

N.B Ryderz**"Hard Ball"**

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This game
Is to be sold not told
Pay styles, pay pay styles
Pay styles, pay styles
Feds tappin in on shit
You know, playin hard ball

(Killa Tay)
I never liked to sign autographs, I mash for all the cash
My third eye shine like brass, my life flash
I blast, when I ride past, pervin and swervin
Off the cream soda and bourban, puttin in work like
service
It ain't no get back punk, my mini spit back chunks
Won't be caught up in no scandal, we gon' handle the
funk
I'm representin for the Yay cause, ain't no love
For none of these pretty-boy ballers, they just some
fake thugs, wit a Yay plug
We them niggaz runnin up yo house regulatin
Do or die, down for the scrilla, we cheddar chasin
Momma gave birth to a killa, premeditatin
????, ready to resurrect my thug nation
Creepin while they sleepin like gorillas in the mist
In Y2K hits, my niggaz spray shit
Every solution, it's revolution, so we all shootin
Fuck the system, I refuse to be the victim of an
execution
It's ??? from prison, that I'm tryin to stay livin
And givin no gloved out, we thugged out
Until the death of me, I'm thinkin bout some treachery
On the click I get sick, like a nigga wit leprosy
When they step to me
It's smash murder

Hook (C-Bo)
It's Hard Ball, yard call, up against the wall
People my enemies envy me, write on the walls
Wit ya life in draws, blue bandanas and stand tall
When the dope pop unlock, it's war til we fall
(Repeat)

(Killa Tay)

Twistin tongues, get em sprung, like the crack rock
I gets love from the gardens to the Mac block
I ride hot wit my strap cocked, coast trippin
Started servin stones, now we rappin for chickens
Bloody victims, camouflaged in ditches
I'm ridin wit the little homie, dodgin you bitches
Mobbin these switches, bouncin through the light in the rain
My niggaz mafia connected, spendin life in the game
No turnin back, we burnin sacks, to try to deal wit the pain
Before the feds shoot me dead, I put the steel in my brain
I bet they bury me a down ass G, so until I see
Prison or hell, I'm thug livin for mail
Wit clientele from the ATL back to the Bay
I bubble up, to servin double ups, back in the day
Mr. Packin still got the spot, crackin today
Unpluggin niggaz, mean muggin niggaz, passin the J
My block, I keep my squad tight, we make them nights
Ridin dirty through the MIA, shakin vice
Murder all hoes that go in my way, protect my life
Wit these warfare machinery, high blowin greenery
Touch em like a comedy
Tickle the spine, twist they mind like Geometry
On my mamma I'm a G
Any shit that benefit, I represent
Like a Nazi, til somebody pop me
Throw up the dub

Hook 2x

(Killa Tay)

It's been a long time, the West Coast got it crackin now
I'm smokin MC's like Black & Mild
Tryin to copycat my rappin style
Bomb status, savage tactics, gettin my money stacked in piles
I flow like the Nile River, living sermon like a preacher
In the pull pit, still pack a full clip
Told you I'm a fool bitch, I stay high
Killa T-A-Y, and hear the pound down for the drive-by
These G's ride, and it ain't no fear in my heart
You talkin loud, wolfin threats, but I know you a mark
Playa hatin so I'm waitin, for the ride to start
I come creepin like a ninja when it's quiet and dark
We playin hard ball, so if you soft step off
Cause ain't no hoppin up outta this game, once these shots let off

We rippin they heads off for tryin to cross
Attackin like a wolfpack, I push back brains, you know
my name
It's the K-I-double L-A-T-A-Y, call me the Locsta
Can't be runnin up in these stank routes, and my bank
fat like Oprah
Gank sacks to smoke off, we all high
If the funk jump, we Loc up cause, we all ride
You know my niggaz down for the homicides and rapes
Po-po catch me bailin, while I'm sellin these tapes
I make my money legit.....Sike!
I'm makin G's pushin ki's, and bustin raps on the mike
We chippin weed at the studio, what's crackin tonight
I hear the Lord callin my name, tryin to get back in my
life
I see the devil's face deep in my dreams, lookin
friendly
But I recognize the public as my enemy
Cause I'm coast trippin

Hook 2x

Yeah, West Coast Mafia
For my real folks
Everybody else suck a dick
Nigga this Fresno
Penzoni for life nigga
All the rest is phonies
Big ballin respect that

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