

King T

"Skweez Ya Ballz"

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f/ Baby S

[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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