

Death! Death! Die! "Put Ur Ball On It"

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So can you step with the banger, the tussin, the new
court jester
Droppin' science on your ass like i was Nikola Tesla
So easy to best ya
Im better than Ezra
Because I am the alpha and you are the omega
Showerin' the ladies with my trust fund bills
Makin'it rain while impressin' with my halo kills
I made your mom an alchoholic
She saw my 7 inches
Now shes drunk on dick
I know about the planets cuz i got that moon news
I got my curly locks cuz i was made by two jews
Solvin' mysteries like i was steve from blues clues
I say cockatoo cuz you're saying oo-roo-yeaaaah
The wolfs in the hen house
He can't ride a bike but he can make that beat bounce
Flavorful rhymes like a vinegar that's balsamic
And fuck i aint even tryin
Now put your balls on it

[chorus]

You want my sexy and that's okay
PUT YOUR BALLS ON IT
I'll serve 'em up on a silver plate
PUT YOUR BALLS ON IT
So if you bitches get in my way
PUT YOUR BALLS ON IT
Theres only one thing thats left to say
PUT YOUR BALLS ON IT

Motherfucking SG
Rolling with the triple D
Get in my way, then you're fuckin' with me
Think you're gonna label SG again bitch
Then i'll have to slap you like a pimp, trick
Rollin tight with a clique
Yo rawdawg, go flick that bic
Tullys in the back rollin up that shit
Pass it my way bro let me take a hit
Droppin crazy rhymes with Death Death Die
Mr. hand droppin with a

Well yeahh oh motherfuckin yeah

Fuckin yeah cuz im fuckin yeah and ya gangsta
Oh yeah gangsta gangsta fuck fuck fuck fuck get em
Get these balls
Oh i meant put your balls on it

[chorus]

You want my sexy and that's okay
PUT YOUR BALLS ON IT
I'll serve 'em up on a silver plate
PUT YOUR BALLS ON IT
So if you bitches get in my way
PUT YOUR BALLS ON IT
Theres only one thing thats left to say
PUT YOUR BALLS ON IT

This difference making the difference
Talkin bout that Tully click hangin underneath my dick
Robbin like I'm Adolf
Honda Civic paid off
Yo I got that asian persuasion
I got that bounce through every ounce
So when i tote 'em in my scrotum
Slappin loudly swingin proudly
Yo my testes are my besties
Sometimes righty, sometimes lefty
Ladies, freeze, keep your hands off of these
Got to move back off my nutsack
Please dont get mad at my gonads
Nod your head you all,
And follow my bouncin balls

You want my sexy and that's okay
PUT YOUR BALLS ON IT
I'll serve 'em up on a silver plate
PUT YOUR BALLS ON IT
So if you bitches get in my way
PUT YOUR BALLS ON IT
Theres only one thing thats left to say
PUT YOUR BALLS ON IT

[laughing and talking]
MY BALLS ARE RACIST
[laughs]

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