

You Know

8Ball & MJG

Eightball, the one you know from bustin' flows
Bout that real shit and bout these shady ass hoes
I hit the block when I was 12 and I ain't never leavin'
Kept a grip and kept on tippin' right through drought season
Never been a hater even at my lowest level
Some niggaz get some change and sell they soul to the Devil
I'm drinkin' Dom, man I'm chieffin' on some green sticky
Space Age Pimpin' and my real niggaz rollin' with me
Glocks and K's and Rugers with the rubber grip
Got 'Tel two-way transmittin' on my hip
Keep it real with them niggaz that be real with me
Orange Mile forever reppin' Memphis, Tennessee - MJG

Him and me, me and him, that's how we rolled
Over ten million records sold, Platinum and Gold
We broke the mold, ain't no duplicatin' the two
Who makin' hit shit in clutch situations
And demonstratin' the real quality of a team which consists of
Eightball & MJG, we do this shit 'cause it feel good
First of all, we sacrificed for it
But afford it, then motherfuckers sheist for it
In the jungle of concrete just within one beat
Of the heart you can be taken apart
Ain't no regret but scars from my battlin' hard tactics
I think I'll roll with the paper, you can keep the plastic

I know you niggaz got doe
I saw you in them videos
I know you niggaz stay high
I saw you at the club right?
I know you niggaz keep hoes
I saw you with them freak hoes
I know you niggaz got it made
I saw you on the front page

I've seen a lot of niggaz come and go
Saw some shit fall and seen a lot of shit grow
Money here, money gone like a magic trick
Real hustlers hustle with or without that shit
I get my grind on daily 'cause I wanna see
Me and my niggaz gettin' paid 'til we elderly
And it ain't hard if we all put that work in
Keep it twerkin' 'til they close the fuckin' curtains
We all dream and we all have fantasies

Every nigga wanna buy that house for mama G
But life is like a roll of the dice, right
Sometimes you win and sometimes you just might
Lose it all, fucked up sick and don't know what to do
That's when you find out who really down to bust for you
I rock and roll from my heart and let my soul glow
And don't worry about what a nigga think he know, ya know?

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Nothin' but 24/7 - 365
Eleven to eleven I be off in the fire
Of this revolution, the solution is what I'm spittin'
Fat stacks of green backs is what I'm gettin'
Jaw bones and microphones, that's what I'm hittin'
I'm hangin' on the edge of the cliff with no mittens
Thick flickin', chrome smokin', preferred potion
Man will never touch my flow, deep as the ocean
When you go down too far and you - can't seem to light
Best to look out for that pressure baby, it bust pipes
I got too much fight - in my heart, body, my insight
Is magnified a thousand times, more than the average guys
My status lies right before you with no disguise
The black mack is here to step up and so I rise
My shit has gone way past cold, it's freeze dry
One brain can't do what I do, you need five

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