

## The Highwaymen

### "In the Wind"

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Verse One: MJG

Here comes the one they call the P.I. -- M.P.  
Straight out the cut no one can see I -- bust these  
Way out of touch with all them bustas in my rear view  
but see they game, so lame, I can hear through  
I Hens doggin at the bar, actin real nice (real nice)  
Six pack of Hen, straight up, with no ice -- tap me twice  
Did you really want my full attention?  
Sometimes my mind (intertwine) with the tenth  
dimension  
I see you inchin to my ride, tired, rest them legs  
Soon as you open up your mouth (uhh) there's the head  
Now who I be, MJG, certified, mic controller  
(Uncle Sam, I want you!) Trick bend over  
I'm a petrified rapper talkin, and you ain't nuttin  
but an electrified shyster walkin, I'm tired of savin  
people from takin these dead end trips, I'ma just go  
and bust this champagne upside your ship, alright you  
hip?  
You in a hurry? You can't relate?  
Don't ever say that I ain't try to set it to you straight  
I'm out the gate before you hate but I'll be back again  
You saw me faintly through the crowd but now I'm in  
the wind  
Once again

Chorus: Eightball and MJG

In the wind, it's a bird, it's a plane  
Now it be them hustlers with that skin tight game  
In your mix, scopin you, scopin me  
Eightball and MJG to the end, bustas we in the wind

Verse Two: Eightball

I sold my soul to this hustle, homeboy scratch what you  
heard  
T front me a keyboard, I flipped it like a bird, word  
on them streets be them Suave House beats  
In the Benz blowin Sweets got your gal between my

sheets  
Speak -- I ain't have to say one little thang  
The fame of my name blew the ghetto freak brain  
Lookin for a meal ticket, she let me stick it  
Wicked when she lick it, tryin to make me trick it  
Girl, when I was broke it seemed all about the luxury  
Now I got cheese, I got a pay a girl to love with me  
But I'm a jelly worker, like Smuckers  
Workin against them suckers, big facin just to love a  
broad that done been around the world in a day  
Bear lovin whoever got cheddar to pay  
Ball like no trick ass, them shakers if I tip  
I be drunk, in the club, smokin sticky cat nip  
Slip, as if a banana peel was dropped in my path  
into a body bodyworkin not discussin no math  
Playa haters all around me as I stumble and grin  
Snatch my vest, twist somethin, hit the rumble and  
then...

Chorus 2X

Verse Three: MJG, Eightball

I flip scripts on young dips who think they hip  
Smoke up your whole zip, sess hydro or crip  
Time and time again, stories have been told  
About the super hustler dyin tryin to get the gold  
Concrete jungle full of, carniverous firearm  
Hunger for flesh, and pray on who ain't strong  
Heavy weighters, with plenty hoes that buy em  
alligators  
In the wind, breakin all big ?

Pick artificial tricks stolen money makers  
Money trees come in please, help a player shake a  
million down to the ground, feel them hits fall  
Ride with me I'll run your game into a brick wall, trick  
y'all  
is what this false literary do, then reality come  
(and snatch the natural dust out you) who speaks the  
truth?  
Whose your leeches? Whose your friends?  
I plan to bring the realness back again, but until then  
I'm in the wind

Chorus 4X

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