

# My Ballz

## D12

[ Intro ] [ Eminem ]Ballz, Ballz, Ballz x2

You'll never touch my...[ Chorus ] [ Eminem ]Catch me if you can but you ain't man enough,

You're standin' tough

But you know that no matter what

You'll never get the chance to touch

My ballz, ballz, ballz x2

You'll never touch my ballz[ Verse 1 ] [ Swifty McVay ]I see you ain't a playa, you ain't ballin'

And I don't even care who the hell you call in

In this game, it ain't no talkin'

You can get it started, I nail the coffin

And all I here is "get your man up off him"

So why I gotta stop it, this nigga was talkin'\*punk echoes\*

And I ain't gotta prove you nothin'

I do it and you ain't gotta push my buttons[ Verse 2 ] [ Bizarre ]This dude in front of me, he weighs a brick

He's quick and I can't get Marshall hit

So I played my position and don't make a move

Been doin' this for years, my team can't lose

And ain't nobody, ain't nobody hard

9 o'clock, I'm gonna punch me a guard

Hut one, hut two, I'm ready

Hike, give the ball to Nelly

And nobody out there feels me

Take this 'fore you have to kill me

And any player in my way, I'm foldin'

Dammit, called holden[ Chorus ] [ Eminem ][ Verse 3 ] [ Eminem ]Football, Football, I love football

Yes, tres, dos, uno

Dos, tres, fuck, shit, bitch, asshole son of a bitch

Everybody cuddle, blah I mean huddle

I just stepped in a mud puddle, butthole

Freak, who just tapped on my ass cheek

Nevermind, let's try quarterback sneak

Cover me, smother me with love that's brotherly

That didn't work, try another play

Hut one, hut two, hut hut hurry up

I'm reachin' up another grown man's butt

Hike the ball, I mean I like Bizarre

But Jesus yikes, I think I can feel his balls

My dick is long as it is hard, yeah so are my balls

It's the longest yard, whoops that's not the chorus

Run it back, wrong song, yeah disregard  
That whole statement I just made, what yard line we on?  
On own 5 and our timeouts are gone  
Less than a minute left, I just throw my ball  
To the sideline to Von, he steps outta bounds  
48 seconds left on the clock but every last one counts  
Call another huddle, we're down by six  
The plan is, to throw the ball to Swift  
But he's so god dang high, that he's trips  
Falls and slips, Proof grabs him by his fingertips  
And runs the ball all the way down to the one  
But he don't get in, but all we need is a put \*murmurs\*  
But all we need is a touch down and an extra point to win  
But then I get sacked all the way back to the ten  
God dammit I'ma slap somebody if I get tapped on the ass again  
Everybody's laughin' now, no timeouts and its now fourth now  
We're never gonna make it, wait I just got an idea  
Quick, everybody get naked, Denaun go long  
I'ma throw the bomb, c'mon how they gonna tackle you wit no pants on  
Ass out with a floppin' schlong, touch down yeah I told ya  
It's the longest yard[ Chorus ] [ Eminem ][ Verse 4 ] [ Kuniva ]The new face on the yard, just hand me the ball  
I'ma run through all of ya'll, ya'll just soft  
Even though my cleats is kickin' up mud  
It's more tragic for me, I'm stiff armin' punks  
High steppin' through the end zone  
I been grown, I'm so dirty you don't even know my skin tone  
It's time to rumble, no time to fumble  
And I won't stumble, your frontline will tumble  
Playin' ball with killas, my team's gorillas  
Three time offenders, even drug dealers  
One of the best runnin' backs there never was  
Movin' like Barry Sanders, leavin' you in the dust[ Verse 5 ] [ Proof ]Yack is high, I got the highest yack  
Hit the ground so hard I leave tire tracks  
Bizarre snaps like a fire crack  
And my palm more stickier than spider back  
Eyin' my eye, a Mack Truck tryin to sack us  
No matter how big they flyin' backwards  
Wide reciever, recievin' wide  
For every stride in my life, I breathe and die[ Verse 6 ] [ Kon Artis ]Defense is playin' a pass  
Then the quarterback peeps and screams  
That means that its time for me  
To run out the back like a bat straight outta hell  
My tracks burn turf when they excell  
I try to lateral pass the ball to Proof  
He got dropped and the ball came loose

And shot up like a flare, I gave the ball a stare  
And use my lineman's shoulder as a chair  
Now I'm flyin' through the air like a superhero  
I can use this pose for a box of cereal  
I'm no joke punk, I get my dinerio  
For bein' the best player on my team what  
As soon as I hear the hut 1, 2, hut  
I do one run, run, the screen go run run  
Then I cut, spin around in the endzone  
Then I do the ninety shuffle so[ Chorus ] [ Eminem ][ Outro ] [ Eminem ]Footballs  
I'm talkin' about footballs dude

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