

8-Ball & MJG, Space Age Pimpin

Verse 1 MJG Eightball:

I'm MJG the nigga with the versatile style
Check your calendar realize that I been here for awhile
When I was young I took the soul up out of rhythm and blues
When hip hop originated slowly paid my dues
And take my shoes and try to walk a mile in my past
Without them salt shaker sheisters tryin to get in that ass
It's been too long you motherfuckers fittin to feel the south
Shut your mouth, shut your do you little freak ass hoe
I'm bout tired of all this damn east and west coast shit
Especially when other niggaz tryin to work in this bitch
I paid my dues to the fullest, worked to god damn hard
For you too kill the industry and leave me out of a job
You niggaz strain yourself, to maintain yourself
And now you playin with enough rope to actually hang yourself
But you don't care, hell, you constantly fallin deep in the plot
Mesmerized from all the bitches and the money you got
You must of forgot they said that rap would never last ten years
And if your selfish to the fact, I'm tryin to have a career
Now listen here, what do we have, we got probable cause
To keep the pen on the paper and the glock in your drawers, nigga
Remember back when we used to do this shit for fun
Bein the dopest on my block made me ranked number one
No gun, just a pen and notebook paper by the sheet
In the crib, gettin funky off the next nigga beat
No electronics to make the shit that I wrote the chronic
Shit sick enough to bring vomit from your stomach
Quick as a comet, shield your eyes from the UV
Groovey, like a nigga from a Batman movie
Real about the shit that I express over dope beats
You can't say it was fake unless you grew up on my street
Concrete head niggaz, runnin from FED niggaz,
Po' ass scared niggaz, that came out dead niggaz
And all I ever wanted to be was an emcee
Did a little dirt and found it wasn't for me
Poetry flowin through my bloodstream like a drug
I'm addicted to rhyme because I love the buzz, nigga

Chorus, Repeat 2X:

My reason for rhyme
Because I'm true to this rap
My reason for rhyme
Because I'm real with this rap
My reason for rhyme
It ain't all about the cheese
Even though fat lp's can make a nigga g's

Verse 2, MJG:

My reason for rhymin, while I'm in, a position to be tellin
It's not about the fame and them bitches who be yellin
At my concerts, one verse, dicks up, quick fuck
Lies start spreadin now you tangled in a mix up
I gits up, do sits up, and squeeze my mental mindrame back in order
And use my hand as a tape recorder
Jottin down all the information placed in front of me
The good time, the bad time, the way I think it oughta be
Now follow G, can you comprehend?
If you can then drink a shot of Hen
Hit this hand on your silver end
Friends don't be friends and foes don't be foes
However the way you bring it, that's how you want it, I suppose
I can stay up out the game keep my aim on my paper
And I'll be sure to keep my pimpin real with Tony Draper
And I'll potray the man that I'm known to be
Dim the lights (Hip-tie) for the MJG
Chorus, Repeat 2X

Verse 3, Eightball:

Give me a crowd of wild niggaz who love real hip hop
And watched smoke get soaked up, like water in a mop
Drop presidents among me and my own folk
And let that bullshit walk among the past with ghosts
Ain't no hope of bein takin seriously
When limited avenues are given to me
So, naturally I take shit and make shit mine
Jackin only for position in this thing called rhyme
Freestyle, not great, but if you wait for a second
I could write some shit down that could get a gold record
Thought about not the first thing that I think about
MJG and Eightball and hard is how we comin out
Runnin out, niggaz who can't hold on like En Vogue
Even though I moved out the mound I'm still ten toed
Down for the shit I do, the Suave House crew
True to this shit, because this shit is so true
Chorus, Repeat 2X
End with shoutouts