

Shot Off

8ball & Mjg

[Verse 1: Eightball]

What kind of nigga always run his mouth like a hoe
Like his jaw got a battery, this nigga always know
Who got robbed, got shot, who got put on lock
Nobody invited you and still you got up in the spot
Me, I'm not a witness, keep my distance, mind my business
You, somebody talk, you in they mouth like a dentist
We keep it gangsta, mommas love it cause they know it's real
Like UGK, "we keeps it real" mobbin' through the field
Big Ball, Fatboy, unload heat when my brain spill
You for it, images without no coke connect pills
We keep it crunk and poppin' real niggaz know the deal
We Bad Boys, anywhere we at we smoke and kill
You try to stop it, get yo' shit broke up in twenty pieces
We roll deep in brand new vehicles wit secret features
Game preachers move yo' pimpin' for you mamasitas
We players on the field, why'all niggas in them bleachers

[Chorus: 8 ball: x2]

You talkin' down behind my back (uh) you done shot off nigga
Fifty, four or twenty sack, you done shot off nigga
If you fly and got a gun (uh) when the drama come, you run
You know what you just done, you done shot off nigga

[Verse 2: MJG]

Man, come on now, you done shot off just like Mike Davis lost a knockoff
Or his tight-ass shirt when the button pop off
You standin' it's snowin' you got yo' shoes and socks on
Who holds the key? No fucking bout it, I broke the lock off
I grew the top off, took the comma, period, dot off
And ran on wit it and broke you a whole lot off
I'm gettin' hot and startin' to boil, don't turn the pot off
You just affected wit it, pimpin' yo, get yo' rocks off
Release some pressure, stop all that cryin' and wipe ya snot off
Excuses you be usin' for losin' it's cheap as hot sauce
Earn yo' position, stop hatin' because you not boss
M-J-G, pimp tight, I'm movin' yo' spot off
And I don't reach, stoppin' yo' plans, fucking yo' plot off
I go hard and I don't sheave and I'm not off

And livin' on the edge rebellin' I'm never dropped off
Like Aaron Hall, "Don't Be Afraid" bitch, call the cops off

[Chorus: x2]

[Verse 3: Ludacris]

Now you can either check yo' ego at the do' (door) or let the drama unfold
And check my Rap Sheet, bitch, I'm almost ten million sold
I'm only rappin' cause I want to, I got enough plaques
Needless to say, my favorite rappers told me to get on this track
And so I DID it, quickly wrote my sixteen down and SPIT it
By the end of the verse you'll say, "once again, Ludacris shit it"
Then I'll wipe this wit yo' face and put yo' pride in the trash
My whole career is like my video, I'm showin' my ass
I keeps it, "gangsta, gangsta!" shooters and shanksters
Until you shot off motherfuckers, I'm a "thank ya, thank ya!"
Runnin' yo' mouth behind my back until you run out of time
But at least yo' talkin' let's me know some millions stay on yo' mind
It ain't nothin' wrong wit that
Tell em grabbin' the thing and then I put it to yo' brain
And change everything you ever hope for (for) wit the .44
You'll be fallin' back
And Yacht, is what I'm drinkin' steady thinkin' bout these pinks chasin'
I'm bout to bring home the bacon

[Chorus: x4]

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