

Ball Forever

EST Gee

Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah

I done been a foot soldier, general, and a businessman
Show you how to make a hundred G's bein' a middle man
Unicorn, a street nigga who rap 'bout what he really did
Niggas talk but never slid, can't catch him, we get his friend
Niggas wake up smoke and fuck they bitch and play the internet
Telling y'all a different story, we know what it really is
Shame these niggas lame, live with' they bitch and don't take care they kids
Hatin' don't even phase me, I was trappin' getting shipments in
I just got the low from yo' lil' ho, I'm finna send 'em in
My lil' niggas Navy SEALS, I ain't need no label deal
I ain't make no money off my music, I got paper still
Why I can't quit takin' pills? Ease your mind when makin' kills
Opp niggas hear my voice and heard that noise, I know it gave 'em chills
Just a coach, you play the field, I motivate the streets for real

Don't throw it up if you don't bang for it
Gang culture, started with' my Bloods and take the blame for it, uh
Blood diamonds on me, I paid pain for it
Cold nights, bowls of ice, don't ask me what I'm paying for it
Ask bae, see, if I love you, you can know whatever
I sold my soul back in September, we gon' ball forever
I passed that load out to my niggas, we gon' ball forever
I made a promise not to play if we couldn't ball together

If I quit rap, I still got a whole house I can serve out
I'm the team captain, spinnin' for it, however it turn out
Waterboys hit all y'all whores, sweating this Perc out
I was really tryna get to know her first, but it ain't work out
Riding filthy with a clean blower, send you to the Lord
Devil calling, I don't hit ignore
I'm like what you doing, tryna score?
Just make sure you sure that you wanna do it
Only one of us gone make it out alive to tell the story
If we let you over here with us then you can never switch sides
Fat boy hit a drift slide, out the window lettin' that stick ride
I'ma give em all blues for you like we got Crip ties
He knew he was wrong, when I caught on, he tried to dick ride
Forty on the opp, we call him Shawn Kemp, uh
Feds pick up my folder, I ain't folding nigga, free Lil' Wem
Rappers can't compare theyself to me if they ain't sold a brick
I hung out windows comfy with that stick, it got a shoulder grip (Brr, brr)

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