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