

## **Ludacris F/ Foxy Brown, Trina, Shawna**

### **"Just a Friendly Game of Baseball"**

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#### Verse One:

[blam] Aww shit, another young brother hit  
I better go over my man's crib and get the pump  
Cause to the cops, shootin brothers is like playin  
baseball  
And they're never in a slump  
I guess when they shoot up a crew, it's a grand slam  
And when it's one, it's a home run  
But I'ma be ready with a wild pitch  
My finger got a bad twitch, plus I'm on the switch --  
-- side, and step up to the batter's box  
Fuck red and white, I got on Black Sox  
But let him shoot a person from the White Sox  
What's the call? Foul ball!  
Babe Ruth woulda made a good cop, but he didn't  
Instead he was a bigot, dig it  
My life is valuable and I protect it like a gem  
Instead of cops gettin me I'm goin out gettin them  
And let em cough up blood like phlegm  
It's grim [blam blam] but dead is my antonym  
And legally they can't take a fall  
Yo check it out it's just a friendly game of baseball

#### Verse Two:

R.B.I. -- real bad injury  
But don't get happy you're in jail for a century  
Just as bad as bein shot in the groin  
To see who'll shoot ya, they'll flip a coin  
And watch him run for the stretch  
But you don't know the man is at home waitin to make  
the catch  
So the outfielder guns you down  
You're out, off to the dugout, underground  
I know a cop that's savage, his pockets stay green like  
cabbage  
Cause he has a good batting average  
No questions, just pulls out the flamer  
[blam] And his excuses get lamer  
Once a brother tried to take a leave

But they shot him in his face sayin he was tryin to steal  
a base  
And people watch the news for coverage on the game  
Hmm, and got the nerve to complain  
They need to get themselves a front row seat  
Or sink a baseline for a beat  
Cause television just ain't designed for precision y'all  
It's just a friendly game of baseball

Verse Three:

A kid caught on, but I don't know where the brother  
went  
The umpires are the government  
I guess they took him out the game, and replace him  
with a pinch-hitter, in the scam he was a quitter  
So the cops usually torment, I mean tournament  
Win em I was sayin  
You can't let the umpires, hear ya speak and battle  
like the other kid you won't be playin  
Cause they'll beat you til your ass drop  
A walking gun with a shell in his hand is their mascot  
And when they walk around let it be known to step  
lightly  
The bases are loaded  
My man got out from three strikes  
In the skull but the knife he was carrying was dull  
Instead of innings, we have endings  
What a fine way to win things  
And hot-dog vendors have fun  
Sellin you the cat rat and dog on a bun  
And when you ask what is all of this called?  
It's just a friendly game of baseball

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