

## Raw Fusion F/ 2Pac

### "Balls of Steel"

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[Snoop Dogg]

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 whats 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"

Thats 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 cuz 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

[speaking outro]

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