

8-Ball & MJG, No Mercy

(music plays in back)

Chorus(singing)

O OH O O OH O OH It's the playerz night

O OH O O OH O OH it's the players night

Verse 1: Eightball

I'm just loungin coolin maxin in the studio

Drankin on the yak smokin fat mac indo

five o droptop watermelon flip flop

Put her to the floor and watch how fast that ass drop

Oh my god the sun is out I feel like ridin G (MJG meet me up at pressure world),

alright nigga(MJG-Peace Nigga)

Pull up at pressure world blowin on the fat one

I'm cool with everyone but still pack a fat gun

I gotta meet my nigga MJG ya know

he said he got the hook up with a couple of west Memphis hoes

Verse 2: MJG

Two hoes takin off they clothes

Given up they mouth to the pimps of the house

Got seveteen dollars in my tank and I think if the hoes wanna have dranks

but we ain't cuzz we can't waste time on a hotcap

Shit like ridin with a bitch all in my lap

I got pimp shit planned for the nine-fo

How the fuck you figure I coming through the front door

Roll me spliff with the tip up to my mouth

fire dat bitch up cuzz its players night out

Chorus: x2

Verse 3: Eightball

Yeah you know where I'm headin fool

Straight to the nigga with the herbs I gotta smoke a spliff

so I can calm my nerves

Full of yak

But a nigga ain't drunk yet

Waitin on a beep from this hoe I just met

She's a star so I gotta get her put the mack down tight

so I know I'm gonna hit her

Split her, then get up and leave the hoe bitter

cuzz I play her like myself does not want to get her

Its still kinda early and I'm losing my buzz

Stop by the crib smoke a spliff in the hot tub

MJG is in the den gettin chwed on

that nigga must be drunk he still got his shoes on

I gotta broad in the kitchen cookin steaks

I'm puttin on my clothes and I'm bout to hit the highway

I got to get out this muthafuckin house so I can splurge

on this playerz night out

Chorus:x2

Verse 4: MJG

Ahhh Shit

Just got hit with a heavy quantity of bud

hit the chevy, as I flip to the mall scopin out the bitches

on the strip

Shorts glued down to they hips

gotta a special kinda cup for my cognac

Cuzz I lean back, take a sip, and show these hoes where my love at

ridin down the avenue followin a stranga

Stack it to the wall as I fire up another blunt

MJG drucker than a muthafuckin fish with thirty-seven bitches in my dick

I got another destination ain't no use in chillin wit these hoes

cuzz bitches want riches

And I

Being the type of hustler that I am really don't give a god damn

B-U-S-I-N-E-double S is what I'm all about

Put'em in a middle of a playaz night out
(singing in the back)x2
just a G
just a Pimp
Chorus:x2