

Yukmouth "Ballers Feud"

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Chorus *(phats bossalini & val young)* 2x

That's the ballers feud
A thug changes, and love changes
That's the ballers feud
And best friends become strangers.

Verse 1*(yukmouth)*

Survey says...
You know some fake mutha fuckas
I know some bustas too
This fake mutha fucka been causin rukus in my crew
Since '92
At first I thought he was cool like dru
Always hollerin the dangerous crew, but if you only
knew
Them niggas don't wanna hang wit you
'cause of the thangs you do
Learn a thang or two
Talkin bad bout yo homies, two bitches who juss be
framin you
Niggas thinkin bout hangin you, the game is true
Everywhere we go the punk hoo bangin you
Makes it kinda hard for me to swang wit you
That's why niggas only hang wit dru, my pimpydoo
Folk-el, smoke out my range rove-el
What? what?
Fuck these broke-els
I hate it when niggas be playin wit yo mail, because
they only end up
Smoked out
Broke as hell
Drivin buckets
I'm drivin luxury cars and plus shit
Benz the lexus the roughest to fuck wit
So you wanna be p-i-m-p?
You need to get a bitch to fuck you fo free
You payin g's fo pussy.

(chorus) 2x

Verse 2 *(numskull)*

There's too many playas
Too many ballas
Too many hustlas
Too many killas
Too many pimped out mutha fuckas
So now we got the east coast and the west coast feudin
to see who's
Cleanest
The cleanest mutha fucka is the richest and the genius
What if you stumbles, like buyin too many houses
Wit rims to put on yo shit, too many furry couches
Who the mouses nigga, I think you knowin
Sheadin tears from bitches who take yo shit and keep
goin
An don't come back, 'cause they done sucked you dick
and yo cabbage
Got 20 hoes across america livin lavish
Hatin is juss a hoe thang, yo, I gotta live like that
A bitch can roll wit me, or hit the track
You can talk about pimpin, you can talk about killin
But when that shit goes down, sound minds will be
revealin
When you die and comeback, maybe you can try again
and beat me
But don't try now, 'cause you niggas can't see me
22, ready to hoo ride at moments notice
First to swang, hittin noses, eyes can't focus
Hocus pocus
Now 25 niggas on ya
Juss because you moved from california
Ballers feud.

(chorus) 2x

Verse 3 *(kastro)*

We went from loved ones, on the way up
To no love at all
Time to go though, so I don't give no fucks at all
Cross the game
Don't be playin, stoned get right
I shed blood wit this, and that can't be gone, overnight
This hate
Man, could be a cold mutha fucka
Close friends, close as cat scan, love 'em like my
brother
Now i
See 'em dyin like a mutha fucka
Slow death, no breath

Man I love it like my mother
And that's some cold shit, I'm on some mo' swole shit
Listen quick
Fingers thick
Lady clit
Piss this shit, on yo clit
Niggas know I'm flossin k-cash
Cash foldin
You want what I'm holdin, my wife an my life stolen
Worse enemy, authority
Police are all enemy
Richeously, this life fo' me ain't as bad as it seems to
be
But still in all I love, all I love
Take my ten fingers, my ten toes, an mash outta love
Do it fo ya'll, all ya'll
My baby girl an god
This crazy world like a knife in the heart of my cause
Now half part of me hard
The other part of me scarred
Death wit out health, but still a nigga prayin to god.

(chorus) 4x

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