8-Ball & MJG, Playerz Night Out

[Featuring E 40]
[Anyway it doesn't matter much how you feel
you know what you got to do I'm here to do it
how about you?]
E 40:
Our age five years old
we were young bucks
scrubbin' each others backs in the bathtub
Babysitter would send you to bed
but she would make me stay up
so she could give the young playa some viscious head uh
early symptoms of
time of nightway
gigantic factor from the
Caukenis bitch tamer
some had it all though
but less unfortunate
you had an alloy spoke Mongoose
and I had a Huffy
You owned a green machine
three different lunch pails
I had a go-cart that I built from a bunch of used nails
We grew up in the church together nigga
sunday school
Now I heard you off into jackin nigga
that ain't even cool
I used to be conned, racked, fucked around,
and ripped bad
barking up on the wrong tree
talking about runnin up in my past
Niggas have hateful thoughts
but they stop me from strivin
suckas be shakin salt
all in his gameful so find
some fools be gettin crossed
victims of 40-ness
man all that drama you come with
I swear you on some shit
Whether it's morphine or cocaine
Doja or doggfood
they had these marks for Tre and Max
fuckin off my high breakin rules
you got ya P's mixed up
you ain't no pimp
you's a forty
I spit for major mix
while you make tapes for ya homie
and then you work up tha nerve
to speak fair words
The pimp, a traitor, we instigators
that's why I wrote this verse
for every youngster with his mind on his meal
Young playa just chill
and take a look at what these fakers call real
nigga
I trust no man,
cuz man will let you down every time
that's why I take it upon myself to thank god in every rhyme
cuz I've seen better times
and I've seen worser days
when some of my so called friends
wasn't around when I ain't have a verse to say
I quench my thirst today
with righteous thoughts of mine

cuz righteous thought of mine will leave mark ass niggas far behind
I seen it every time
they come and go
That's why I drop to my knees
and ask god to distinguish friend from foe
and what do you know
by the time morning comes I can see the light
and then I'm thanking god once again for making everything all right
he made it tight and now I'm back up on the scene
countin' greens
straight from H-town to New Orleans
New human beings puttin it down like a mic or not
replace the slot open up shop
we 'bout to make it hot
Stop
with ya devilish doins
because ya devilish doins will only bring forth ya ruin
Friend or foe, you just will never know
Who can you trust, in a world that's oh so cold
playa hatin is everywhere I go
Friend or foe you just will never know
Listen
I'm tryin to tell you my nigga to watch cha back
and trust few
Cause ain't no nigga gon watch ya back for you like you
When someone is broke and down and out without no clout it's rough
At least you know who you can and who you cannot trust
see let me explain myself and clear up the point I'm tryin to make
don't want no bustas around me
playa hatin or actin fake
don't ever be wantin nobody to get to close
I don't know if it's effects of
from the marijuana that got me more than trippin
see nowadays tha nigga be rollin' thick with hella loot
but if my loot was gone would I be all alone?
See, my partners who used to ride with me
and smoke that dank, and fuck with hoes
would they be them same niggas if I didn't have shit to roll?
Maybe they will, maybe they won't
who is to say what a nigga will do
who is to say if you help someone it's guaranteed that they'll help
you
see what I'm sayin, listen to me and see if you can dig this
Smilin' faces replaces friends when people recieve ends
Now all of a sudden I'm actin funny because my moneys loaned
But there was no drama when I was livin' at my momma's home
But I'm not tellin' a nigga nothin you don't already know
personal business, you got to watch who you friends is
I'm thinking about hard times
freeing my mind
who in the fuck goin be my crutch?
Holdin me up, helpin me out
makin sure that I stay in touch
Where do I sleep, who do I turn to?
When I be low on my cash
who am I down with when fifty niggas be talkin bout kickin my ass?
Who is my friends who is my foes?
Who do I ask, when I want to know
somethin about somethin but I don't know nothin
my ignorance be keepin me out in the cold
Who do I call when I'm in need of a ride?
in somebody elses car
How do I get from point A to B if B is just to far?
Where can I get a loan, where can I use the phone?
Who's goin to give me the permission to make a decision

to come up in they house and live
when will I drive a BMer takin my clothes to the cleaner
How can I know
will I forever be payin my dues, will I forever be singing the blues?
Where will I find a shoulder when I be wantin to lean
know what I mean?
when I be needin some justification
stuck in the fuckin same location
who is the friend that is helpin me?
who is the busta thats hurtin me?
who can I trust?
will you be there when the goin is tough?
Will I be hangin with dick in the dust?
Who wanna share my load when it's too heavy to carry?
or will I go crazy pullin the load alone?
constantly gettin my hustle on
when will I finally see, kinda suspect
or even actually know
Who is my real friend thick and the thin?
and who in the fuck is the foe?
Friend or foe, you just will never know
Who can you trust, in a world that's oh so cold
playa hatin is everywhere I go
Friend or foe you just will never know...