

Don't Make

8Ball & MJG

Don't make (Don't make)
Me Kill (Me kill)
No motherfucking body in here (in here)
I'ma shoot (I'ma shoot)
Three shots (Three shots)
Somebody done made me hot (me hot)

You Got Me Fucked Up
We Shoot Guns and Hit Targets
Meat Market Yall Haters Up Who Start Shit
MJ Ripping Holes In Bodyguards
Outta Line Polices and boys Who They Party Hard
And When The Party Started I Thought We Was All Chillin
I Figured Everybody Would Be Leaving here all living
You Standin To Close Partner
You Askin To Much Baby
You Need To Get From Round Me Befor our clique go crazy
(8-ball)
Yea maine these niggas
coming round talking bout they hot
but they not
fucking with fatboy mj
nigga we the truth
holla at playa maine
streets or the booth
we popping at you haters main
Soft as niggaz, make they chin hit the flo off brand niggaz
take they chesse and they hoe mafio (mafio) niggaz know
(niggaz know) when them real live G's hit the dow (hit the dow)

I gotta 22 not much bigga than my fanga a when chesta pistol grip pum
p us a head ranga a two shot daraga nine lil milana
abig fourty glock just call me the gun slanga some ak's spray to kill
the front line one hundred and thirty dead from
squeezin' off one time all you mu-fuckin' who gappin' fly lip let it
rip don't slip I'm workin' wit five clips
We fifty deep and err nigga wit me got they ice on lil nigga that a b
reak yo face like Roy Jones crushin' bones when it's
on we ain't never scaed them memphis boyz be so serious when it's bou
t that bread kidnap family members them niggaz don't
leave no witness they all love a gansta that shit be so addictive whe
n we pull up they know who we are by ther we blowing
big and you know Diddy he gon buy the bar

Take yo vest off from blowin' yo kneck off and eyes out high speed ch
ase I follow you to yo hide out shot yo fuckin' ties
out don't try to ride now what happen to the base in yo voice you jus
t cryin' now I thought you was a man you starting to
look fine now a grim we been lookin' for you in boyz time now then bl
ow the wrong shit out of the right side of yo head
maine ain't noway for retaliation when U's a dead man
Not a scread maine we keep off the frame we staying away from lames w

e runnin' the whole game I do it like a G you ain't
fuckin' wit me 8 ball, MJG we reppin' for Tennessee wit murder and ho
micide the day niggaz die the day niggaz ride and
don't need a reason why it's money and the power the week they get de
vowered them boyz they disrespect wit bullets they
get showered

[Chorus 2x]