

Ball Till We Die

E.S.G.

(talking)

Off the heezy baby, know I'm talking about
We gone do this thang till a nigga six feet deep
Baby, we gone ball till we die on Wreckshop
And all these soldiers, know I'm talking about
Know I'm saying, Screwed Up Click
Laff. Tex, everybody baby you know I'm saying
Partner Big Shots, check it out, check it out

[E.S.G.]

Now I know by the year 1999, I'm gone shine
The bumping kid gone recline
Cause I'ma grind all the way to the summer
Then I'ma backdo' with the low Pro Yokohama's
And uh, bout to ball, I'ma let the screens fall
Then stuff the turkey full of sticky green for all y'all
And by this winter, this big money spender
I mean a G gone be this sold a ki to Marvin Siller
See niggas I get in it, I'm suppose to killa
I'm a soldier that the feds can't get close to nigga
Bout it Bout it like ? that's for love to forgive you
Wreckshop roll with choppers and bitch I kill you
Just for fucking with scrilla that's suppose to be in my bank account
Fuck a 3 for 10 cause once again we blowing dank by the ounce
Cause it's money over here, I match what you spend
We balling once again saw the benz with blue lens

[Chorus]

I don't see no reason why
Me and my g's we can't ball till we die
Sipping hennessy, and blowing big smoke
Yeah, I bullshit the definition of balling with you white folks
I don't see no reason why
Me and my g's we can't ball till we die
Now you can be a gangsta, pimp, playa, mac or a thug
Want all the ballas in the club toss it up what's up

[Noke D]

To be a G in New Orleans way down to H-Town
I 10 connect, reelect respect with the sound
Platinum bound, niggas making money forever
Surround sound, rolling Navigators with leather
Whoever, want to test this, we can wreck shit
Cause the shit don't stop we wreck shop, down in Texas
I bet this is the best shit you ever heard
From the third, niggas making money with words
Your vision's blurred, we drop bombs on al-bums
Got em body rocking and shocking down at Vietnam
We weather the storm, so bring the rain, sleet or snow
Ask your hoe, she know, how we go and we know
D baby, I'm still throwed in the game
Putting kicks, snares and bass lines to make bang
We living these ghetto dreams so I'm flashing my diamond rings
My high beams to the sky, it's E.S.G. and I

[Chorus]

[E.S.G.]

Twenty five lighters on my dresser, yes sir
Twenty five birds in my compressor, bet you
Feds won't find the damn onion
Cause I ain't tell a soul that I was coming
In a state of running back and fourth, can't take no shorts
Cause niggas I fuck with, got game like E.A. sports
Yes son we in the Source, boy my grill shining
Bustas best to plex Wreckshop is still climbing
If you want it in this game, you got to get it, get it
And once you get a mill ticket niggas will kick it
Plus hoe niggas do hoe thangs
But I'm a throwed nigga doing throwed thangs
So please mama may I, grow up to be a playa
It's hard trying to escape uh, these motherfucking hatas
I guess you see the platinum rollie and the Wreckshop piece
You boys can't hold me down it's my fourth release

[Chorus - 2x]

(talking)

Uh, man hold up, what's up D-Reck
What's up Noke D baby, you know it's going down
Baby, god damn right it's going down
It ain't no secret, it's already known
Wreckshop baby, L to the throne huh
Diamonds gone be shown uh
Bank account full grown
Gone ball till we gone man what
Catch up with P-A-T
Start it all over again, uh man, feel that