

## The Roots F/ Erykah Badu, Eve "Shot Off"

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[Intro: Eightball]

He he he, yeeah

[Verse 1: Eightball]

What kind of nigga always run his mouth like a hoe  
Like his jaw got a battery, this nigga always know  
Who got robbed, 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 gangsta, mommas love it cause they know  
it's real  
Like UGK, "we keeps it real" mobbin' through the field  
Big Ball, Fatboy, unload heat when my brain spill  
You for it, images without no coke connect pills  
We keep it crunk and poppin' real niggaz know the deal  
We Bad Boys, anywhere we at we smoke and kill  
You try to stop it, get yo' shit broke up in twenty pieces  
We roll deep in brand new vehicles wit secret features  
Game preachers move yo' pimpin' for you mamasitas  
We players on the field, y'all niggaz in them bleachers

[Chorus: Eightball] - (Repeat 2X)

You talkin' down behind my back (uh) you done shot off  
nigga  
Fifty, four or twenty sack, you done shot off nigga  
If you fly and got a gun (uh) when the drama come, you  
run (uh)  
You know what you just done, you done shot off nigga

[Verse 2: MJG]

Man, come on now, you done shot off just like Mike  
Davis lost a knockoff  
Or his tight-ass shirt when the button pop off  
You standin' it's snowin' you got yo' shoes and socks  
on  
Who holds the key? No fucking bout it, I broke the lock  
off  
I grew the top off, took the comma, period, dot off  
And ran on wit it and broke you a whole lot off

I'm gettin' hot and startin' to boil, don't turn the pot off  
You just affected wit it, pimpin' yo, get yo' rocks off  
Release some pressure, stop all that cryin' and wipe ya  
snot off

Excuses you be usin' for losin' it's cheap as hot sauce  
Earn yo' position, stop hatin' beacuse you not boss  
M-J-G, pimp tight, I'm movin' yo' spot off  
And I don't reach, stoppin' yo' plans, fucking yo' plot  
off

I go hard and I don't sheave and I'm not off  
And livin' on the edge rebellin' I'm never dropped off  
Like Aaron Hall, "Don't Be Afraid" bitch, call the cops  
off

[Chorus: Eightball] - (Repeat 2X)

[Verse 3: Ludacris]

Now you can either check yo' ego at the do' (door) or  
let the 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  
this track

And so I DID it, quickly wrote my sixteen down and SPIT  
it

By the 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 the  
trash

My whole career is like my video, I'm showin' my ass  
I keeps it, "gangsta, gangsta!" shooters and  
shanksters

Until you shot off motherfuckers, I'm a "thank ya, thank  
ya!"

Runnin' yo' mouth behind my back until you run out of  
time

But at least yo' talkin' let's me know some millions stay  
on yo' mind

It ain't nothin' wrong wit that

Tell em grabbin' the thang and then I put it to yo' brain  
And change everything you ever hope fo' (for) wit the  
.44

You'll be fallin' back

And Yacht - is what I'm drinkin' steady thinkin' bout  
these pinks chasin'

I'm bout to bring home the bacon

[Chorus: Eightball] - (Repeat 4X)

