

# Hardball

Lil' Wayne

Throw me the ball and watch me what I do with it  
We got Bow Wow in the house  
My man Lil' Zane, Lil' Wayne, Sammie sang to me

Strike one, got you by surprise  
Strike two, right before your eyes  
Pitch three, this ones to the wall  
Ain't no game like a game of Hardball

When I step to the plate the outfielders get back (back)  
Cause they know I'm the only tight for dogs  
So many back to back hits they call me little Sammie Sosa  
Bubble gum, balled up all the hustlers  
Y'all know how to work it when it's time to compete  
On the field, on the court, over any high steep  
And break, and you know it when you see your clone  
And right now that's all I see going on, holla at me  
Game time, all I think about is bringing home the trophy  
If your team is better mine, you really gotta show me  
Really gotta beat me, really gotta trash talk  
Mistreat me, and send my squad back home  
Cause I don't lose too much  
Matter fact, I ain't never lost at all  
When I'm playing Hardball (that's right)  
So, if you on the mound about to pitch to me  
Understand I'm like Griffey, I keep 'em to the wall

Strike one, got you by surprise  
Strike two, right before your eyes  
Strike three, ohh I got you out  
Without a doubt, I got you out  
Strike one, got you by surprise  
Strike two, right before your eyes  
Pitch three, this ones to the wall  
Ain't no game like a game of Hardball

This goes out to them jocks that stay on my jock, throwing the pop  
Keep pitching 'em, I'm in the kitchen making radio rock  
It's usually preferred, I be choosey with all my words  
Throwing eggs at them chicken heads, banging on the curb  
I left 'em a word, I'm fast ballen with a curb  
Happy sliding home, telling them friends that's in the third  
Sure ya done heard, who I'm doing and what I'm doing was false  
And what's true, girl listen  
When it comes to this game they call me Zane McGuire  
That other kid was just a mark, so I made him retire  
See, we all got a base, and we hold our own  
But when I come up to bat, we all going come home  
And our fans cheers us, cause they know what the drill going  
Out of the field and into your automobile  
And I hope it ain't your Range Rover, that you spent your change over  
I'm in the dug with my tongue out play the game over

Listen, listen, listen  
They call me young Wheezy, Rodregous  
You know I'm getting you hot, hot as the Kendrick, ya know  
And I keep the chrome bat swinging, swinging that iron  
Pitch on the block like Nolan Ryan  
To bad for TV, you won't see me I'm riding the streets  
I'm a hustler, people, my life in the streets  
Watch the game, get you life in the streets  
My watch, my chain, and my teeth Cost  
That way I will never cheap talk  
And I call my mommy sweat heart, she call me sweet daddy  
And she gladly, loves the way that daddy batty, yeah baby  
Whezzy Wee is a playa baby, and I don't share babies  
So if you searching for some bitch ain't nothing here, baby  
Catch me throwing an eighty in the latest Bentley  
Going out, and Whezzy never hit a foul, a Hot Guy  
Does hip-hop flies are knocking up, out the park  
And after the game we gone meet up after dark

Lil' Bow Wow, Lil' Zane, Lil' Wayne, Lil' Sammie  
The Little Rascals, and me y'all know my name