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"Skweez Ya Ballz"

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[Baby S]

All of y'all sit back, relax, I take you to the olden time
When rap rhymes wasn't the only thing I had on my
mind
Pushin nickel sacks of stress, oh how can I get rich?
Hm - turned on the mic and turn out yo trick, don't
switch
Stayin true is what I'm in this game to do
Cause Hollywood seems to get around like the flu

[King T]

Yeah and most of all most of y'all bitch-made
So Baby S and King T emerge from the shizznade
And put it in the air like the chronic you smoke
The Westside baby loc and T goin for broke
So like peep it how we deal it, keep it if you feel it
All the set-trippin, kill it, it only takes a minute
For ah King Tee to set the party at ease
Grab the Silver Satin, roll up some weed
Snatch a hoodrat with a proper-ass weave
And dash to the floor and boogie with the rest of the
gees

[CHORUS: Baby S]

To all my niggas, get involved
To all my bitches, get involved
And if you're down with smokin stress, chronic weed or
cess
Grab your dillznick and squeeze your balls
To all my bitches, get involved
To all my niggas, get involved
And if you're down with smokin cess, chronic weed or
stress
Grab your dillznick and squeeze your balls

[King T]

Hey Baby S, I get stressed with these punks on the tube
They wanna be me (me) they wanna be you
(They wanna-be's) That's the only thing that's true
I swing through, hit em with the bomb like Pooh
When I'm dippin in my hood with my powder blue

Brougham

Ticklin the switches, Dayton's all chrome
Can't leave it alone, keep em bouncin at the crib
But hold up Baby S, tell em what you did

[Baby S]

I touched the blue moon, my body feels numb
Cause busters playa-hatin on the way I choose to come
One love for my family, immediate killers
The ones I trust to count my figures while I'm sippin on
liquor
Blazin on some sticky green where I'm put up on the
scene
Up and down, King stuck up in some young teen
So many dream, we fiend for a woman with cream
Dippin in my gangsta lean like your video screen

[CHORUS]

[Baby S]

Now listen, what you hear is not a test
It's that realer from the West named Baby S
And I got the gangsta gangsta hit
Makin lil' busters wanna write and other brothers fight
But they can't sound like the niggaroo supreme
Droppin bombs every time I done stepped on the scene
Seems my only dream is for platinum plus
And in God we trust, I gotta do it in a rush

[King T]

Trust we gon' bust, trust we gon' sell
Cause all through I-A plus the county jail
That nigga King T known for stackin his mail
Sittin in (?) waitin on my bail
California, haters let me warn ya
Them two killers gamin up on ya
King T and Baby S navigatin through the West
All hoods, all sets, some gees on deck

[CHORUS]

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