

8-Ball & MJG, When It's On

(feat. P. Diddy)

[Verse 1: MJG]

I'm just a drop top flippin', flippin'
Fifth of Yacht sippin', sippin'
Dope crack that's going in the strip clubs tippin'
MJG ah, P.I.M.P. ah
Fuck a blind date, oh no, I got to see her
The new millennium poet
Forever show it, can't blow it
If you reap it, you sow it
I, pay my, dues
And it's the rules that I play by
Carry the team like I'm A.I
I used to cook rocks, and hit the block
And gun in the bushes, and money in my sock
Shit, I had hoes way before I was nationally famous
I was in the hood strapped up good
Watchin' my anus
I'm a target splitter
The world strongest man hardest hitter
Even though you hate
I still elevate regardless nigga
Step to us boy, look what you done started
And we don't even care that your arsenal be the largest

[Hook: 8 Ball & MJG, P. Diddy]

When it's on, it's on, it's on, it's on
When it's on, you better get your shit and be gone
When it's on, it's on, it's on, it's on
When it's on, you better get your shit and be gone
When it's on, it's on, it's on, it's on
When it's on, you better get your shit and be gone
When it's on, it's on, it's on, it's on
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[Verse 2: 8 Ball]

Look, you niggaz play too much mayne
You need to pump yo' brakes
Keep a heater nigga need for them restless snakes
Right in my face caught a case tryin' to defend my space
Dodging snitches police niggaz jumping state to state
What kind of nigga run his mouth and snitch out everybody?
The kind of nigga that's gone end up being a dead body
Yo' wife and children gone be searching for their dear ol' daddy
They found his headless body tied up in a dark alley
It's cold like ice and snow on a nigga soul
For bricks or snow, niggaz will fuck you like a dirty hoe
Kick yo' door and put and your babies on the floor
See you in public fuck who with you let the thang go
A nigga tell you don't let business turn personal
Fuck what they say cause for gram a nigga hurtin' you
Niggaz out here hurtin' fool
Nothing is for free mayne
Fuckin' with the game
That's how that shit be mayne

[Hook]

[Verse 3: 8 Ball]

I was torn this bitch came from the streets I was born
Pussy like a little kitty back yellow as corn
I don't go around poppin' shit wit' niggaz who talkin'
Them niggaz ain't talkin' no more

Closed coffin
Not often do you see a nigga loyal as I
Like that boy from Best Eye nigga ready to die
For my bread and them niggaz that considered me family
Hold it down maybe I got you til we up there wit' granny

[Verse 4: MJG]
Cause as soon as I start writing
I start going through physical
Deeper into my spiritual
I'm so fuckin' lyrical
MJG the realest the truth the definition
Just call me the competition
I'm still stomping and pimpin'
I'm still working with Diddy, still fuck wit the hood
I got the key to the city, the streets is all good
My leather is all wood, my gun is still secluded
I'm still hoping and praying to God I don't use it

[Hook - until fade]
[P. Diddy - talking]

crbt2('8Ball & MJG', 'When Its On')

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