

Lord Tariq & Peter Gunz, We Will Ball

Intro: Peter Gunz

Feel it, feel it

Coma ona, come on

DA, DA, DA

Where ya at(where ya at)

yo

Verse 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.s

Nigga 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 heard

I'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 drops

And 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

yo

Chorus: Peter Gunz &&& Lord Tariq

PG: