

# You Don't Want Drama

## 8ball & Mjg

It's Bad Boy South Niggaz, Ball and G  
Orange Mound, the moment you been waitin for  
Collaboration, c'mon now  
Let's go, let's go, let's so, c'mon

Straight from the underground, fat boy from the mound  
Spit it how I live it, keep it gutter, that's how we get down  
I wanna see you get it crunk, let a nigga know what hood you from  
Eveybody wit me drunk as fuck, break it down, then roll it up  
Back it up, a girl like you, a nigga like me can't pass it up  
Rollin by, lookin good, put it in reverse then back it up  
What's the deal, lemme make it clear what you got rite here  
They break mold, one of a kind, fat boy witta gold mouth that shine  
Hard to touch, sorry to tell you, boys out here ain't hard as us  
Ball and G, part of the streets, cuz the streets are a part of us  
Lay it down, please remember, games we don't play them now  
Disrespect, please remember, stains we gon spray them round

Buss a nigga head, smack a ho, shoot the club up  
Buss a nigga head, smack a ho, shoot the club up

Bitch...nigga!!!  
Bitch...nigga!!!  
Bitch...nigga!!!  
Bitch..

You don't want drama, no!  
You don't want none, no!  
You don't want drama, no!  
You don't want none, no!

Get up (Get up) Get crunk (Get crunk)  
Let's race to the trunk (To the trunk)  
Get a pump, unload and dump  
Forget it, close the trunk  
In the middle of a fire, scotch and burn him, overheat him  
Really mistreat him, let's Rodney King him and over beat him  
MJG is the reason yo season needed seasonal spices  
They needed more life and lucky yo wife was bleedin  
Now your life is leavin yo body, for drinkin too much Bacardi

You should've known when you started  
Never fuck with G and E  
In any climate I'm shinin, floss, I'm perfect wit timin  
I'm good for rippin and rhymin in and out the beat  
And Eightball is loadin the clip, for niggaz supposin to trip  
And you know I'm rollin the whip, we finna set 'em free

Buss a nigga head, smack a ho, shoot the club up  
Buss a nigga head, smack a ho, shoot the club up

Eightball and G, get it crunk fa sho  
My swagger, my flavor, my pimpin, my flow  
My ho, my woman, my slacks, my denims  
My backstroke in swimmin, in pools wit models in 'em  
Them boys, they hate it, we hustle, we made it  
We richer, the picture, is two of the greatest

The realest, you bump some Ball and G you gon feel it  
Guaranteed, muhfucker, stamp, sign, seal it

We placin, the fakest, they don't give it up we gon take it  
The realest up in in this niggaz buckin, bitches shakin

They asses, but cash it, might be a habit  
Like mics when we grab it, we cock it, we blast it

Buss a nigga head, smack a ho, shoot the club up  
Buss a nigga head, smack a ho, shoot the club up

So here we go, Bab Boy South  
Ball and G, Orange Mound  
New York collaboration  
You don't want no drama, you don't want none  
I see you ATL, let's tear this shit up  
C'mon, c'mon...I said let's tear this shit up!  
Yeah, Ball and G, Bad Boy South  
Let's go, let's work these motherfuckers  
Let's get this money niggaz, yeah, as we proceed..

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