

**C****"Can We All Ball"**

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Featuring Killa Tay, JT Tha Bigga Figga]

We dump slugs, and fuck thugs for their drugs

When push come to shove ain't no motherfuckin love

Bow down, we just hit the town

But we brung shit like Hitler, bail em with a Sigma

Switch with the first shot, gotta check the spot

Burnin rubber out the parkin lot, pointin out the window

Stuck off indo, bumpin my nigga C-Bo

Bitches all in my business cos they think I move kilo's

I, call my people's on the mobile, gang all over,  
nationwide

distribution

Now I'm posted up in Houston

Texas, ridin the Lexus but it's supremo

Niggas set trip, a solo weapon is essen(tial)

Keep the pepper spray on my car keys, only fuck with  
hard Gz

Still get my ball on like Clark

Nothin but the California hoggin me

Touchin triggers, real niggas, straight doggin freaks

Chorus:

Can we all ball?

Can we all ball?

Can we all ball?

We take the occupation when movin, my hustle never stop

Check what? Some babies camera's peep the blocks, stash the Glocks

Posi's squashed, ship ki's and here there's thousand dollar bidders

Rim hats with feathers, more money than Perry Ellis

Never known behind ???, talkin "let my nuts hang"

Trade ya the .4-5 and the Tek 9 for a drop Mustang

A long line of killers, drug dealers with stripes

Just schoolin, you're rollin potentially, could take your advice

We count big face and straight laces by the hundreds

Ragtops and big blocks, gettin the money

Sippin X-O Hen, and I get it for the 1-10

In a convertible Benz, fearin hunted, on twins

They call me Bo-Loc, and fo' sho' I smoke the dodo

and flip the '97 Sport to shake the po-po

High rollers count, tall dollars will never fall

In this shit for the cash nigga, enter, forever ball

Chorus

We are surprised in this rap game

Straight gangsta shit makes the world go round, I'm nuttin nice

On a dice, bets are more wet and crush ice

X-O, stretch Rolls, Bza's and Lexo's

And fuck the best hoes, and never slippin like Magic  
Johnson

Keeps my cock down, increase my hatto, from Sac to  
Compton

Rolex down, fools shot up, solid ice

The gin in the cask was still followed by the vice

In the S-Class, we does it on the gas

On my cell, Bo poppin my collar, all about my cash

How many diggers can you scat? Now picture that

without the feds on your back, homey, and that's a fact

We attack with Mac 1-12's to protect my sack

I pick up my pack, tellin the order "handle that"

It ain't no room for you busters cos we knuckle ya  
downfall

Player haters, fuck y'all, let these ballers all ball

Chorus:

Can we all ball?

Can we all ball?

Can we all ball?

Can we all ball?

Tell me, can we ball

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