In the Wind

Eightball & MJG

Verse One: MJGHere comes the one they call the P.I. -- M.P.
Straight out the cut no one can see I -- bust these
Way out of touch with all them bustas in my rear view
but see they game, so lame, I can hear through
I Hens doggin at the bar, actin real nice (real nice)
Six pack of Hen, straight up, with no ice -- tap me twice
Did you really want my full attention?
Sometimes my mind (intertwine) with the tenth dimension
I see you inchin to my ride, tired, rest them legs
Soon as you open up your mouth (uhh) there's the head
Now who I be, MJG, certified, mic controller
(Uncle Sam, I want you!) Trick bend over
I'm a petrified rapper talkin, and you ain't nuttin
but an electrified shyster walkin, I'm tired of savin
people from takin these dead end trips, I'ma just go
and bust this champagne upside your ship, alright you hip?
You in a hurry? You can't relate?
Don't ever say that I ain't try to set it to you straight
I'm out the gate before you hate but I'll be back again
You saw me faintly through the crowd but now I'm in the wind
Once againChorus: Eightball and MJGIn the wind, it's a bird, it's a plane
Now it be them hustlers with that skin tight game
In your mix, scopin you, scopin me
Eightball and MJG to the end, bustas we in the windVerse Two: EightballI sold my soul to this hustle, homeboy
scratch what you heard
T front me a keyboard, I flipped it like a bird, word
on them streets be them Suave House beats
In the Benz blowin Sweets got your gal between my sheets
Speak -- I ain't have to say one little thang
The fame of my name blew the ghetto freak brain
Lookin for a meal ticket, she let me stick it
Wicked when she lick it, tryin to make me trick it
Girl, when I was broke it seemed all about the luxury
Now I got cheese, I got a pay a girl to love with me
But I'm a jelly worker, like Smuckers
Workin against them suckers, big facin just to love a
broad that done been around the world in a day
Bear lovin whoever got cheddar to pay
Ball like no trick ass, them shakers if I tip

I be drunk, in the club, smokin sticky cat nip
Slip, as if a banana peel was dropped in my path
into a body bodyworkin not discussin no math
Playa haters all around me as I stumble and grin
Snatch my vest, twist somethin, hit the rumble and then...Chorus 2XVerse Three: MJG, EightballI flip scripts on young dips who think they hip
Smoke up your whole zip, sess hydro or crip
Time and time again, stories have been told
About the super hustler dyin tryin to get the gold
Concrete jungle full of, carniverous firearm
Hunger for flesh, and pray on who ain't strong
Heavy weighters, with plenty hoes that buy em alligators
In the wind, breakin all big ?Pick artificial tricks stolen money makers
Money trees come in please, help a player shake a
million down to the ground, feel them hits fall
Ride with me I'll run your game into a brick wall, trick y'all
is what this false literary do, then reality come
(and snatch the natural dust out you) who speaks the truth?
Whose your leeches? Whose your friends?
I plan to bring the realness back again, but until then
I'm in the windChorus 4X

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/