

Balls Of Steel

Tha Eastsidaz

Soldiers..

Gangstaz, gangstaz.. whassup my nigga?

Yeah I'm fin' to fall off into this party with my lil' bitch mane

It's in her neighborhood

Nah you ain't gotta roll with me it's all good

I trust her dog

Aw nigga shut up nigga, I hear you, don't trip

Well the party didn't start til I walked in

And I probably won't leave until I finish this Henn'

But in between time or in the meantime

I slid my bitch in the back do' an she crept in with the nine

We came here together so we can have fun

Me and you baby goin one on one

It's yo' hood so I figure it's good

But if them niggaz start trippin

I ain't trippin shit I ain't Hollywood

We handles ours from the all-stars to the handlebars

With buckshots comin from the homies in the cars

Aww yeah; how y'all wanna play this

Naw hold on let me see how should I say this

The bitch that I was wit tried to set me up

Whatever fuckin reason would they wanna wet me up

And get me up out the bitch wit da heat

And a party wit a gang of off brands and a freak (where you from)

I gotta dust em if I rush em

And these niggaz don't look like they wanna tussle (fuck em)

I'ma creep to the who-ride - all by my lonely

Nigga didn't bring damn homie

I wish I woulda, but I didn't

I'm fuckin wit dis hood rat (bullshit ya bullshittin)

That's what's wrong wit niggaz

Steady thinkin wit ya dick, and puttin faith in a bitch

Dogg is chillin, makin a killin

What more can I say? "Top Billin'"

That's what I get, I got it good

Crackin bitches in ya hood bitch

Would you stop schemin, and lookin hard

I got a great big bodyguard

So step up if you wanna get hurt

Nigga mad cause I touched under his bitch skirt

I get the money, the money I got

Hoes call me Doggy when they feel real hot

That's how it is, ask yo' kids

I stole ya hoe while you was in prison

Jail, for spousal assault

You was jealous it's all your fault

Dogg is chillin, makin a killin

What more can I say? "Top Billin'"

Shootin dice came up short now I'm doin bad

Lost the Coupe and the keys to the Caddy

So bad that I'm livin with my momma now

And my bitch done dipped 'cause I done run outta chips

I lost my balla doe and my balla hoe

Man to some sucka ass nigga man I'm fallin slow

Can't ain't even call a hoe; I'm feelin smalla loc

Next thing to do is rob a ball of folks (give it up nigga)

Shit's real; we peel for the meal
Take it, cause once we get it, y'all come kick it
And bring them same skanless bitches (why?)
I got some homegirls layin low in the kitchen
On a mission to keep on dishin all fools
Doggy Dogg cold out shot us them hoes broke the rule
They gonna get got, feel the pain, sweeter and sweeter
Even bitches feel the heater motherfucker