

# Eazy-E, 8 Ball (remix)

## Verse 1:

I don't drink brass monkey, like to be funky  
Nickname Eazy-E your 8 ball junkie  
Bass drum kickin', to show my shit  
Rap a hole in my dick, boy I don't quit  
Crowd rocking motherf\*\*ker from around the way  
I got a six shooter yo mean hombre  
Rolling through the hood to find the boys kick dust and cuss crank up some noise  
Police on my drawers, I have to pause  
40 ounce in my lap and it's freezing my balls  
Hook a right turn and let the boys go past  
Then I say to myself, They can kiss my ass  
Hip to get drunk got the 8 in my lips  
Put in the old tape Marvin Gaye's greatest hits  
Turn the shit up had the bass cold whomping  
Cruising through the east side south of Compton  
See a big ass and I say word  
I took a look at the face, and the bitch was to the curb  
Hoes on my tip for the title I'm holding  
Eazy-E's f\*\*ked up and got the 8 ball rolling

## Verse 2:

Riding on Slauson down towards Crenshaw  
Turned down south, to dish the law  
Stopped at a light and had a fit,  
Cos a mexican almost wrecked my shit.  
Flipped his ass off, put it to the floor,  
Bottle was empty so I went to the store.  
Nigga on till cos I was drunk,  
See ya sissy as punk had to go in my trunk.  
Reached inside cos 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.

## Verse 3:

Put up the jam and, like a mirage,  
A sissy like that got out of Dodge.  
Sucker on me, cos the title I'm holdin'  
Eazy-E's f\*\*ked up and got the 8 ball rollin'  
Old E's 800 cos that's my plan.  
Take it in a bottle, 40, quart, or can.  
Drink it like a madman, yes I do,  
F\*\*k the police, and a 5-0 too.  
Stepped at a party I was drunk as hell,  
Three bitches already said "Eric yo breath smells"  
40-ounce in hand, that's what I got,  
"Yo man, you see Eazy hurlin' in the parkin' lot?"  
Stepped on yo foot, cold dissed yo ho,  
Asked her to dance and she said "Hell, no"  
Called her a bitch, cos that's the rule,  
Boys in the hood tryin to keep me cool.  
Tell me, homeboy, you wanna kick my butt?  
I walked in your face and we get em up.  
I start drivin the dog, and watch you fold,  
Just dumb, full of cum, got num dot co.  
"Make you look sick, ya snotty-nose prick,  
Now your fly bitch is all over his dick."  
Punk got dropped, cos the title I'm holdin'  
Eazy-E's f\*\*ked up and got the 8-ball rollin'.

## Verse 4:

Pass the broom, motherf\*\*ker, while I tear shit up,  
And y'all listen up close to roll-call.

Eazy-E's in the place, I got money and juice,  
Rendezvous with me and we make the deuce.  
Dre makes the beat so god-damn funky,  
Do the 0-8, f\*\*k the brass monkey.  
Ice Cube writes the rhymes that I say,  
Hail to the niggas from CIA.  
Crazy D is down and in effect,  
We make hardcore jams, so f\*\*k respect.  
Make a toast, pumpy pump to the title I'm holdin'  
Eazy-E's f\*\*ked up and got the 8-ball rollin.