

Bajaga

"Hardball"

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

[Chorus 1: (Sammie)]

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

[Verse 1: Lil' Bow Wow]

When I step to the plate the outfield gets back (back)
Cause they know I'm the over the wall type of dog
So many back to back hits they call me little Sammy
Sosa
Bubble gum cards and all the posters
Y'all know, how I roast ya when it's time to compete
On the field, on the court, over any hot beat
or break, and you know it when you see your clone
And right now that's all I see goin on, holla at me
Game time, all I think about is bringin 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 know lose too much
Matter fact, I ain't never lost at all
When I'm playin 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

[Chorus 2: (Sammie)]

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

[Verse 2: Lil' Zane]

This goes out to them jocks that stay on my jock,
throwin the pop
Keep pitchin, I'm in the kitchen makin radio rock
It's usually preferred, I be choosy with all my words
Throwin eggs at them chickenheads, beggin on the
curb
Direct from my burb, a fast baller with a curve
Have her slidin home, tellin her friends just in the third
I'm sure ya done heard, who I'm doin and what I'm doin
What's false and what's true and.. (girl listen)
When it comes to this game they call me Zane McGwire
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 goin come home
And our fans cheers us on cause they know what the
drill is
Goin, out of the field into your automobile
And I hope it ain't your Range Rover that you spent your
change over
I'm in the dugout with my tongue out player game over

[Chorus 2: (Sammie)]

[Verse 3: Lil' Wayne]

Listen, listen, listen
They call me young Wheezy Rodriguez
You know I'm gettin it hot as the bullet that (killed)
Kennedy, y'know
And I keep the chrome bat swingin, slingin that iron
Pitch on the block like Nolan Ryan
Too bad for TV, you won't see me I'm right in the
streets
I'm a hustler, people, my life in the streets
Watch the game, get you wife in the sheets
My watch, my chain, and my teeth cost
That way I will never cheap talk
And I call mami sweetheart, she call me sweet daddy
And she gladly, loves the way that daddy bat it, yeah
baby
Wheezy Weez a player baby, and I don't share baby
So if you searchin for some (pussy) ain't nuttin here,
baby
Catch me throwin an eighty in the latest Bentley, goin
out
And Wheezy never hit a foul, a Hot Guy
Don't hit pop flies, I knock it up out the park
And after the game's over we gon' meet up after dark

[Chorus 2: repeat 2x (Sammie)]

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

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