

Tha Eastsidaz "Balls Of Steel"

Visit "[Balls Of Steel](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

Soldiers

Gangstaz, gangstaz, whassup my nigga?

Yeah, I'm fin' to fall off into this party with my lil' bitch
mane

It's in her neighborhood

Nah, you ain't gotta roll with me it's all good

I trust her dog

Aw nigga shut up nigga, I hear you, don't trip

Well, the party didn't start till I walked in

And I probably won't leave until I finish this Henn'

But in between time or in the meantime

I slid my bitch in the back do' an' she crept in with the
nine

We came here together so we can have fun

Me and you baby goin' one on one

It's yo' hood so I figure it's good

But if them niggaz start trippin'

I ain't trippin' shit, I ain't Hollywood

We handles ours from the all-stars to the handlebars

With buckshots comin' from the homies in the cars

Aww yeah, how y'all wanna play this

Naw, hold on, let me see how should I say this

The bitch that I was wit' tried to set me up

Whatever fuckin' reason would they wanna wet me up

And get me up out the bitch wit' da heat

And a party wit' a gang of off brands and a freak

(Where you from?)

I gotta dust 'em if I rush 'em

And these niggaz don't look like they wanna tussle

(Fuck 'em)

I'ma creep to the who ride all by my lonely

Nigga didn't bring damn homie

I wish I woulda, but I didn't

I'm fuckin' wit' dis hood rat

(Bullshit ya bullshittin')

That's what's wrong wit' niggaz

Steady thinkin' wit' ya dick and puttin' faith in a bitch

Dogg is chillin', makin' a killin'
What more can I say? "Top Billin'"

That's what I get, I got it good
Crackin' bitches in ya hood bitch
Would you stop schemin' and lookin' hard
I got a great big bodyguard
So step up if you wanna get hurt
Nigga mad cause I touched under his bitch skirt

I get the money, the money I got
Hoes call me Doggy when they feel real hot
That's how it is, ask yo' kids
I stole ya hoe while you was in prison
Jail, for spousal assault
You was jealous it's all your fault

Dogg is chillin', makin' a killin'
What more can I say? "Top Billin'"

Shootin' dice came up short now I'm doin' bad
Lost the Coupe and the keys to the Caddy
So bad that I'm livin' with my momma now
And my bitch done dipped 'cuz I done run outta chips
I lost my balla doe and my balla hoe
Man to some sucka ass nigga, man, I'm fallin' slow

Can't ain't even call a hoe, I'm feelin' smalla loc
Next thing to do is rob a ball of folks
(Give it up, nigga)
Shit's real, we peel for the meal
Take it 'cause once we get it, y'all come kick it
And bring them same skanless bitches
(Why?)

I got some homegirls layin' low in the kitchen
On a mission to keep on dishin' all fools
Doggy Dogg cold out shot us them hoes broke the rule
They gonna get got, feel the pain, sweeter and sweeter
Even bitches feel the heater motherfucker

Visit [Tha Eastsidaz](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.