

## **Dre Dog & Equipto**

### **"Balla Race"**

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[Hook] - 2x

You in a balla race, tryin to get all in a balla's face  
Workin you hips at a balla pace  
Wanna see how sweet a balla taste  
You in a balla place

[Andre Nickatina]

Man, I'm a semi-automatic, gotta get the cabbage  
It's worser than religion man it's worser than a habbit  
Work those heels make sue they don't break  
How much dough can a sucka whick make  
Roller Coaster baby let 'em ride  
Do what you do but don't brake your stride  
Four door car son in Las Vegas nights  
My Gators so new that they still might bite  
I'm gettin money, cause I run red lights  
And my super witch is super tight  
Man you coulda been foolin me, tryin to give me fake  
jewelry  
Rap cat chargin choose a fee  
Peel bread or you losin me, like I'm stolen, it's golden  
And I'm rollin and I'm holdin  
On a knot so fat she say, "Nicky do you love that"  
In a mirror with the weed sack  
I heard her but I didn't answer back  
Man I like that little flute, remind me of Ronnie Newt  
I think I'ma wear my caramel suit with the brown tie and  
them matching boots  
Ain't that the truth, girl your vision is like chess  
Ten doors down and nothin less  
Freak we can ball out, never have a fall out  
Roll around town no doubt with the 'Moe God Khan  
Have that dough see, have that Cabana, have that  
Prada and Sean John

[Hook] - 2x

[Equipto]

Man everything fast  
Talk about bread but everything cash  
Divide the dividends, devide we livin in

Mo' high than a little bit  
Gotta spit the game and lace 'em with it  
Me and Dreez got a race to finish  
A relay, what replay, DJ don't waste a minute  
The way she pop it for profits  
These tricks they open they wallets  
And plus they callin right after, my beezy stay in they  
pocket  
I got it stamped to a sign, to back of my hand  
And I don't just rap for fans  
I'ma do it like char, Hawaii, ho in a arm  
Three more in the car

[Andre Nickatina]

Baby I cradle this, like Air Jordan dunks at Carolina  
I'm right behind ya, and tryin to find ya and I remind ya  
...

Man excuse me my mouth is like an uzi  
If you choose me, cause I look past all that beauty  
Cause you destined to have duty  
And you Shirley Temples are like candy swirls  
Man all up in here is candy girls  
Freak bring your friends along if they got a car and  
they up to par  
Because my mouthpiece fast like a rabbit  
Paint so swell you think you can grab it  
Even magicians think it's magic  
The way it's all wrapped up and packaged, baby it's a  
balla's race

[Equipto]

Like a Tour De France  
All in a rush ignore the past  
Hop on a bus explore the map  
For the homies ain't here I'd pour the Yak out  
On your mark get set  
Yeah, he could ball first but he ain't no threat  
And I could bet that on a past line  
Yeah she in last place for the last time  
At a line, at a time, at a pocket  
Block your mind from the gossip  
It's a new day, roll tough with my hoes  
A nigga show you how to pop it, that coochie  
You lost your pace  
And never had a taste of the Boss Soss all in your face  
With no time to waste  
Now let me see you chase the bread before you get  
replaced

[Hook] - 2x

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