

## **Eric Clapton & Tina Turner**

### **"Can I Ball"**

Visit "[Can I Ball](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Mac]

Say Slim, look.

[Soulja Slim]

What's happenin wootay.

[Mac]

We goin take this here all the way from the Magnolia  
across Clayborne.

[Soulja Slim]

Do it like that.

[Mac]

Ya heard me.

[Soulja Slim]

Do it.

[Chorus]

Can I ball yall or do they wanna see me crawl  
Man fuck all yall, if yall was waiting on my fall  
Can I ball niggas or do they wanna see me crawl  
Man fuck all yall, if yall was waiting on my fall

[Mac--Verse 1]

To make this million I'm bound to left uptown to go get  
it

Once I get it, I'm a split it with those who I'm committed  
Like who, my nigga Wop, my girl Storm and the rest of  
my click

Everybody else be on some oh you ballin now (you  
ballin now)

Since you play me closer, I'm a get the toast, oh mark  
my word  
Fuck em, fuck em if they don't know what's happen my  
rap  
If a nigga know me, he don't know me no more  
Cause I don't hang in the same streets no more, I gotta  
condo  
I lay low, chill, stay away from shit that get niggas  
killed  
Call me fake then my niggas will say that's trill  
Check it, funny high hoes be calling me jiggy now  
Cause I gotta little jingle, mingle with the finest and  
sport diamonds  
When I was broke I was skinny and full of shit  
Now it ain't nothin for me to pull a bitch  
I scratch off and I hear them hoes say he did that  
Every bitch I fuck be saying I'm tryin to have your kid  
Mac  
I ain't with that

[Chorus]

Can I ball yall or do they wanna see me crawl  
Man fuck all yall, if yall was waiting on my fall  
Can I ball yall or do they wanna see me crawl  
Man fuck all yall, if yall was waiting on my fall

[Soulja Slim]

I'm a try my best not to let these niggas bring me out  
there  
They know you beefing with the ????, and them niggas  
don't care  
Who they kill, and tryin to be a millionare on the real  
But I can't a from with that foolishness so I'm a chill  
And just pass through the projects that I used to roam  
in  
Tote the black and the steel chrome and holler at trill  
niggas like Jim Stone and  
No more hangin, no more slingin pearls and crack  
pieces  
No more fucking dog bitches carryin deadly deseases  
They burn your dick off, givin you aids through the  
rubber  
I had to settle down with a boss bitch and now that's my  
lover  
She down for a nigga  
And when the situation gets heavy she lets loose  
rounds for a nigga  
And if I don't come home she'll come blood hound for a  
nigga

That's the type of bitch I need, no drink, no smoke, no weed  
Hoes label me a hot boy cause I just come home and I don't get D'd  
But I'm a boss baby, I like to floss baby  
Can I ball yall, can I ball

[Chorus]

Now can I ball yall or do they wanna see me crawl  
Man fuck all yall, if yall was waiting on my fall  
Can I ball yall or do they wanna see me crawl  
Man fuck all yall, if yall was waiting on my fall

[Mac--Verse 2]

Now Soulja Slim, my nigga, my nerve, my partner, my wootay,  
my round  
My ace, my dog, I was down even when you was on that ground  
You camouflaged uptown that was some shit to see  
So when they locked you up I continue the legacy  
Now all these niggas claiming Soulja is you bout that ball  
Would you die for me if a nigga pull up in that tinted car  
I think you niggas sitting around waiting on my fall  
Let a nigga ball, nigga let a nigga ball

[Chorus]

Can I ball yall or do they wanna see me crawl  
Man fuck all yall, if yall was waiting on my fall  
Can I ball niggas or do they wanna see me crawl  
Man fuck yall niggas, if yall was waiting on my fall  
Ya heard me, woah

[Soulja Slim]

Now yall understand.  
Now you understand.  
Macadon and Soulja Slim.  
In the process of B-O-O-Cing, ballin out of control.

[Mac]

Bleeding out of control nigga.

[Soulja Slim]

Ya understand.

[Mac]

So uh look, I'm a tell these niggas like this here.  
We bout to go get these motherfuckin rolexes shined  
up nigga.  
And go get our chrome shined up.  
And we goin ball ya heard me.

[Soulja Slim]

They ain't goin like that.  
They don't wanna hear no shit like that.

[Mac]

They ain't goin like that.

[Soulja Slim]

But we ballin out of control though.

[Mac]  
Bleeding out of control.  
We doin them niggas like that so fuck it.

Visit [Eric Clapton & Tina Turner](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.