

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 2X
Verse 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

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