

## Congreso

### "Ball Like Dat"

Visit "[Ball Like Dat](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[MC Breed]  
Ghetto E {\*echo\*}  
Uh, Big Breed  
Flashin', flashin'  
I been flashin', flashin'  
Flashin', flashin'  
Come on

[Hook - MC Breed] 2x  
Smokin' ounces of the good weed, we ball like dat  
Hoes just love to page me, they call like dat  
Drinkin' nothin' but the Henny nigga, y'all like dat  
Don't fuck with one of us cause see, we all like dat

[MC Breed]  
Why I oughta! (Don't do it dawg)  
Fuck it, I'ma go there  
Evidence of my residence is nowhere  
I'll look for the address (what) I ain't impressed  
I'll address you like "Bring somethin with you"  
And "May the Lord bless you"  
For real though, skills grow outta control  
Forty beat him by the big bop four they done fold  
Leave the bank account (why) but the safe work cool  
And outta Flint and act the fool  
I put it down for the record so you can sweat me if you  
wanna  
Smell of the aroma, marijuana, uh, dig it  
With the hammer cocked knowin' ya fuck  
While to hit the block, pushin' rocks  
With niggas I don't know and they might be cops  
Aww fuck it, my kids gotta eat  
Tonight, tommarow night, all next week, feel me  
To wanna stop me is to kill me, I'm hoppin'  
If they probably send the best feds to drill me,  
motherfuckers  
Cause I'm clean when they see me on the streets  
nowadays (why)  
Cause nowadays niggas are warned and chains  
That nigga gone blow, I seen him at the sto'  
Tellin' them motherfuckers to get down on the flo'

You know how this shit go, before we hit the do'  
{\*gun clicks\*} just so end up by the .44  
Drama, and that's just why your mama can't stand me  
I go to Ghetto Theater's to get my Ghetto Grammy

[Hook - MC Breed] 2x

[Shoestring]

Motherfucker, you be lyin' put you on a strecher  
When them thugs test that ass, bitch they couldn't  
catch ya  
You was runnin' for your life, prudent and prime gurdle  
Even seen it on the news, you didn't miss a hurdle  
You've been scooped by a grouch, you got busted balls  
And that mess you used to have, now it's pussy walls  
So save that killin' shit you talkin' for them outta states  
Cause in my city and yo' city, bitch you known to break  
So who the fuck you think you foolin' you's a small  
baller  
Shoestring and Ghetto E the fuckin' shot callers  
Niggas dacin' in this shit like dope fiends  
If you beef, or have some killers on your fuckin' team  
Cause if you don't motherfucker then you ass out  
You let 'em get you for your goods and your glass  
house  
But you rap about you bustin' niggas in they chest  
And rollin' niggas up like onions or buddha zest  
You big ballin' like a motherfucker let you tell it  
It's a pussy in this bitch and a nigga smell it  
You wanna fuck me, motherfuckin' nigga catch these  
knuckles  
You played out like the motherfuckin' hang buckles  
Shoestring loose in this motherfucker bring the drama  
Got no love for your ass nigga, fuck your mama  
So when you see me put your back up against the wall  
My name is Shoestring bitch, I'm known to ball  
Big ball, is what I do!

[Hook - MC Breed] 2x

[Ghetto E]

{\*yawn\*}

I woke up, pissed some herb, jumped in the shower  
Told my niggas to come and scoop me in an hour  
It's summertime, eighty-seven degrees  
In the candy coated Cutlass on gold-D's  
Hit the switches, saw some bitches in short skirts  
Spillin' Remi, fuckin' up the Nautica shirts  
But the Planet Rock Sony system was poundin'  
Throwin' gang signs, mean muggin' niggas and  
clownin'

Smokin' Killa, my nigga Breed broke out the stash  
It's a party at the beach that we 'bout to crash  
Mad bitches at the beach, I felt like I'm dreamin'  
Sun-rays hit my diamonds and got 'em gleamin'  
Volleyball in the sand but we ain't playin'  
Only came to eat and drink, cause that's how we layin'  
Five o'clock beach closed, now we just lerkin'  
No more Remi so we started erkin' and jerkin'  
Still early, eleven-thirty, time to hit the club  
Club jumpin', DJ bumpin' that "I Don't Want No Scrubs"  
It's delicious, gettin' kisses from every ho I see  
'Til they close we poppin' Mo's in the V.I.P.  
Head to Hunter's, dressin' sleppin' to watch the QB's  
ball  
On the stage bad bitches doin' the booty-call  
Tellin' bitches if you come with my clique you screwin'  
(Ay, so what cha'll doin tonight)  
Breed tell these hoes what we doin'

[Hook - MC Breed] 2x

Visit [Congreso](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.