

## Don't Make

8Ball & MJG

Don't make (Don't make)  
Me Kill (Me kill)  
No motherfucking body in here (in here)  
I'ma shoot (I'ma shoot)  
Three shots (Three shots)  
Somebody done made me hot (me hot)

You Got Me Fucked Up  
We Shoot Guns and Hit Targets  
Meat Market Yall Haters Up Who Start Shit  
MJ Ripping Holes In Bodyguards  
Outta Line Polices and boys Who They Party Hard  
And When The Party Started I Thought We Was All Chillin  
I Figured Everybody Would Be Leaving here all living  
You Standin To Close Partner  
You Askin To Much Baby  
You Need To Get From Round Me Befor our clique go crazy  
(8-ball)  
Yea maine these niggas  
coming round talking bout they hot  
but they not  
fucking with fatboy mj  
nigga we the truth  
holla at playa maine  
streets or the booth  
we popping at you haters main  
Soft as niggaz, make they chin hit the flo off brand niggaz  
take they chesse and they hoe mafio (mafio) niggaz know  
(niggaz know) when them real live G's hit the dow (hit the dow)

I gotta 22 not much bigga than my fanga a when chesta pistol grip pum  
p us a head ranga a two shot daraga nine lil milana  
abig fourty glock just call me the gun slanga some ak's spray to kill  
the front line one hundred and thirty dead from  
squeezin' off one time all you mu-fuckin' who gappin' fly lip let it  
rip don't slip I'm workin' wit five clips  
We fifty deep and err nigga wit me got they ice on lil nigga that a b  
reak yo face like Roy Jones crushin' bones when it's  
on we ain't never scaed them memphis boyz be so serious when it's bou  
t that bread kidnap family members them niggaz don't  
leave no witness they all love a gansta that shit be so addictive whe  
n we pull up they know who we are by ther we blowing  
big and you know Diddy he gon buy the bar

Take yo vest off from blowin' yo kneck off and eyes out high speed ch  
ase I follow you to yo hide out shot yo fuckin' ties  
out don't try to ride now what happen to the base in yo voice you jus  
t cryin' now I thought you was a man you starting to  
look fine now a grim we been lookin' for you in boyz time now then bl  
ow the wrong shit out of the right side of yo head  
maine ain't noway for retaliation when U's a dead man  
Not a scread maine we keep off the frame we staying away from lames w

e runnin' the whole game I do it like a G you ain't  
fuckin' wit me 8 ball, MJG we reppin' for Tennessee wit murder and ho  
micide the day niggaz die the day niggaz ride and  
don't need a reason why it's money and the power the week they get de  
vowered them boyz they disrespect wit bullets they  
get showered

[Chorus 2x]