

8-Ball & MJG, In The Wind

you know sometimes you have to use a little composure
be playa about the situation but this is not the time nigga
this is not the time nigga its time to ride its time to ride
sometimes you have to keep it calm play it low
bite your bottom lip to keep from clickin' on a hoe
in the streets what the fuck don't nobody play
from Memphis to the Bay niggas diein' all day
over yea shipped with coke and candy cut up into bricks
bitches that be thick be settin' up them tricks
gettin' licks rules don't apply to gettin' rich
start a business sell a ki pimp a bitch
make that switch real niggas flip shit
and farm the shit with a bad ass yellow bitch
Eight-Ball translation three and a half
you not affiliated nigga if you have to ask
rich kid a queens nigga a green nigga
when I say green nigga all about his cream nigga
I suggest invest in a tank and a vest
cuz me and all my niggas gone ride
(Chorus)

one time for my real niggas (let's ride)
two times for the game its all in your brain
man if I had a buck for everytime I've fucked up
i would be the big willy nigga with my feet up
but I'm in the field killin' for a meal
around fake hoes talkin' about they keep it real
money murder all in my eyes real niggas ride and they don't ask why
I'm a real ass nigga who I be MJ
livin' to handle business every god damn day
now who in the fuck be talkin' shit behind my back
lookin' to find a hundred and thirty ways to get jacked
tie you in the sack procede to pack you off too young
yea you brought some pain I brought the rain and I stun to feel
I wonder will these fake ass bitches become real
hell naw don't forget bout the spliff and I tell ya'll
should I spell ya'll fake ass bustas before I see ya
and I can tell by the scent in the air I don't wanna meet ya
and I don't care if its the motherfuckin' holidays
I ain't gone preach just pose and look up at me like
a big 'ol pimp ass I'll beat 'cha
nigga I smash down to take care of killers who spit trash
small pounds no limit soldiers we kick cash
at the drop of ball D-I-M-E P-I-M-P
tight pass nigga for real trick don't tell me
(Chorus)

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preacher man could you pray for me cuz I'm about to sin
my homicidal poetry killin' again and again
T-Mix gave me the gun when he sat and made the track
a mental picture forms when I fire up a batch
of sticky green love controllin' what I'm speakin'
sprayin' niggas leavin' niggas layin' up leakin'
for weeks and weepin' from my grim reapin' realiwin'
Mj wake 'em up from sleepin'
I'm creepin' peepin' in your windows
smokin' regular now you gonna leave us behind
we two steps ahead of the competition
we leave 'em wishin' upon the moon

we here with T-Mix creatin' a boom to move the room
its that pimp shit that hardcore shit that shit you run from
see I ain't got time for this superstlye shit i know where I come from
ghetto hood ass nigga hard nine if you ever wanna meet
me in person I ain't hard to find

(Chorus)

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