

8 Ball

Eazy-E

I don't drink brass monkey
Like the big funky
Nick named Eazy-E
Yo 8-Ball Junkie
Bass drum kicking
To show my sh*t
Rapping holding my d*ck
Boy I don't quit
Loud wild mutha f*cka
From around the way
I got a six shooter
Yo mean hombre
Wandering through the hood
To find the boys
To kick dust and cuss
Crank up the noise
Police on my drawers
I had to pause
40 ounce in my lap
And it's freezing my balls
Hooked a right turn
Let the boys go past
And I say to myself
'They can kiss my a**'
Stopped at a light
Put the 8 at my lips
Put in the old tape
Marvin Gayes Greatest hits
Turn the beat up
Have the base cold romping
Cruising through the East Side
South of Compton
See a big a**
And I said 'word'
I took a look at the face
And the bitch was to the curb
Hoes on me
for the title I'm holding
Eazy-E's F*cked up
An got the 8-Ball rollin'

(I was)
Whose Kickin' a**?
(I was)
Raised in LA
(I was)
Cruising down the street in my 6-4
Riding Los Loses
Looking for Crenshaw
Turned down the sound
To diss yo law
Stopped at a light
And had a fit
Cause a Mexican almost
Wreaked my shit
Flipped his a** off
Got into the car

My bottle was empty
So I went to the store
Nigga on tilt
Cause I was drunk
Seen a sissy a** punk
Had to go in my trunk
Reached inside
Cause it's like that
Came back out
With a silver gat
Fired at the punk
And it was all because
I had to show the nigga
What time it was
Put up the Jam
It ends like a mirage
A sissy like that
Got out to dodge
Suckers on me
For the title I'm holding
Eazy-E's F*cked up
And got the 8-Ball rollin

Old East 800
Yeah thats my brand
Take it in a bottle
40, Quart, or Can
Drink it like a mad man
Yes I do
F**K the police
And a 502
Stepped in the party
I was drunk as hell
Three b**ches already said
'Eric yo breath smells'
40 ounce in hand
Thats what I got
(Yo man you see Eazy hurling in a parking lot)
Stepped on yo foot
Cold dissed yo hoe
Asked her to dance
And she said 'hell no'
Called her a b**ch
Cause thats the rule
Boys in the hood
Trying to keep me cool
Dammit homeboy
You wanna kick my but
I walk in you face
And we get them up
I start dropping the dogs
And watch you fold
Straight dumb fulla cum
Got knocked out cold
(Made you look sick
you snotty nosed prick
now yo fly b**ch
is all over his d**k)
Fool got dropped
For the title I'm holding
Eazy-E's f*cked up
And got the 8-Ball rollin

Pass the brew M*tha F*ckas
While I trash it up
And yall listen up close to role call:
Eazy-E's in the place
I got money and juice
Rendezvous with me
And we make the duce
Dre makes the beat
So g*d damn funky
Do the old 8
F*ck the Brass Monkey
Ice Cube writes the words
That I say
Hail to the niggaz
From CIA
Cazy beat is down
And in effect
We make hard core jams
So fuck respect
They can toast public parking
To the title I'm holding
Eazy-E's f*cked up
And got the 8-Ball rollin