

We Will Ball

Lord Tariq & Peter Gunz

Intro: Peter Gunz

Feel it, feel it

Coma ona, come on

DA, DA, DA

Where ya at(where ya at)

yoVerse 1: Peter Gunz & Lord Tariq

I'm too hot to handle, too cold to freeze

Rice the illest shit & don't smoke no trees

Niggas won't test, but they turn around & freeze

Might get mic cancer the way I smoke m.c.sNigga we did it all from flippin burgers to manipulating words

Gettin less than four Os on a check is absurd

I got the five it's feasible, but the six is preferred

So when I step, you better have my shit correct, ya heardI'm in the ruber in the sand, gettin a tan playin frisbee

With this quarter piece, sippin on coladas gettin dizzy

On the celly with my broker buyin shares of stock

Cause when it stops, I'ma still be sittin in dropsAnd I'm in a benz, comin through, doin two, pumpin lilo

Bought the cut jewels from Tif, cause the feds are watchin Tito

Stepped up from an eighth, to a half, to a kilo

To makin mils, off this label deal, that's for real

yoChorus: Peter Gunz & Lord TariqPG: We will ball

LT: Until my lady shoppin at Sach's

and got the minx on they back, I tell ya

PG: We won't fall

LT: Until my players on the block doin it

and gettin money in stacks, I tell ya

PG: We will ball

LT: Ladies with the pedicures

manicures & they hair done up, I tell ya

PG: We won't fall

LT: And players ride around in V's

pumpin our cd's, just turn it up.Verse 2: Peter Gunz & Lord TariqI didn't ball with the best of them

Fuck the rest of them

Chickenheads don't mess with them

Dimes ain't even stressin em

It's all about franc & pounds & dinero

The same shit that helped me get my six-zero-zeroNigga we ball, we take it all never dealin we fresh

Talk jewels like I had my tongue dipped in platinum

Tanqueray get me wet, I'm drippin in activator

Drop the top on the porsche, hit the clutch see you laterWell I tried to tell my P-O, screamed on the C-O

Before I turn 3-O, I'll be C-E-O
Young black millionaire, why you still in there
Checkin asses, harass just some herb with the bashes
If gettin money's a crime, well then I'm guilty as charged
Filthy rich, Lord built to be large
I'll have the city sick
Pullin that silver shit out the garage
Under the sun with yo chick gettin a massage
Chorus Verse 3: ?, Peter Gunz, & Lord Tariq
Well these bitches tryin to sleep on me
Wop
You shouldn't sign these niggas down they suckin d
Drop
And now they wanna sweat cause we double p
Stop
Got the nerve to call my office for a free cd
Cop
Man they said we couldn't do it but we it's done
And they said we wouldn't win but we won
They said it would be better if we run
(together)
But we ran to the top of the charts
Platinum plaques when this rap shit was fallin apart
Well she mention little Gunz, Tariq
Staring good, take a taste, fix yo face bitch, ain't nothin sweet
We just tryin to eat, the Bronx applyin the heat
You estimate a hundred thou, we sold 5 in a week
Chorus
Outro: Peter Gunz
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