

Damn Yankees

"G'z N Ballaz"

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Hustlaz Stackin' Endz
Hus-Hustlaz Stackin' Endz
Hus-Hustlaz Stackin' Endz

[Hook - 2x]

G's and baller, ballers and g's
Real playas crawl low, and keep they rides on three's

[Redd]

Ballers and g's, hustlers stackin' ends
Thinking bout riding in the Benz, and still chilling with
my friends
Talking bout stack after stack, going dollar for dolla
I'm the type of playa, that make these yellas scream
and holla
Cause I gots to stack paper, crawl low like a gator
Never will be plex, I won't settle for less
Gotta ball like a g, man they can't see me
And I'm with H.S.E., and we stacking E-N-D's
Rolling three's, flipping like laid
Staying playa made, chopping on blades
I gotta stay for real, diamonds in my grill
I'm a big baller, with my mind on a mill, mill

[Hook - 2x]

[AP]

Put a horse on my chest, screens in my headrest
Flossing in my S-S, like skipper on the minnow
T.V. station on Jay Leno, as I freak this flowing bimbo
Wearing Fassachi on my face, protecting my eyes from
the sun
Just like the bulletproof, protecting my body from the
gun
Flipping behind tents, so them haters can't see
A H-Town g, playing Sega c.d.
H.S.E. I'm AP, and so true to the game

[Chorus - 2x]

[Lil Flip]

I'm gripping grain when I swang, I rattle when I bang
A T.V. VCR in my car, like Bruce Wayne
Ain't a damn thang changed, we on a mission
Ain't no competition, for my stretched Expedition
I'm the trophy truck slabber, cell phone grabber
Throwing up the deuce, sipping juice while I travel
Southside man, watching Major Pain
Ten gold shine, like a wet candy cain
I'm rolling when I chop, I'm dancing when I hop
Sitting sideways, watch the trunk go pop
If it's still wrecking, pimping by the second
Mortal Kombat, Street Fighter or Tekken
Get the crowd rowdy, Southside is cloudy
20 inch blaze on the 9-7 Audi
Still standing taller, break a trick scholar
H.S.E. click, graduated as some ballers

[Hook - 2x]

[E.S.G.]

At 17 I had dreams, of being a pimp in the Lac
I was sitting on four flats, with a dent in the back
Now one-time hate me, cause I'm the hardest to plex
1-9-8-3, L dog for it
I'm ready to clone, come down dancing I'ma shine
See the change, and all the people in my grill, I gots to
get my scrrill
Now that won't take long, for this natural born hustler
Got me new braids, shoes, paid my dues and got to
mark it
Top to bottom wood grain, got me looking like a
dresser
When it's smoking for my a.c., got a brand new
compressor
Beat up for the dash and seats, stashing sweets in my
pop's spot
Can't no bustas slide, in the bump with my drop top
We bail to the detail, to give that ass a shine
Gripping screens, four 15's in my drop top blast a
rhyme
Got my nine on my armrest, best you jackers chill
Bubble headlights, watch the red light, they known to
get you killed
What's the deal

(*talking*)

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