game for a hoe

Baggets and combo

In a wooded out Tahoe

Murder niggaz

Cane slangin', gang bangin'

Hand language got my mind twisted and tangled

I remember walkin' up and down Orange Mound

Memphis Tenn, that's my mothafuckin' stompin'
ground

Made it out, givin' back, bustin' dope raps

You can't run, in every neighborhood they bustin' caps

Country niggaz, tinted out, gettin' fucked up

The wrong move will get your whole crew fucked up

I wouldn't speak it, if I never thought it dig this

You criticize this, bitch, I gotta live this

So i keep my pen, and I keep my 4-5th

Light a spliff, nigga me and G comin' through

Chrous

Stompin', Pimpin'

You can't fuck with this

Stompin', Pimpin'

Ain't no competition

Stompin', Pimpin'

We the shit nigga

Stompin', Pimpin'

Bitch come and get some

[MJG]

We got that big pimpin' and I'm big footin'

Shit I'm doin' it, you couldn't
Hell, Suave House got it locked down
Nigga, you shouldn't, even try
To fuck with M-J should I pimp this for excersize
Woman, I don't want your pussy, now rest your thighs
No testin' eyes, stays on my B's and U's and D's
I got my P-H-T-D
Pimp hoes to death in '83
Memories they rollin' over
dick riders, keep me focused
Huh, what you say bro, you aint' know this
Get off the ground, now you know this
And bitch, shut up talkin' to me with that same old,
Say, say, like a, can I touch your braids, and a, can I
see you shades?
Hell no bitch, can I see you dough, can I see your jaws?
Get away from me, old groupie ass bitch
Go suck some balls
Ain't no stoppin' us
Niggaz, you need to realize, quickly
Fuck you, if you, niggaz ain't with me
Cool ass teacher
Comin' out your bitch house, limp in', nigga
Stompin', pimpin'

Chorus

[EightBall]

Yeah, we be droppin' dope shit for the real ones
Niggaz got real guns, cause they make real funds
Hood cats, who only fuck with hood rats
Blunt rollin' hoes, holdin' on to daddy's sack
Stashin' gats, if I ask, she gon' let it loose
I practiced tellin' hoes everything but the truth
Stay away from funky niggaz, cause they turn to
thieves
On my knees, mediatin' smokin' trees
Shootin' game, with hard core rap agility
Cross the globe with my southern mackability
Black fat nigga all about my green stack nigga, we
pack nigga
This ain't no act nigga

Chorus

Come and get some
98, these weak niggaz death date
Bitch come and get some
Yeah
Uh, uh
Make it funky for 'em

Play it back one time
Straight Stompin', Pimpin'
Space Age forever
What you say?
Know what I'm sayin'?
What you say?
Let me ride, for my real niggaz
Uh
Yeah
EightBall the fat mack (one time)
And MJG
Space Age forever
Suave House nigga
Suave House nigga
Suave House nigga
Suave House nigga
Know what I'm talkin' about?
Um
Keep it goin' baby
Um
Split one
Fill it up
Roll it up
Spark it up (fire it up)
Know what I'm sayin'?
Smoke with me
Smoke with me
Get high with me
Nigga ride with me
Bitch come and get some

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