

# 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  
When it's on, you better get your shit and be gone

[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 mayne 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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