

Artist: magic

Title: Ball Like Us

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(*talkin*)

0-1-2 baby, Ezell Swang and Suga Bear
Here goes another one, and another one
And another one, come on

[Hook: Suga Bear & (Ezell Swang)]

Everybody can't ball like me
Hit the club with the click, and shot call like me
(For real, all I wanna do is party ma
I took a bottle to the head, so it's time to get on the flo' now)
Everybody can't ball like me
Hit the club with the click, and shot call like me
(All the dranks, all the women
With this tank around my neck, you know I'm walking screaming)

[Magic]

We like bragging, we like stunting
We hit the club, and get the bitch jumping, ha
Look, we like shining, teeth glistening
So when we talking, a nigga listen, what
Do you understand the words, coming out of my mouth
Or are you too busy trying to copy cat, these boys from the South
Look, we love Pac, cause we love thugging
We love Biggie cause we love flossing, you heard me
Who else come to the club, with twelve hoes
Butt naked, showing ass and elbows
Who else, keep a case of Crys in the car
In case my head ain't right, I done bought out the bar
Look, we love smoking, that poo-poo lala
Only if it's fire, and guaranteed to get me higher
Look, we bout trouble, we bout repping
We love toting concealed weapons, you bout that nigga

[Hook]

[Magic]

Look, we love hoes, we like ladies
We like ready made families, hoes with three babies
It's understood, we like a project chick
I prefers her red and thick, oooh
Check it, I like dubs, but we love dub deuces
Anything smaller's, fucking useless
We like representing, where we from
We love hustling for the spoil of it, we love to be on the run
You motherfuckers, can't ball like us
Take a fall like us, and come back quick in a Nav truck
We like cars, but we love trucks
So we could pull up to the spot and, tell the hoes to load up
We love being, in the VIP
Cause we very important people, like you can't see that
It doesn't matter, cause I'm still on top
My pockets gon stay fat, nigga you can believe that

[Hook]

[Magic]

Them boys from the South, got them golds in they mouth
Snatching hoes from niggaz, is what they really about
Spending cash is our stilo, ain't a thing gon change
We from the swamps nigga, ten years of hell and gain

[Hook]