

## **E-40**

# **"Rapper's Ball"**

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Where them naked hoes at?

E-feezezy, Too Scheezy  
We off the heezy fo' Scheezy baby  
Off the heezy, I thought you theezy  
Niggaz ain't havin' no cheesy like us main

They ain't havin' no raveez  
Shit, haha you know us  
Where K-Ceezezi at man? Tell him sing that shit  
Lace dem fools or something, beotch

Say that you got it all  
Love the way you players ball  
Everyday you're at the mall  
Tell me, is it true or false?

Say that you got it all  
Love the way you players ball  
Claimin' that your mail is tall  
Tell me, is it true or false?

I put my mack hand down ain't never been a sound  
I was havin' B R E A D way before this rap game nigga  
been town  
Thought you theezy, for sheezy, niggaz 'member  
Earl, Brat, and Denell dem boys from Vallel

At every light it's automatic, burn rubber  
See my folkers in the traffic, whassup ERB  
Follow that cab it got dope in it, uhh  
My potnah Short got hoes in it

I'm always hearin' rappers big ballin' on their songs  
I do that shit for real and you'll never say I'm wrong  
S-500 straight sittin' on twenties  
TV in the dash pimpin' hoes gettin' money

I'm Too Short baby been down since the eighties  
For the last eight years rode around in a Mercedes  
Lexus, trucks, drop-Vette, Caddy  
Bitches don't call me by my name they call me daddy

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K-Ci Short, E-40 Fonzarelli  
I'll probably never have long money like Ross Perilla  
But shit we just want a hip, don't want the whole plate  
Don't put the two on the ten, don't ever perpetrate

Like a lot of these fools I see on TV  
With the Armani Channel Versus Versacci  
Why motherfuckers can't be broke sometimes?  
Sometimes it's cool to floss  
But don't buy an eighty-five thousand dollar car  
Before you buy a house

They always said, I couldn't rap, I just say bitch  
I guess the bitch, made me rich  
And now you wanna call me hardcore  
While I be steppin' out the shower on a marble floor

I paid the IRS taxes send FedEx and faxes  
This industry is like fuckin', fat bitches  
All work and no play, I do it everyday  
Anyway 'cuz I gotta stay paid 40

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We throw parties on big-ass boats, niggaz wrap they  
paper  
Ultrafied all-inclusive trips, Montego Jamaica  
Front row seats at the Ultimate Fights, shamrock and  
severin'  
Long expensive fuh-flights, up there in the heavens

Fat ass royalty checks, fat ass cribs

Smokin' blunts and drinkin' brew on the balcony,  
barbecuein' ribs  
The more scrilla, the merrier  
I represent the ya area

I walk from Foothill and Papers Court to Sixty-Seven  
MacArthur  
To Freddie B house, to make tapes with my potnah  
Hit Arroyo Park, we had tapes for sale  
Got a paper bag full of that, can't you tell?

It's funky, everybody nod their head like this  
I said bitch, and everybody read my lips  
I got rich, suckin' up the game from the O  
And even though a lot of rappers got the same kind of  
flow

I survived 'cuz I got mo' game than them  
It came straight from the prostitutes, players, and  
pimps  
It was my destiny, I came the same every time  
So don't question me, I transfer the game in the  
rhymes

I'm not a free styler, don't rap for free main  
It's Paystyle on mine, 'cuz I love money main  
Land Rovers and Toyota, Lexuses  
Six-hundred feet twelve with them big ass motor  
Mercedeses

We don't be savin' hoes, bitches be savin' us  
Bitch disrespect me in my car, bitch best to catch the  
bus  
I keep a briefcase full of game, while y'all be ear-  
hustlin'  
Ain't no paperback pimpin' nigga, we ain't strugglin'

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I'm Shorty the pimp, I come funky  
Again and again, they say when will it end?  
Maybe never, 'cause I can still spit it  
But I ain't rappin' for cheese, I want meal tickets

Gotta start somewhere, and I'm past that  
For the right scratch, I be the last mack  
So stick ya self Pretty Tony  
You tryin' ta make a hit, but your shit sounds phony

Not like AT&T but like ET  
You can't be me, so would you please see  
If you can keep my name out your mouth  
'Cause you don't really know what the game's all about

It's 'bout feedin' the family, not freakin' in the Benz  
Instead of rentin', pay for that roof on your head  
And stop pimpin' in your mind knowin' you a trick  
Put your hustle down playa go an hit you a lick, bitch

(That's writ, Too Scheezi, Ant Banks, Forty Fonzarelli, K-Ci)  
Damn is that right?  
(That's right)

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