

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 (ugg), 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."
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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]