

Louise Tucker

"Ball Wit me"

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[Chorus]

(trina) Ball wit me playboy what's stoppin' you?
You got a case of Cris, you needa pop a few
(24) Look here I'll pop a few If you pop a few
(trina) Nigga I'll buy up the bar from 1 to 2
(24) Look here I'll but up the bar from 2 to 4
You know this pimp shit easy!
(trina) It's beautiful
Ball wit me playboy what's stoppin' you?
You got a case of Cris, you needa pop a few

(24 karatz)

Spittin game to a stallion
Sippin' on half a gallon
Ice medallion, Iceburg Italian
Handlin' knots in the gamblin' spots
Gettin' loose wit a twenty pack handlin' blocks
Hit a nigga in the head wit the stainless steel
Slangin' packs while the po-po's changin' shifts
Caked up at the bar, nigga let all them hoes
It's the adominal snowman, everything frozen
Gettin' off glass wit the Chrissy crunk
Got three, four dike bitches pissy drunk
Got them hoes kissin' cunts and twistin' blunts
When them hoes get ghost I don't miss them stunts
Cause I pick up sluts with pickup trucks
Put dick down ya throat bitch, hiccup nuts
Bitch what? imma give you some play
Out the exotic playa clique and that 2-4-k

[Chorus]

(trina)

Uh hoes envy, drapped in a coat, fit me
In the Rolls Bently sittin on twenties
Hot girl, accent those
Dressed wit stones, niggas caress my toes
Hoes wanna test my flows
Bitch let me be
I ain't chose the game
Ho the game chose me

But yes froze me, rocks in my rosary
Sippin' on Don P, the bar on me
All my girls drink Cris, think this
You a courdoroy ho, imma mink bitch
So go on 'bout yo business
Lick nuts, drink dicks
Yo ol' tired ass, still draggin', freak bitch
Who's bad?
So I stay fitted
You wanna test Trina
Come on, play wit it
I know y'all wanna take my place
Cause I'm cute in the face,
Phat in the ass, slim in the waist uh

[Chorus]

(24 karatz)
While y'all niggas spittin' the glock
I be ticklin' twat
Triplin' knots to see the villas and yachts
Call all the killas ya got
Bitches I'll clock a kill if I drop
Drink for my cot, cop me a Linc and a drop
Makin' a rock, and same day drill up your block
But on the flip side, why ya hate me?
Cause I'm gettin' head in England
No weddin' ring ban
Out the XL I creep in the four dot six van
Leave you in the dirt like it's quicksand
You mad cause you never brawl like you a six man
What is you foolish?
Hit you wit the metal leave you clueless
Now you on the dash like Stacey
All actin' crazy, cause your main bitch wanna
masturbate me
Do me like R. Kelly, drink half my babies
Go 'head bitch, indulge, taste it, still hate me?

[Chorus]

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