

Trin-i-tee 5:7 "Ball Wit Me"

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Chrous*

Ball wit me playboy what's stoppin you
You got a case of crisp you need to pop a few
Look here I'll pop a few if you pop few
Nigga i buy the bar from one to two
Look here i buy the bar from two to four
You know this pimp shit easy
Its beautiful
Ball wit me player what's stoppin you
You got a case of crisp you need to pop a few

Verse 1:

Spittin game to a stallion
Sippin on half a gallon
Ice madallion, ice berg italian
Hair in the knots, in the gamblers spot
Gettin lose with a twenty back, handlin blocks
Hit a nigga in the head with the stainless fist
Slingin packs when the po-pos changing shifts
Caked up at the bar
Nigga let all them hoes at the bar know the snowman
Everything flows in
Gett em off glass with the crisp get crunk
Got three, four dyke bitches pissy drunk
Got them hoes kissin cunts and twistin blunts
When them hoes get ghost i don't miss them cunts
Cause i pick up sluts in pick up trucks
Put dick down your throat bitch hiccup nuts
Bitch what im the biggest player
I got my click carrying 24 k

Chrous*1

Verse 2:

Hoes everyone drinkin on a cold 50
In the rose bently sittin on twentys
Hot girls, x and o's, dressed with stones,
Nigga crest my toes
Hoes wanna test my flow
Bitch let me be
I didn't choose the game hoe

The game chose me
Guys flow wit me
Rocks in my rosery
Sippin donnally, wit his balls on me
All my girls drink crisp, think this
Your a corderoy hoe i'm a mink bitch
So go about your buisness
Lick nuts, drink this
You old tired ass training fool free bitch
Whos bad---who stays wit it
You wanna test trina
Come on play wit it
I know yall wanna take my place
Cause i cute in the face
Fat in the ass, slim in the waist

Chrous*

Verse 3:
Unknown?

Chrous**

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