

## Fágnér

### "Ball Like Us"

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(\*talkin\*)

0-1-2 baby, Ezell Swang and Suga Bear  
Here goes another one, and another one  
And another one, come on

[Hook: Suga Bear & (Ezell Swang)]

Everybody can't ball like me  
Hit the club with the click, and shot call like me  
(For real, all I wanna do is party ma  
I took a bottle to the head, so it's time to get on the flo'  
now)  
Everybody can't ball like me  
Hit the club with the click, and shot call like me  
(All the dranks, all the women  
With this tank around my neck, you know I'm walking  
screaming)

[Magic]

We like bragging, we like stunting  
We hit the club, and get the bitch jumping, ha  
Look, we like shining, teeth glistening  
So when we talking, a nigga listen, what  
Do you understand the words, coming out of my mouth  
Or are you too busy trying to copy cat, these boys from  
the South  
Look, we love Pac, cause we love thugging  
We love Biggie cause we love flossing, you heard me  
Who else come to the club, with twelve hoes  
Butt naked, showing ass and elbows  
Who else, keep a case of Crys in the car  
In case my head ain't right, I done bought out the bar  
Look, we love smoking, that poo-poo lala  
Only if it's fire, and guaranteed to get me higher  
Look, we bout trouble, we bout repping  
We love toting concealed weapons, you bout that nigga

[Hook]

[Magic]

Look, we love hoes, we like ladies  
We like ready made families, hoes with three babies

It's understood, we like a project chick  
I prefers her red and thick, oooh  
Check it, I like dubs, but we love dub deuces  
Anything smaller's, fucking useless  
We like representing, where we from  
We love hustling for the spoil of it, we love to be on the  
run  
You motherfuckers, can't ball like us  
Take a fall like us, and come back quick in a Nav truck  
We like cars, but we love trucks  
So we could pull up to the spot and, tell the hoes to  
load up  
We love being, in the VIP  
Cause we very important people, like you can't see that  
It doesn't matter, cause I'm still on top  
My pockets gon stay fat, nigga you can believe that

[Hook]

[Magic]

Them boys from the South, got them golds in they  
mouth  
Snatching hoes from niggaz, is what they really about  
Spending cash is our stilo, ain't a thing gon change  
We from the swamps nigga, ten years of hell and gain

[Hook]

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