

## Annie Get Your Gun "Rapper's Ball"

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Where them naked hoes at?

E-Feezey!

Too Scheezy!

We off the heezy fo'scheezy baby!

Off the heezy I thought you theezy!!

Niggaz ain't havin no cheesy like us main!

They ain't havin no raveez!

Shit.

Haha you know us.

Where K-Ceezi at man? Tell him sing that shit.

Lace dem fools or something.

Beotch!

Chorus: K-Ci

Say that you got it all

Love the way you players ball

Everyday you're at the mall

Tell me is it true or false

Say that you got it all

Love the way you players ball

Claimin that your mail is tall

Tell me is it true or false

Verse One: E-40, Too \$hort

I put my mack hand down ain't never been asound  
I was havin b-r-e-a-d way before this rap game nigga  
been town

Thought you theezy, for sheezy, niggaz 'member

Earl, Brat, and Denell dem boys from Vallel

At every light it's automatic, BURN RUBBER

See my folkers in the traffic, WHASSUP ERB

Follow that cab it got dope in it, uhh

My potnah \$hort got hoes in it

I'm always hearin rappers big ballin on they songs

I do that shit for real and you'll never say I'm wrong

S-500 straight sittin on twenties

TV in the dash pimpin hoes gettin money

I'm Too \$hort baby been down since the eighties  
For the last eight years rode around in a Mercedes  
Lexus, trucks, drop-Vette, Caddy  
Bitches don't call me by my name they call me daddy

Chorus

Verse Two: E-40, Too \$hort

K-Ci \$hort E-40 Fonzarelli  
I'll probably never have long money like Ross Perilli  
But shit we just want a hip  
Don't want the whole plate  
Don't put the two on the ten, don't ever perpetrate  
Like a lot of these fools I see on TV  
With the Armani Chanel Versus Versacci  
Why motherfuckers can't be broke sometimes?  
Sometimes it's cool to floss  
But don't buy an eighty-five thousand dollar car  
Before you buy a house

They always said I couldn't rap, I just say bitch  
I guess the bitch, made me rich  
And now you wanna call me hardcore  
While I be steppin out the shower on a marble floor  
I paid the IRS taxes send FedEx and faxes  
This industry'll is like fuckin, fat bitches  
All work and no play, I do it everyday  
anyway cuz I gotta stay paid 40

Chorus

Verse Three: E-40, Too \$hort

We throw parties on big-ass boats, niggaz wrap they  
paper  
Ultrafied all-inclusive trips, Montego Jamaica  
Front row seats at the Ultimate Fights, shamrock and  
severin  
Long expensive fuh-flights, up dere in the heavens  
Fat ass royalty checks, fat ass cribs  
Smokin blunts and drinkin brew on the blacony,  
barbecuin ribs  
The more scrilla, the merrier  
I represent the Ya area

I walk from Foothill and Paperscourt to Sixty-Seven  
MacArthur  
To Freddie B house to make tapes with my potnah  
Hit Arroyo Park, we had tapes for sale  
Got a paper bag full of that, can't you tell

it's funky, everybody nod they head like this  
I said bitch, and everybody read my lips  
I got rich, suckin up the game from the O  
and even though a lot of rappers got the same kind of  
flow  
I survived cuz I got mo', game than them  
It came straight from the prostitutes, players, and  
pimps  
It was my destiny, I came the same every time  
So don't question me, I transfer the game in the  
rhymes

I'm not a freestyler, don't rap for free main  
It's Paystyle on mine, cuz I love money main  
Landrovers and Toyota, Lexuses  
Six-hundred feet twelve with them big ass motor  
Mercedeses  
We don't be savin hoes, bitches be savin us  
Bitch disrespect me in my car, bitch best to catch the  
bus  
I keep a briefcase full of game, while y'all be ear-  
hustlin  
Ain't no paperback pimpin nigga, we ain't strugglin

Chorus

Verse Four: Too \$hort

I'm Shorty the Pimp, I come funky  
Again and again, they say when will it end?  
Maybe never, cause I can still spit it  
But I ain't rappin for cheese, I want meal tickets  
Gotta start somewhere, and I'm past that  
For the right scratch, I be the last mack  
So stick yaself Pretty Tony  
You tryin ta make a hit, but your shit sounds phony  
Not like AT&T but like ET  
You can't be me, so would you please see  
If you can keep my name out your mouth  
Cause you don't really know what the game's all about  
It's bout feedin the family, not freakin in the Benz  
Instead of rentin, pay for that roof on your head  
And stop pimpin in your mind knowin you a trick  
Put your hustle down playa go an hit you a lick  
Bitch!

(That's writ, Too Scheezi, Ant Banks, Forty Fonzarelli, K-  
Ci)

Damn is that right?

(That's right)

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