Hardball

Derringer

Throw me the ball and watch me what I do with it
We got Bow Wow in the house
My man Lil' Zane, Lil' Wayne, Sammie sang to me

[Chorus 1: (Sammie)]
Strike one, got you by surprise
Strike two, right before your eyes
Pitch three, this ones to the wall
Ain't no game like a game of Hardball

[Verse 1: Lil' Bow Wow]
When I step to the plate the outfielders get back (back)
Cause they know I'm the only tight for dogs
So many back to back hits they call me little Sammie Sosa
Bubble gum, balled up all the hustlers
Y'all know how to work it when it's time to compete
On the field, on the court, over any high steep
And break, and you know it when you see your clone
And right now that's all I see going on, holla at me
Game time, all I think about is bringing home the trophy
If your team is better mine, you really gotta show me
Really gotta beat me, really gotta trash talk
Mistreat me, and send my squad back home
Cause I don't lose too much
Matter fact, I ain't never lost at all
When I'm playing Hardball (that's right)
So, if you on the mound about to pitch to me
Understand I'm like Griffey, I keep 'em to the wall

[Chorus 2: (Sammie)]
Strike one, got you by surprise
Strike two, right before your eyes
Strike three, ohh I got you out
Without a doubt, I got you out
Strike one, got you by surprise
Strike two, right before your eyes
Pitch three, this ones to the wall
Ain't no game like a game of Hardball

[Verse 2: Lil' Zane]

This goes out to them jocks that stay on my jock, throwing the pop
Keep pitching 'em, I'm in the kitchen making radio rock
It's usually preferred, I be choosey with all my words
Throwing eggs at them chicken heads, banging on the curb
I left 'em a word, I'm fast ballen with a curb
Happy sliding home, telling them friends that's in the third
Sure ya done heard, who I'm doing and what I'm doing was false
And what's true, girl listen
When it comes to this game they call me Zane McGuire
That other kid was just a mark, so I made him retire
See, we all got a base, and we hold our own
But when I come up to bat, we all going come home
And our fans cheers us, cause they know what the drill going
Out of the field and into your automobile
And I hope it ain't your Range Rover, that you spent your change over
I'm in the dug with my tongue out play the game over

[Chorus 2: (Sammie)]

[Verse 3: Lil' Wayne]
Listen, listen, listen
They call me young Wheezy, Rodregous
You know I'm getting you hot, hot as the Kendrick, ya know
And I keep the chrome bat swinging, swinging that iron
Pitch on the block like Nolan Ryan
To bad for TV, you won't see me I'm riding the streets
I'm a hustler, people, my life in the streets
Watch the game, get you life in the streets
My watch, my chain, and my teeth Cost
That way I will never cheap talk
And I call my mommy sweat heart, she call me sweet daddy
And she gladly, loves the way that daddy batty, yeah baby
Whezzy Wee is a playa baby, and I don't share babies
So if you searching for some bitch ain't nothing here, baby
Catch me throwing an eighty in the latest Bentley
Going out, and Whezzy never hit a foul, a Hot Guy
Does hip-hop flies are knocking up, out the park
And after the game we gone meet up after dark

[Chorus 2: repeat 2x (Sammie)]

Lil' Bow Wow, Lil' Zane, Lil' Wayne, Lil' Sammie
The Little Rascals, and me y'all know my name

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