

## Paid Dues

8Ball & MJG

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  
Knee high to a muthafuckin grasshopper  
Nigga, my lights would have been done got cut off...  
If my dues weren't paid

It's ah, skinny 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

In the middle of doin crime (uggh), it never stopped me from writin rhymes  
It never stopped me from playin music  
God put it in me, 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 Tennessee  
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 done paid my dues

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\$e, 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 agin..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, if they bouncin 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 agin, and we'll forever be...  
Eightball, the fat mack, and...M-J fuckin G

[Chorus]