

## We Started This

8Ball & MJG

We started the shit, and we gon' finish the shit!  
Riding down the strip on a trip in my 'Ham sammich  
Started this shit and I'm gon' finish yes I am dammit  
We gonna slam it down like to hit it, here its shitted  
Here its time for them niggas in Memphis, Tenn to get deep within it  
How deep? shit the devil stay right down the street  
And why you mad? the rebels tied a brother by his feet  
For what, for what I don't know they tied him to a pickup truck  
Then posted up in town like they didn't really give a fuck  
I get rid of bigots with bad racial equalities  
Bust back at KKK's who try to follow me  
These hollowties saving my ass in crucial situations  
Any other tactics I need, I use imagination  
I'm ten steps ahead of your ass type of nigga  
Shit that I already know you try to figure  
Give up, put your ship up, don't try to sail  
Don't you see we got this shit built up, can't pry a nail  
In my foundation my sound making too many bump all out the trunk  
Get crunk and blow blunts and buck jump  
Ain't no luck chump we come intentional with this dope shit  
Using a pen or a pencil back when I wrote this  
Space age, feel it perculatin' but all this hurt and hatin'  
Still keep on bringing people back to old situations  
I change the stations but they playing the same list  
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Mental battlescars polluting my cranium  
Watered down fake niggas I'm draining 'em and training 'em  
Claiming them Suave House niggas to the dirt bitch  
Cross the family and you gon' find yourself gettin hurt, bitch  
Peices all in a nigga mind it ain't reality  
Fuck reconciliation, niggas don't want no unity  
Born dyin every minute death is closer to me  
Its like I'm in a movie, except I'm feeling everything  
Pain when another motherfucker try to touch me  
Anger when a petty player faker try to fuck me  
8-B-A-double L, fat M-A-C  
Nice with a mic and I don't think you wanna fuck with me  
Love head doctors and I don't mean a psyciatrist  
Bitches with that lip grip tighter than a gorilla fist  
Pimp shit, when is everybody gonna learn  
Pimps and gangstas make the universe turn  
Poverty with the right amount of hustle turns to riches  
But wrong situations turn hard niggas to bitches  
I was born in the war zone fought for everything I got  
Learned about my hustle, nigga worked and made the shit hot  
Hoes started jockin niggas, boppin like they bitches too  
Other niggas mad cause they only sold a tape or two  
Fuck what you heard nigga fuck who you be  
Suave got the hookup cause suave got the cheese nigga

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