

Michael J. Gibbs

"Paid Dues"

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Intro (Eightball)

Yeah, Yeah...Space Age forever..Niggas and hoes
better recognize
Eightball & MJG...been ten toes down in this game
since we were two young playas in a one horse town
then hopped to a muthafuckin grasshopper
Nigga, my life would have been done got cut off...
If my dues weren't paid.

Chorus (Cee-Lo)

It's ah, skinnin lines between wrong and right
Trapped in a trap til the mornin light
Ghetto ain't left me no choices, I had to fight
My momma and daddy was too young to raise me
right.
Maybe I been made a man from all the mistakes I made
Niggas dead, niggas gone, I still ain't afraid.
Ain't too grown to get back on with ghetto games I
played
My life would have been done got cut off if the dues
weren't paid.

MJG

In the middle of doin crime (Uggh), it never stopped
me from writin rhymes
It never stopped me from playin music,
God, but it didn't mean I had to use it
It was obvious, I had to give up the streets - for the
beats
Not knowin, but havin faith on just how long that it
would be
Before I made it, before somebody picked up my tape
and played it
With a remark like, "Hey, played that instrumental, you
cat's got potential."
In the process of doing talent shows, parties, and mix
tapes
We even put it down on some of our homeboys jail

release dates

I can remember in the past closin down at fast foods
Strictly stickin to my dreams, but feelin like I'd be the
last dude

Who can make it in this rap, I thought that they ain't go
see me in Memphis

It was like a time they looked over Tennesseee,
and didn't know Hip-Hop was in us.

To all my vets in the game, I got love, stay on your toes
Cause back in the days, I use to use your 4-5
instrumental to do my shows

And look, I was 17 - when I signed my first contract
And about 18 1/2 when I signed my worst contract, we
hurt from that

And til this day, they still distributin - our first tape
before Comin Out Hard, now can you feel it?

Be humble and patient with whatever you should
choose

Cause, to get to where I am right now, I don't paid my
dues.

Chorus

Eightball

A C-note for a concert, I know that sounds preposterous
Nigga, we didn't have a pot to piss

So we got on stage and we rocked the bitch.

Fuck the chee\$, I love to see...My niggas in the front
row

Get buck wild, start a fight, the police make a nigga
stop the show

Niggas all in the parkin lot, bustin shots, fuckin with
hoes

Box chevy with the spokes and vogues,
niggas didn't know shit about a 20 inch Mo-Mo

Hard head, young nigga don't believe that shit, til I see
that shit

See them heavyweight niggas, one day, I'm gonna be
that shit

Ok, everybody know everybody done sold dope, ran
with a gang

Pimp some hoes, and..snorted a little coke..but uhh..
I'm space agein..and we'll forever be

Eightball, the fat mack, and...M-J fuckin G

Turn the page, from then to now, and we still grindin
Small clubs and small towns think they bouncin, and we
find them

Put them on the guest list, make them pump their fist
and get buck to this

Make one of them weed smokin, gangsta bitches get

fucked to this
Expand, give all my true fans what they demand
Do my part again and uhh...come out hard again and
uhh..
Keep space agein, and we'll forever be...
Eightball, the fat mack, and...M-J fuckin G.

Chorus

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