

Artist: da\_brat

Title: Ball game

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[Da Brat talking]

Shut cho' ass up girl, ha ha  
Ya know, I bought me some diamonds  
Show em' what cha' bought me  
Ya know, I'll show myself off, ya dig ha ha ha  
They hate me, ya know they gon' hate me, ha ha oh Lord

[Hook x2]

Take me out to the ballgame  
Spend no small change  
Now show me off to the people in the crowd man  
I like big thangs

[Verse 1]

This chick here gets thicker each year  
And I have no fear, what I spit in yo ear  
Mommie dearest keepin' it clean and clear  
My home base, stick it to ya face and to ya rear  
We veer to the left, why  
Cause that's how So So Def ride  
We run the streets from A-T-L to Chi  
We leaves no traces, we just glide  
Lay back and switch side to side  
We choke on hay all day in the middle of the barn  
It seems you want me to be the lady under ya arm  
Well I'll consider it, maybe  
Show me ya tongue baby  
And i'm sure that I could make it all gravy  
All bases gotta be loaded  
So I can slide on in, in a Bentley, Benz, or my Rover  
Take me out and be my Casanova  
Like Levert, and I might convert just to hold ya

[Hook x2]

[Verse 2]

Buy me some peanuts and Cracker Jacks  
I don't care if I never get back  
I'ma root, root, root for my home team  
Cause we always win and it's a shame  
That it's one, two, three strikes for you  
At the old ballgame  
Come on, bet against So So Def, forget it  
Your chances of winning  
Is lookin' itty bitty so stop grinnin'  
You just diggin' a deeper ditch  
You hidin' in the dugout from the feature chick  
I'll put cha' lights out, pitch fast or slow  
Collabo, So So, whatever I spit on  
Is goin' goin gone  
I'm Sammy Sosa on the vocals  
And white socks and afros are my accessories, worth a fortune  
Please believe if ya checkin' for me  
I got wants and needs that consist of big thangs baby

[Hook x2]

[Verse 3]

Let me tell ya bout So So  
You should thank me, I'm no joke  
Like the Yankees  
I'm so funky, that it's stankie  
My wrist so chunky  
That people stare at it and be like naw, it can't be  
But it is and it shall be forever more  
J.D. made me wealthy, now I chase the dough  
You can't help me if ya paper low  
If you broke it's unhealthy, we can't grow  
I'ma be on my own these days  
If you don't like it you can go away  
Relocate, it's OK, hit the pavement  
I'm Chicago Cub'n it and Atlanta Brave'n it  
This is my covenant, you can not invade it  
And I cannot be faded  
So try to just eradicate it from ya brain  
Go get a job at the hot dog stand  
I need big thangs boo, you don't like that  
I don't give a fuck, fuck you

[Hook x6]

[Da Brat talking]

Game right, hit cha' a home run  
Strike out a few times, it's all good

You gon' learn something like that  
Ya know what I'm sayin'  
Hit all three of them bases  
And swing it on home baby  
So So Def styel, Brat-tat-tat  
Hardball, J to the D  
Ya dig