

Comin' Out Hard

8Ball & MJG

Eightball will come out hard with the gangsta lean
Gold smile for the women that be jockin' the green
I'm a pimpster, not a trick on a stroll
Ya gotta pimp that thang and keep a trick on hold
Stay on top of the world, wit a gun in ya hand
Take control of a woman and fear no man
It be hard for me to see a day without cash
If you got it and I don't I'll blast your ass
With the quickness Because a pimp don't play
I got to work on top of my game and think of ways to get payed
Born in the Mound, down, deep in the South
With the brothers with the curls and gold teeth in they mouth
In the Cheverolet Impalas with the Cragars and Vogues
Four deep with the yak, smokin' fat mac indo
Fall up in the club with the pimp's baton
Got a Tec in my pants, ya step to me and it's on
Got a family in Memphis, got a gang in Texas
T-Money in the Jag and JB in the Lexus
Flex this pimp tight mind in the studio
Or...
I'm comin' out hard

Hard out, Hard out
Comin' out, Hard
Hard out, Hard out
Hard
Hard out, Hard out
Comin' out, hard
Hard out, Hard out

MJG description a brotha
And one who tends to always keep his business undercover
But still I wind up in the middle of a click
Some I heard, he heard, she heard
Should I continue to listen to the rumors, the garbage
Trick I ain't barring this, sucka let's start this rumble
Swing trick, you missed, I hit, tumble, into the sleeper
Now you feeling weaker
Man don't step when you think you got backup
Looking for some help but ya boys just slacked up
Punked out, backed out
Way low headin' to the front do'
Sneaking out real slow
How ya feel now?
What's wrong, what's the matter
Mama never told you not to play with those rappers
MJG got loose in the 9 deuce
But for the 9 tre the pimps don't play way
I'mma stay true
Some of ya'll goin' trade
Some of ya'll I'mma like
Some of ya'll I'mma hate
But see I'm in it to win it
Not in it for a part
And it's considered a job, for me to come out, damn, hard

I gotta come out hard as hell just like the life I lead

Cool, feed on the next brotha's greed
J-Smooth cuttin' up, lil' Hank gettin' buck
Killers be shootin' up suckas with no gut
I'm scoping big butts, looking for the payoff
Living like a pimpster, taking everyday off
Riding through the hood with my homies gettin' smoked out
Fall up in the mall, on a ho stroll, loked out
Cool, calm and collective, comin' out hard
MJG count it down

1, 2, 3 points I gotta get across
1, don't
2, make me
3, go off
Suckas gettin' stuck up in a phase
Tryin' to amaze, somebody else, but they find that it don't pay
I'm gonna keep, droppin' tracks, smokin fat-mack hay
In the ash tray, 3 quarts, put away
Gat on the table cause I'mma able, I'mma keep it
Right up on the shelf, where I know that I can reach it
My mind is a weapon, cause I'm smart from the start
MJG...(pimps don't play from the 9 tre)
Comin' out hard

[Chorus]