

C-Bo

"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 pontentially, 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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