

8-Ball & MJG, Armed Robbery

(Eightball)

Eightball will come out hard with the gangsta lean
gold smile for the women that be jockin' the green
i'm a pimpster
not a trick on a stroll
ya gotta pimp that thang and keep a trick on hold
stay on top of the world wit a gun in ya hand
take control of a woman and fear no man
it be hard for me to see a day with outkast
if you got it and I don't I'll blast your ass with the quickness
because a pimp don't play
I got to work on top of my game and think of ways to get payed
born in the Mound, down, deep in the south
with the brothers with the curls and gold teeth in they mouth
and the cheverolet impalas with the craters and vogues
fo'teef, with the yak, smokin' fat mac indo
fall up in the club with the pimps, the tone
gotta tuck in my pants, ya step to me and it's on
gotta family in Memphis, gotta gang in Texas
T-Money in the Jag and JB in the Lexus
cystiff, grip tight nine in the studio
or...

I'm comin' out hard

Chorus:

Hard out, Hard out,

Comin' out, Hard

Hard out, Hard out,

Hard,

Hard out, Hard out,

Comin' out, hard,

Hard out, Hard out

(MJG)

MJG description a brotha
and one who tends to always keep his business undercover
but still I wind up in the middle of a click
some I heard, he heard, she heard,
should I continue to listen to the rumors, the garbage
trick, I ain't for this, sucka let's start this ruffness
wait trick you missed, I hit darker, into the sleeper
now you feeling weaker
man don't slip when you think you got backup
looking for some help but ya boys just slacked up
punked out, backed out
way low headin' to the front do'
sneaking out real slow
how ya feel now?

what's wrong, what's the matter

mama never told you not to play with those rappers

MJG got loose in the 9 deuce

but for the 9 tre the pimps don't play way

I'ma stay true

some of ya'll goin' tre

some of ya'll i'ma lay

some of ya'll i'ma hate

but see I'm in it to win it

lining up for a party

just to consider it a job, for me to come out, damn, hard

Chorus

(Eightball)

I gotta come out hard as hell just like the life I lead

cool, feed on the next brotha's greed

J-Smooth cuttin' up, lil' Hank gettin' buck

killers be shootin' up suckas with no gut

I'm scoping big bucks, looking for the payoff

living like a pimpster, checking everyday off
riding through the hood with my homies gettin' smoked out
fall up in the mall, let my hoe stro' looked out
cool, calm and collective, comin' out hard
MJG count it down
(MJG)
1, 2, 3 points I gotta get across
1, don't
2, make me
3, go off
suckas gettin' stuck up in the face
tryin' to amaze, somebody else, but they find that it don't pay
i'm gonna keep, droppin' tracks, smokin fat-mack hay,
in the ash tray, 3 quarts, put away
gat on the table cause i'ma able, i'ma keep it
right up on the shelf, where I know that I can reach it
my mind is a weapon, cause I'm smart from the start
MJG...(pimps don't play from the 9 tre)
comin' out hard
Chorus