

Balls Of Steel

Tha Eastsidaz

Snoop Dogg
Soldiers
Gangstaz, gangstaz
Whassup my nigga?
Yeah, I'm fin' to fall off into this party with my lil' bitch, mane
It's in her neighborhood
Nah, you ain't gotta roll with me
It's all good
I trust her, dog
Aw, nigga, shut up, nigga
I hear you, don't trip Well, the party didn't start till I walked in
And I probably won't leave until I finish this Henn'
But in between time or in the meantime
I slid my bitch in the back do', an' she crept in with the nine
We came here together so we can have fun
Me and you, baby, goin' one on one
It's yo' hood so I figure it's good
But if them niggaz start trippin'
I ain't trippin' shit
I ain't Hollywood
We handles ours from the all-stars to the handlebars
With buckshots comin' from the homies in the cars
Aww yeah, how y'all want to play this?
Naw, hold on, let me see how should I say this
The bitch that I was wit' tried to set me up
Whatever fuckin' reason would they want to wet me up?
And get me up out the bitch wit' da heat
And a party wit' a gang of off-brands and a freak (where you from)
I gotta dust 'em if I rush 'em
And these niggaz don't look like they want to tussle (fuck 'em)
I'm a creep to the who-ride - all by my lonely
Nigga didn't bring damn homie
I wish I woulda, but I didn't
I'm fuckin' wit' dis hood rat (bullshit, ya bullshittin')
That's what's wrong wit' niggaz
Steady thinkin' wit' ya dick, and puttin' faith in a bitch
Dogg is chillin', makin a killin'
What more can I say? "Top Billin'"
That's what I get

I got it good
Crackin' bitches in ya hood, bitch
Would you stop schemin', and lookin' hard?
I got a great big bodyguard
So step up if you want to get hurt
Nigga mad 'cause I touched under his bitch skirt
I get the money
The money I got
Hos call me Doggy when they feel real hot
That's how it is, ask yo' kids
I stole ya hoe while you was in prison
Jail, for spousal assault
You was jealous it's all your fault
Dogg is chillin, makin a killin
What more can I say? "Top Billin"
Shootin' dice; came up short, now I'm doin' bad
Lost the Coupe and the keys to the Caddy
So bad that I'm livin' with my mama now
And my bitch done dipped 'cause I done run outta chips
I lost my balla dough and my balla ho
Man, to some sucka ass nigga
Man, I'm fallin' slow
Can't ain't even call a ho
I'm feelin' smalla loc
Next thing to do is rob a ball of folks (give it up, nigga)
Shit's real
We peel for the meal
Take it, 'cause once we get it, y'all come kick it
And bring them same skanless bitches (why?)
I got some homegirls layin' low in the kitchen
On a mission to keep on dishin' all fools
Doggy Dogg cold out shot us
Them hos broke the rule
They gonna get got
Feel the pain, sweeter and sweeter
Even bitches feel the heater, motherfucker

Songwriters

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