

Rappers' Ball

E-40

Where them naked hoes at?
E-feezezy, Too Scheezy
We off the heezy fo' Scheezy baby
Off the heezy, I thought you theezy
Niggaz ain't havin' no cheesy like us main
They ain't havin' no raveez
Shit, haha you know us
Where K-Ceezezi at man? Tell him sing that shit
Lace dem fools or something, beotch
Say that you got it all
Love the way you players ball
Everyday you're at the mall
Tell me, is it true or false?
Say that you got it all
Love the way you players ball
Claimin' that your mail is tall
Tell me, is it true or false?
I put my mack hand down ain't never been a sound
I was havin' B R E A D way before this rap game nigga been town
Thought you theezy, for sheezy, niggaz 'member
Earl, Brat, and Denell dem boys from Vallel
At every light it's automatic, burn rubber
See my folkies in the traffic, whassup ERB
Follow that cab it got dope in it, uhh
My potnah Short got hoes in it
I'm always hearin' rappers big ballin' on their songs
I do that shit for real and you'll never say I'm wrong
S-500 straight sittin' on twenties
TV in the dash pimpin' hoes gettin' money
I'm Too Short baby been down since the eighties
For the last eight years rode around in a Mercedes
Lexus, trucks, drop-Vette, Caddy
Bitches don't call me by my name they call me daddy
Say that you got it all
Love the way you players ball
Everyday you're at the mall
Tell me, is it true or false?
Say that you got it all
Love the way you players ball

Claimin' that your mail is tall
Tell me, is it true or false?
K-Ci Short, E-40 Fonzarelli
I'll probably never have long money like Ross Perilla
But shit we just want a hip, don't want the whole plate
Don't put the two on the ten, don't ever perpetrate
Like a lot of these fools I see on TV
With the Armani Channel Versus Versacci
Why motherfuckers can't be broke sometimes?
Sometimes it's cool to floss
But don't buy an eighty-five thousand dollar car
Before you buy a house
They always said, I couldn't rap, I just say bitch
I guess the bitch, made me rich
And now you wanna call me hardcore
While I be steppin' out the shower on a marble floor
I paid the IRS taxes send FedEx and faxes
This industry is like fuckin', fat bitches
All work and no play, I do it everyday
Anyway 'cuz I gotta stay paid 40
Say that you got it all
Love the way you players ball
Everyday you're at the mall
Tell me, is it true or false?
Say that you got it all
Love the way you players ball
Claimin' that your mail is tall
Tell me, is it true or false?
We throw parties on big-ass boats, niggaz wrap they paper
Ultrafied all-inclusive trips, Montego Jamaica
Front row seats at the Ultimate Fights, shamrock and severin'
Long expensive fuh-flights, up there in the heavens
Fat ass royalty checks, fat ass cribs
Smokin' blunts and drinkin' brew on the balcony, barbecuein' ribs
The more scrilla, the merrier
I represent the ya area
I walk from Foothill and Papers Court to Sixty-Seven MacArthur
To Freddie B house, to make tapes with my potnah
Hit Arroyo Park, we had tapes for sale
Got a paper bag full of that, can't you tell?
It's funky, everybody nod their head like this
I said bitch, and everybody read my lips
I got rich, suckin' up the game from the O
And even though a lot of rappers got the same kind of flow
I survived 'cuz I got mo' game than them

It came straight from the prostitutes, players, and pimps
It was my destiny, I came the same every time
So don't question me, I transfer the game in the rhymes
I'm not a free styler, don't rap for free main
It's Paystyle on mine, 'cuz I love money main
Land Rovers and Toyota, Lexuses
Six-hundred feet twelve with them big ass motor Mercedeses
We don't be savin' hoes, bitches be savin' us
Bitch disrespect me in my car, bitch best to catch the bus
I keep a briefcase full of game, while y'all be ear-hustlin'
Ain't no paperback pimpin' nigga, we ain't strugglin'
Say that you got it all
Love the way you players ball
Everyday you're at the mall
Tell me, is it true or false?
Say that you got it all
Love the way you players ball
Claimin' that your mail is tall
Tell me, is it true or false?
I'm Shorty the pimp, I come funky
Again and again, they say when will it end?
Maybe never, 'cause I can still spit it
But I ain't rappin' for cheese, I want meal tickets
Gotta start somewhere, and I'm past that
For the right scratch, I be the last mack
So stick ya self Pretty Tony
You tryin' ta make a hit, but your shit sounds phony
Not like AT&T but like ET
You can't be me, so would you please see
If you can keep my name out your mouth
'Cause you don't really know what the game's all about
It's 'bout feedin' the family, not freakin' in the Benz
Instead of rentin', pay for that roof on your head
And stop pimpin' in your mind knowin' you a trick
Put your hustle down playa go an hit you a lick, bitch
(That's writ, Too Scheezi, Ant Banks, Forty Fonzarelli, K-Ci)
Damn is that right?
(That's right)

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