

Ball (Ft Lil Wayne)

T.I.

Yeah

ay okay we walk off in this bitch

Ballin' in this bitch

Hoppin' out the Lambos and Ferraris in this bitch

Poppin' bottles with a thick red super model bitch

They may talking a lot of that but they can't do alot of this

Ay, Rico told me turn the lights on

So I grab the Audemar and threw the ice on

I'ma big dawg, got 'em pissed off

A lot of niggas rapping ain't none this raw

They like, ay look at T.I., ballin' in the V.I

Bunch of bad bitches with a' looking like Aaliyah

We just pull up, hop out, go in, show out

Buy the whole bar, pop bottles go hard This club so packed, these hoes so drunk

This club so packed, these hoes so drunk

This club so packed, these hoes so drunk

I gotta bottle, gotta model, gotta molly, gotta blunt Ball, ball, ball, ball

Ball, ball, ball, ball

Ball, ball, ball, ball (This club so packed, these hoes so drunk) I got a bottle, got a model, got a molly, got a

blunt The club full of bad bitches and they came to play

Okay it must be your ass 'cause it ain't your face

Now if you looking for them bottles and them stacks girl

You make your way up to my section where it's at girl

Okay now do you wanna kick it with a nigga with a meal ticket

Broke nigga looking mad, they just gotta deal with it

Get right ho, roll a dice ho

And you ain't gotta be a dike 'cause you like hoes

But everyday I step behind a wall

I do it big, ride fly, stunt, shine and ball

I got a bunch of money, so come and get it from me

And a bucket full of bottles, bust it open, if you wanna get drunk This club so packed, these hoes so drunk

This club so packed, these hoes so drunk

This club so packed, these hoes so drunk

I gotta bottle, gotta model, gotta molly, gotta blunt Ball, ball, ball, ball

Ball, ball, ball, ball

Ball, ball, ball, ball (This club so packed, these hoes so drunk) I got a bottle, got a model, got a molly, got a

blunt Ain't no nigga like a Young Money nigga

Pop that pussy like a gun, pull the trigger

Shake that ass like a salt shaker

I keep a L lit up like an elevator
Bitch shake it like a dog, hop like a frog, ride it like a horse
I throw that dick like darts
Drink all muddy, flag all bloody
I'm killin' these hoes like that nigga Ted Bundy
I'm a good looking rapper, I ain't tryna stunt
Ima fire my blunt like Donald Trump
Where you at ho? Where you at ho?
Can a nigga stick his key up in ya back door (Turn the lights on) This club so packed, these hoes so drunk
This club so packed, these hoes so drunk
This club so packed, these hoes so drunk
I gotta bottle, gotta model, gotta molly, gotta blunt And do ya thing in slow motion like Soulja Slim
And come around, wipe me down like Boosie dem
That thang up for me, show me that you love me
If it's really too much for you you can bring a couple buddies
Everyday I do my thang, big stones and chains
She let me drill all in her mouth, no novacane
Them other broke niggas, all they did was told ya thangs
I could get ya on that G4 and show ya thangs
I like my women fat ass pretty toes and thing
Long hair don't care as long as none down there
If it's manicured I can have fun down there
Take you to whatever club throw some money in the air This club so packed, these hoes so drunk
This club so packed, these hoes so drunk
This club so packed, these hoes so drunk
I gotta bottle, gotta bottle, gotta molly, gotta blunt Ball, ball, ball, ball
Ball, ball, ball, ball
Ball, ball, ball, ball (This club so packed, these hoes so drunk) I got a bottle, got a model, got a molly, got a blunt

Songwriters

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