

Snoop Dogg "Balls Of Steel"

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[snoop dogg]

Soldiers..

Gangstaz, gangstaz.. whassup my nigga?

Yeah I'm fin' to fall off into this party with my lil' bitch
mane

It's in her neighborhood

Nah you ain't gotta roll with me it's all good

I trust her dog

Aw nigga shut up nigga, I hear you, don't trip

Well the party didn't start til I walked in

And I probably won't leave until I finish this henn'

But in between time or in the meantime

I slid my bitch in the back do' an she crept in with the
nine

We came here together so we can have fun

Me and you baby goin one on one

It's yo' hood so I figure it's good

But if them niggaz start trippin

I ain't trippin shit I ain't hollywood

We handles ours from the all-stars to the handlebars

With buckshots comin from the homies in the cars

Aww yeah; how y'all wanna play this

Naw hold on let me see how should I say this

The bitch that I was wit tried to set me up

Whatever fuckin reason would they wanna wet me up

And get me up out the bitch wit da heat

And a party wit a gang of off brands and a freak

(where you from)

I gotta dust em if I rush em

And these niggaz don't look like they wanna tussle

(fuck em)

I'ma creep to the who-ride - all by my lonely

Nigga didn't bring damn homie

I wish I woulda, but I didn't

I'm fuckin wit dis hood rat (bullshit ya bullshittin)

That's what's wrong wit niggaz

Steady thinkin wit ya dick, and puttin faith in a bitch

Dogg is chillin, makin a killin

What more can I say? "top billin'"

Thats what I get, I got it good

Crackin bitches in ya hood bitch
Would you stop schemin, and lookin hard
I got a great big bodyguard
So step up if you wanna get hurt
Nigga mad cause I touched under his bitch skirt
I get the money, the money I got
Hoes call me doggy when they feel real hot
That's how it is, ask yo' kids
I stole ya hoe while you was in prison
Jail, for spousal assault
You was jealous it's all your fault
Dogg is chillin, makin a killin
What more can I say? "top billin"
Shootin dice came up short now I'm doin bad
Lost the coupe and the keys to the caddy
So bad that I'm livin with my momma now
And my bitch done dipped 'cause I done run outta
chips
I lost my balla doe and my balla hoe
Man to some sucka ass nigga man I'm fallin slow
Can't ain't even call a hoe; I'm feelin smalla loc
Next thing to do is rob a ball of folks (give it up nigga)
Shit's real; we peel for the meal
Take it, cause once we get it, y'all come kick it
And bring them same skanless bitches (why?)
I got some homegirls layin low in the kitchen
On a mission to keep on dishin all fools
Doggy doggy cold out shot us them hoes broke the rule
They gonna get got, feel the pain, sweeter and sweeter
Even bitches feel the heater motherfucker

[speaking outro]

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