

Masta Ace & Edo G

"Ei8ht Is Enuff"

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[Intro: Masta Ace] Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.....one two, we ain't gotta spit sixteens on this [Verse One: Masta Ace] Aiyyo this the best thing that ever happened to rap Since Big Pun was +Pakinamac+ in the back of the Acc It's like gettin pulled over by police With a loaded mag and duffle bag of crack in the back Y'all in hot water, y'all crab motherfuckers it got too hot In the pot ya got slaughtered Your manager got sorted you got shorted We turned around and put it out the blocks bought it [Verse Two: Edo G] Yo, I got rhymes and gats that I'm concealin If rap is the floor, hip-hop is the ceiling Led from jump, never was we trailin Before you fight me, you better fight the feelin, nigga Face it god, the base is broad Edo is grimey, Ace is hard (PAUSE) You can catch +two Ls'+ like your name's James Todd A & E, off, en garde, the hit squad [Verse Three: Masta Ace] Yo y'all dudes is similiar to cinema Trained actors like Brad and Jennifer But yo I got a flow like Angelina And I'm a king like Billie Jean, promoter Don and Regina We've been doin this as long as y'all been alive So little boys keep your mouth shut when the men arrive I look mean as a motherfucker when I drive The chromed out black four fifty like ten to five [Verse Four: Edo G] You'll get bodied hard, so you better have a bodyguard I get that green like Swiss chard When the flames pop, you'll never gain props When the game stops, and the chain pops We gettin off at the same stop? I can understand an ocean by lookin at a raindrop We EVERYWHERE, you in a same spot I'ma make it so you rappers never EVER namedrop [Verse Five: Masta Ace] Yeah your girl's on my wood like a hungry beaver If she tellin you she home with a fever nigga don't believe her She on top of me I'm underneath her Cause your swag is illegal procedure like one receiver Women hate a grown man with feminine traits And your body gel, kinda smell like cinnamon grapes Your shampoo's like Fruit Passion You the ass in the Louis store, tryin to find some cute fashion [Verse Six: Edo G] Yo, you a no-show, and you won't blow The people who know aren't talkin The people who are talkin, don't know You a hobo, you'll get ate/eight like ocho By my vocals, I'm number one Twist

your wig like a cumberbund This whole industry is
troublesome We pop rappers like bubble gum Don't
confuse A&E with the other ones [Verse Seven: Masta
Ace] Yeah! When It's time to get wild on stage I can spit
eights like Lynn Swann, Al and Paige Or maybe Randy
Moss in his college days When he was goin through
that childish phase But listen, what you witnessin is
violent rage Kind of like a lion that got out his cage It's
the underground sound that pays Me and Crazy Eddie
go together like Brown and Beige [Verse Eight: Edo G]
The game a soap opera, "The Days of Our Lives"
Rappers talk shit, then they apoligize ("I'm sorry!") No
substance, hollow guys That's why I do my 1-2 and
don't follow lies I'm wax, you Serato guys You bullshit,
and Edo is bonafied My dogs sick 'em, get 'em, now
they play victim Ain't about them toys, it's about who
playin wit 'em

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