

Ball (feat. Wooh Da Kid)

Fredo Santana

Ball on these niggas mane like there's no tomorrow
Got a couple bad bitches on me, I don't even call
Call my choppa Queen Latifah cause I'm 'bout to set it off
Real trap nigga man, I done sold it all
Marble floors, no beat down roaches on my wall
Remember going to school broke with holes in my drawers
Now I got 'em Gucci drawers with a 1000 bitches to call
Now I'm that nigga man, who would ever thought
Now I'm that nigga man, who would ever thought
Who would ever thought mane who would ever thought
Wack niggas be loony tunes, I will shoot at any goon
These little niggas, y'all can't fit up in my shoes
Y'all know I carry big old tools, I go by them big old rules
I can teach ya ass off even though I dropped out of school
I don't speak for fucking nothing, have my shooters shoot at you
If there's beef or something, I don't do what rappers do
In the trap, I'm trapping fool, want a pound? I'm taxing you
Want a brick? I'm taxing you but try to rob, I'm clapping you
Say you a street nigga but in jail giving up your food?
Boy you ain't a street nigga, who the fuck you trying to fool?
10 bands on your head just to get my shorty's something to do
More like free Money and 'em cause I'ma pull up too
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Ever since my pops died, no father figure
4 years later, lost my brother, mission harder nigga
Now I'm 15 with a strapped out 30
Me and little Waka catch you slippin', do you dirty
Came a long way from So Icy to the Squad
Bitch who with me to chop some shit apart
Momma was a hustler, daddy was a killer
Added up my options but this pistol felt more realer
So I'ma ball on 'em like there's no tomorrow
Ball on 'em like there's no tomorrow

I might just set it off, all in the car
100 rounds, all in the carBall on these niggas mane like there's no tomorrow
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