

Can I Ball (feat. Soulja Slim)

M.A.C

Say Slim, look what's happenin' wootay
We goin take this here all the way from the Magnolia
Across Clayborne, do it like that, ya heard me, do itCan I ball y'all or do they wanna see me crawl
Man fuck all y'all, if y'all was waiting on my fall
Can I ball niggas or do they wanna see me crawl
Man fuck all y'all, if y'all was waiting on my fallTo 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' nowSince 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 condoI 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 diamondsWhen 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 thatCan I ball y'all or do they wanna
see me crawl
Man fuck all y'all, if y'all was waiting on my fall
Can I ball y'all or do they wanna see me crawl
Man fuck all y'all, if y'all was waiting on my fallI'm a try my best not to let these niggas bring me out there
They know you beefing with the [unverified] and them niggas don't care
Who they kill, and tryin to be a millionaire on the real
But I can't a from with that foolishness so I'm a chillAnd 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 slangin' pearls and crack pieces
No more fuckin' dog bitches carryin' deadly deseasesThey 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 get's heavy she lets loose rounds for a niggaAnd 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 y'all, can I ballNow can I ball y'all or do they wanna see me

crawl

Man fuck all y'all, if y'all was waiting on my fall

Can I ball y'all or do they wanna see me crawl

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

Man fuck all y'all, if y'all was waiting on my fall

Can I ball niggas or do they wanna see me crawl

Man fuck y'all niggas, if y'all was waiting on my fall, ya heard me, woah Now y'all understand, now you
understand

Macadon and Soulja Slim

In the process of B O O Cing, ballin out of control

Bleeding out of control nigga, ya understand 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

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

But we ballin' out of control though

Bleeding out of control

We doin' them niggas like that so fuck it

Songwriters

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