

## I know U

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 chiefin' 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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