

# 8 Ball

N.W.A.

[Intro]

"Kick that shit"

"Cold kicking ass"

"Funky fresh Eazy E"

"Pull up a chair and I'mma tear shit up"

[Verse 1: Eazy-E]

I don't drink brass monkey, like to be funky  
Nickname Eazy-E yo' 8 ball junkie  
Bass drum kickin, and a snag I nag  
And if ain't rap, then you know it's crap  
Crowd rockin sucka suckers from around the way  
I got a six-shooter, yo' mean I'm brave  
E rollin out, to find the boyz  
To kick dust and cuss, crank up some noise  
Police on my tail, I don't like jail  
40 ounce in my lap and it's cold as hell  
Hook a right turn and let the pigs go up  
Then I say to myself, "They can kiss my butt!"  
Hip to get drunk got the 8 in my lips  
Put in the old tape Marvin Gaye's greatest hits  
Rollin so hard had the bass cold whompin  
Cruisin through the Eastside, South of Compton  
See a big butt, and I say word  
I took a look at her face, and the girl wasto the curb  
But she was on my tip for the title I'm holdin  
Eazy-E's gettin busy got the 8 ball rollin

[Hook]

I, was.. "Cold kickin ass "

I, was.. "Raised in L.A."

I, was.. "Cruisin down the street in my six-four"

"Too much posse"

[Verse 2: Eazy-E]

Ridin on Slausson lookin for Crenshaw  
Turned down the sound, to ditch the law  
Stopped at a light wouldn't you now  
A cadillac almost wrecked the six-fo'

Flipped him off put it to the floor  
Went to the store fo' more 8 ball  
Actin real ill cause I was drunk  
See a sucker punk, had to go in my trunk  
Reach inside cause it's like that  
Came back out with a silver gat  
Pointed at the fool, and it was all because  
I had to show the boy what time it was  
When I turn around it was like a mirage  
Knucklehead like that got out of dodge  
Suckas be illin cause the title I'm holdin  
Eazy-E's in affect and got the 8 ball rollin

[Verse 3: Eazy-E]

Olde English 800 cause that's my brand  
Take it in a bottle, 40, quart or can  
Drink it like a madman, yes I do  
Forget the police and a 502  
Stepped in the party, I was drunk as hell  
Three girls already said, " Eric yo' breath smells! "  
8 ball in hand, that's what I got  
" Yo man you see Eazy hurlin in the parkin lot?  
Punked yo' lady stepped on her toe  
Asked her to dance and she said, " hell no! "  
Called her a skizzy cause that's the rule  
Boyz-n-the hood tryin to keep me cool  
You tell my homeboy you wanna kick my butt  
I walked in your face and we get 'em up  
I started droppin the dogs, and watch you fold  
Just dumb through the bum, got knocked out cold  
Fool got dropped cause the title I'm holdin  
Eazy-E's hardcore and got the 8 ball rollin

[Verse 4: Eazy-E]

Yo pass the brew Ren while I tear shit up  
And y'all listen up close to roll call  
Eazy-E's in the place I got money and juice  
Ron-De-Vu with me and we make the deuce  
Dre makes the beats so funk funk funky  
Do the Olde 8, forget the brass monkey  
Ice Cube writes the rhymes, that I say  
Hail to the homiez from C.I.A  
Krazy D is down and in effect  
We make hardcore jams, so give us respect  
Make a toast punky punk to the title I'm holdin

Eazy-E's breakin' out and got the 8 ball rollin

Man I'm outta here

Yo Eazy, you forgot to tell em what city you chill in

In the city! ( City of Compton )

In the city! ( City of Compton )

City City City of Compton (Repeat x5)

---

Lyrics submitted by Chris Dyni.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>