

## Yukmouth "The 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  
Cuz 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, cuz 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, cuz 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 she'd 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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