8 Ball

Mr. Dan

Pass me the 8 ball
So I can get fucked up
My name is DJ Quik, so yo, what's up?
'Cause I'm the baddest, I feel, gettin' ill for real
With a forty of O.E., yo, you know the deal
I'm just chillin' with a forty in hand
I'm so damn bent, that I can hardly stand
The bottle's in my face, and my lips are all around it
So stand to the side and watch me
(Down it)
Take it to the head without feeling no guilt
If I was you, I wouldn't fuck with me when I'm on tilt
'Cause I'm a funky dope brother who just won't stop
And I like to drink the 8, 'cause it's good till the last drop
If I can't get it, then I get discouraged
I gotta get a bottle of that liquid courage
I take a big gulp, and my head starts zoomin'
But I'm feeling good as hell, so let the bass keep boomin'
I'm DJ Quik, and the shots I'm callin'
But the posse don't mind, 'cause we all 8-ballin'
8 ball
Here we go
Ah yeah
Take it in a bottle, 40 quart or can
Gimme the 8 ball
Here we go
Ah yeah
Drink it like a madman, yes I do
Pass me the 8 ball
Here we go
Ah yeah
40 ounce in my lap, and it's freezin' my balls
8 ball
Here we go
That vodka I was drinkin' said, "Dude, go 'head"
Now a forty only cost about a dollar ninety-fo'
So we finna mob 17 to the liquor store
And get a case, fuck a six-pack, what's that?
I don't drink no St. Ides, so forget that

Now one nigga said that bull got pull
Just drink a quart of O.E. and your ass'll be full
And if you don't think O.E. be workin'
Then fuck it, bust the irkin' and jerkin'
'Cause I'm a muthafucka that think when I wanna drink
And how can I tell that you're drunk? 'Cause your breath stink
I know you know you need some double mint
And you can't mack to a bitch when you're too bent
So take it from me, the homie DJ Quik
You better rush your cooler, 'cause you might be sick
'Cause the 8 is for the true niggas, and the grown ups
But that don't matter, 'cause Quik got it sowed up
And punk muthafuckas wanna squab and all that
But we can get 'em up as soon as you pass the
8 ball
Here we go
Ah yeah
Take it in a bottle, 40 quart or can
Gimme the 8 ball
Here we go
Ah yeah
Bottle was empty, so we went to the store
Hey, pass me the 8 ball
Here we go
Ah yeah
40 ounce in my lap, and it's freezin' my balls
You know 8 ball
Here we go
That vodka I was drinkin' said, "Dude, go 'head"
Here's a little somethin' 'bout a nigga like me
Fuck it up, y'all
And here comes the
8 ball rollin'
It'll have you trippin'
Party
'Cause I was drunk
Ah yeah, ah yeah, ah yeah
Right about now I'm wonderin' who else gone off that 8 ball
Besides myself
You know all the homies goin' off of it
And I know
The L.A. posse's goin' off of that 8 ball
And G Wayne goin' off of that 8 ball
And Donzelli goin' off of that 8 ball
My homie Shot is goin' off of that 8 ball

And Playa Hamm goin' off of that 8 ball
And Shabby Blue goin' off of that 8 ball
And Mike P goin' off of that 8 ball
And N.O.E. is goin' off of that 8 ball, 8 ball
And Little Shawn goin' off of that 8 ball, 8 ball
And Big Duck goin' off of that 8 ball, 8 ball
My nigga Stanka off of that 8 ball, 8 ball
And Lou Balls goin' off of that 8 ball, 8 ball

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