

# N.W.a, 8 Ball

Verse One: Eazy-E

I don't drink brass monkey, like the beat funky  
Nickname Eazy-E your 8 ball junkie  
Bass drum kicking, to show my shit  
Rap a hole in my dick, boy, I don't quit  
Crowd rocking motherfucker from around the way  
I got a six shooter yo mean brave  
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 fucked up and got the 8 ball rolling

Verse Two: Eazy-E

Riding on Slauson looking for Crenshaw  
Turned down the sound to ditch the law  
Stopped at a light and had a fit  
Cause 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 tip cause I was drunk  
See a sissy ass 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 nigger what time it was  
Pulled out the jammy and like a mirage  
A sissy like that got out of Dodge  
Sucka on me cause the title I'm holding  
Eazy-E's fucked up and got the 8 Ball rolling

Verse Three: Eazy-E

Olde English 800 cause that's my brand  
Take it in a bottle, 40, quart, or can  
Drink it like a madman yes I do  
Fuck the police and a 5-0 too  
Stepped in the park I was drunk as hell  
Three bitches already said, "Eric your breath smells!"  
40 ounce in hand that's what I got  
"Yo man you see Eazy urlin' in the parking lot?"  
Stepped on your foot cold dissed your hoe  
Asked her to dance and she said, "Hell No!"  
Called her a bitch cause that's the rule  
Boyz n tha Hood trying to keep me cool  
Tell my homeboy you wanna kick my butt  
I walked in your face and we get on up  
I start dropping the dogs and watch you fall  
Just dumb full of cumn got knocked out cold  
"Make you look sick you snotty nosed prick!"  
Now your fly bitche is all over his dick!"  
Punk got dropped cause the title I'm holding  
Eazy-E's fucked up and got the 8 ball rolling

Verse Four: Eazy-E

Pass the brew mother fucker while I tear shit up  
and yall 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 beats so goddamn funky  
Do the Olde 8 fuck 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 hard core jams so fuck respect  
Make a toast all you punks to the title I'm holding  
Eazy-E's fucked up and got the 8 ball rolling