Love 2 Ball

Pimp C

[Chorus: Pimp C]
Hey baby, we sure love to ball (love to ball)
Ooh baby, we sure love to ball (love to ball)
Hey baby, we sure love to ball (love to ball)
Ooh baby, we sure love to ball (we sure love to ball)
[Verse 1: Pimp C]
I like smokin out and "Pourin' Up"
I'm breakin car lots, two hundred thousand dollars, I'm showin up
The street life get my watches glowin up
New Motorola smartphone, steady blowin up
I remember doin bad
Always knew I would get it, it didn't make me sad
'Cause I was a beast with it
I keep my khakis with a crease in it (crease in it)
Sharp as a knife
I crawled back in the day but bitch now I'm ballin tonight (ballin Tonight)
[Chorus]
[Verse 2: Chamillionaire]
I got a call on my celly, while I was jammin some Screw (woo)
And it was that P-I-M-P, mayne what's up with you?
Slab was sittin outside and he had bought 'em in twos
I painted one candy red and I painted one candy blue
And you, know all the women, want to conversate for a few
'Cause my jewelry sick like hachoo and my necklace still got the flu
She said her name was a Nakia but I had to nickname ya boo
I had to nickname her chlorine 'cause your chick stay wet as a pool
It's true, boys want a verse from me but they couldn't afford me
Be talkin so much game that a Pimp gon' wish to record me (for real)
Been a H-Town baller, I'm talkin swishin like Horry
Ain't nobody gettin my glory, ain't nobody "Trippin" like Cory
Mo, already know that I keep a room in my vault
I signed a check to myself, so I guess that makes me my boss
Therealestever.com and I ain't gonna sign off
It ain't no stoppin our ballin like we ran out of timeouts (hold up...)
[Chorus]
[Verse 3: Pimp C]
Uh, summertime niggaz (niggaz), Phantom ain't the answer
Fly, I can't enjoy it, I think my daddy's got cancer (huh)

Pistol in my lap, I'm rocked up like Miss Chancer (starter)
Fist turn a trick a five like Jo Jo dancer
Old nigga doin boy, hit a house one knot (knot)
Years seventy, eighty, stole all our Christmas lot (bitch)
My whole life I was exposed to the fast lane
Runnin through my blood, seventy-five thousand for the chain (chain)
Fifty thousand for the watch piece
But I'll take it off bitch to squabble with ya in the streets
I'm Dr. Dre of the South, ya better watch your mouth
Michael Jordan, underdog, see ya at the Playa's Ball (bitch...)
[Chorus]
[Break: Pimp C - w/ ad libs]
Say baby, turn yourself around, so I can love you good
Hey baby, girl you so sweet
Good time, go on and sign my meat (sign my meat)
[Chorus]

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/