

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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