

8 Ball

DJ Quik

Pass me the... (8 Ball) so I can get fucked up
My name is DJ Quik, so yo, what's up?
Cause I'm the baddest, I feel, gettin ill for real
With a Forty of O.E., yo, you know the deal
I'm just chillin with a Forty in hand
I'm so damn bent, that I can hardly stand
The bottle's in my face, and my lips are all around it
So stand to the side and watch me (down it)
Take it to the head without feeling no guilt
If I was you, I wouldn't fuck with me when I'm on tilt
Cause I'm a funky dope brother who just won't stop
And I like to drink the 8, cause it's good till the last drop
If I can't get it, then I get the discouraged
I gotta get a bottle of that liquid courage
I take a big gulp, and my head starts zoomin
But I'm feeling good as hell, so let the bass keep boomin
I'm DJ Quik, and the shots I'm callin
But the posse don't mind, cause we all 8-Ballin

(8 Ball)
(Here we go)
(Ah yeah)
(Take it in a bottle, 40 quart or can)
Gimme the
(8 Ball)
(Here we go)
(Ah yeah)
(Drink it like a madman, yes I do)
Pass me the
(8 Ball)
(Here we go)
(Ah yeah)
(40 ounce in my lap, and it's freezin my balls)
(8 Ball)
(Here we go)
(That vodka I was drinkin said, "Dude, go 'head")

Now a Forty only cost about \$1.95
So we finna mob 17 to the liquor store
And get a case, fuck a six-pack, what's that?
I don't drink no St. Ides, so forget that
Now one nigga said that Bull got pull
Just drink a quart of O.E. and your ass'll be full
And if you don't think O.E. be workin
Then fuck it, bust the irkin and jerkin
Cause I'm a muthafucka that think when I wanna drink
And how can I tell that you're drunk? Cause your breath stink
I know you know you need some double-mint
And you can't mack to a bitch when you're too bent
So take it from me, the homie DJ Quik
You better rush your cooler, cause you might be sick
Cause the 8 is for the true niggas, and the grown-ups
But that don't matter, cause Quik got it sowed up
And punk muthafuckas wanna squab and all that
But we can get em up as soon as you pass the...
(8 Ball)

(8 Ball)
(Here we go)
(Ah yeah)
(Take it in a bottle, 40 quart or can)
Gimme the
(8 Ball)
(Here we go)
(Ah yeah)
(Bottle was empty, so we went to the store)
Pass me the
(8 Ball)
(Here we go)
(Ah yeah)
(40 ounce in my lap, and it's freezin my balls)
(8 Ball)
(Here we go)
(That vodka I was drinkin said, "Dude, go 'head")
(Here's a little somethin bout a nigga like me)
(Fuck it up, y'all)
(And here comes the...)
(8 Ball rollin)
(It'll have you trippin)
(Party)
(Cause I was drunk)
(Ah yeah)

Right about now I'm wonderin who else gone off that 8 Ball besides myself
You know all the homies goin off of it
And I know
The L.A. Posse's goin off of that (8 Ball)
And G Wayne goin off of that (8 Ball)
And Donzelli goin off of that (8 Ball)
My homie Shot is goin off of that (8 Ball)
And Playa Hamm goin off of that (8 Ball)
And Shabby Blue goin off of that (8 Ball)
And Mike P goin off of that (8 Ball)
And N.O.E. is goin off of that (8 Ball)
And Little Shawn goin off of that (8 Ball)
And Big Duck goin off of that (8 Ball)
My nigga Stinkin off of that (8 Ball)
And Lou Balls goin off of that (8 Ball)