

Bob

"Fuck EM We Ball"

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[Intro]

Man I go so dumb
I should get a check for disability
I'm a fucking lunatic
You A liability
Don't know who you dealin' wit
Ballin' like I'm dibblin'
Diabolic Dialog
????
Gentleman and his (scholar?)
Lemme jump out my collar
I can make em throw they hands up
Throw them hands up like (tower?)
You should come to my concert
You should come see my tour
Man I go so Busirk
Baby make the crowd go bossier
You're a bore
You're a door
Oh My Lord
Imma snore
How depressing are my doors
How reflective are my force
How aggressive is my record
How seductive is that whore
I know exactly what she's after
No Matter what happens She still want more
More! More!
I am the cap'tin cheese on more
Imma tap them vocal cords
Take that class
She take that course
If she want more she can walk that bore
Hit em with a broom like a household chore
End of the show there's no encore
World's gonna call all day 24
You ain't gotta ask what's that for
So tell me what the fuck you waiting for
I'm faded off a party
Shots I pour
Of corse
She just sit like a tour

Got Bootey!
Galor! Galor! Galor!

[Chorus]
Tell em take the foot off the brake
There's no time to waste
No time to waste
Right now (right now)
Tell em pick up the pace
It's all kinds of pay
All kinds of pay
Right now (right now)

Fuck em
Fuck em we ball
I said fuck em we ball
Fuck em we ball
Fuck em we ball
Fuck em we ball
I said fuck em we ball

[Second Verse]
Fuck em we ball
We don't owe em nothin'
We aint cuffin knee house
Ha
You getting mad cause she child
Setting niggas up
Call it custady law
We ain't fucking wit yall
Lemme dust my feet off
Imma need a main apology

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