

## 8 Ball

Eazy-E

I don't drink brass monkey  
Like the big funky  
Nick named Eazy-E  
Yo 8-Ball Junkie  
Bass drum kicking  
To show my sh\*t  
Rapping holding my d\*ck  
Boy I don't quit  
Loud wild mutha f\*cka  
From around the way  
I got a six shooter  
Yo mean hombre  
Wandering through the hood  
To find the boys  
To kick dust and cuss  
Crank up the noise  
Police on my drawers  
I had to pause  
40 ounce in my lap  
And it's freezing my balls  
Hooked a right turn  
Let the boys go past  
And I say to myself  
'They can kiss my a\*\*'  
Stopped at a light  
Put the 8 at my lips  
Put in the old tape  
Marvin Gayes Greatest hits  
Turn the beat up  
Have the base cold romping  
Cruising through the East Side  
South of Compton  
See a big a\*\*  
And I said 'word'  
I took a look at the face  
And the bitch was to the curb  
Hoes on me  
for the title I'm holding  
Eazy-E's F\*cked up  
An got the 8-Ball rollin'

(I was)  
Whose Kickin' a\*\*?  
(I was)  
Raised in LA  
(I was)  
Cruising down the street in my 6-4  
Riding Los Loses  
Looking for Crenshaw  
Turned down the sound  
To diss yo law  
Stopped at a light  
And had a fit  
Cause a Mexican almost  
Wreaked my shit  
Flipped his a\*\* off  
Got into the car

My bottle was empty  
So I went to the store  
Nigga on tilt  
Cause I was drunk  
Seen a sissy a\*\* punk  
Had to go in my trunk  
Reached inside  
Cause it's like that  
Came back out  
With a silver gat  
Fired at the punk  
And it was all because  
I had to show the nigga  
What time it was  
Put up the Jam  
It ends like a mirage  
A sissy like that  
Got out to dodge  
Suckers on me  
For the title I'm holding  
Eazy-E's F\*cked up  
And got the 8-Ball rollin

Old East 800  
Yeah thats my brand  
Take it in a bottle  
40, Quart, or Can  
Drink it like a mad man  
Yes I do  
F\*\*K the police  
And a 502  
Stepped in the party  
I was drunk as hell  
Three b\*\*ches already said  
'Eric yo breath smells'  
40 ounce in hand  
Thats what I got  
(Yo man you see Eazy hurling in a parking lot)  
Stepped on yo foot  
Cold dissed yo hoe  
Asked her to dance  
And she said 'hell no'  
Called her a b\*\*ch  
Cause thats the rule  
Boys in the hood  
Trying to keep me cool  
Dammit homeboy  
You wanna kick my but  
I walk in you face  
And we get them up  
I start dropping the dogs  
And watch you fold  
Straight dumb fulla cum  
Got knocked out cold  
(Made you look sick  
you snotty nosed prick  
now yo fly b\*\*ch  
is all over his d\*\*k)  
Fool got dropped  
For the title I'm holding  
Eazy-E's f\*cked up  
And got the 8-Ball rollin

Pass the brew M\*tha F\*ckas  
While I trash it up  
And yall listen up close to role call:  
Eazy-E's in the place  
I got money and juice  
Rendezvous with me  
And we make the duce  
Dre makes the beat  
So g\*d damn funky  
Do the old 8  
F\*ck the Brass Monkey  
Ice Cube writes the words  
That I say  
Hail to the niggaz  
From CIA  
Cazy beat is down  
And in effect  
We make hard core jams  
So fuck respect  
They can toast public parking  
To the title I'm holding  
Eazy-E's f\*cked up  
And got the 8-Ball rollin