

Yukmouth, Ballers Feud

Chorus *(Phats Bossalini & Val Young)* 2x

That's the Ballers Feud

A thug changes, and love changes

That's the Ballers Feud

And best friends become strangers.

Verse 1*(Yukmouth)*

Survey says...

You know some fake mutha fuckas

I know some bustas too

this fake mutha fucka been causin rukus in my crew
since '92

at first I thought he was cool like Dru

always hollerin the Dangerous Crew, but if you only knew

them niggas don't wanna hang wit you

cuz of the thangs you do

learn a thang or two

talkin bad bout yo homies, two bitches who juss be framin you

niggas thinkin bout hangin you, the game is true

everywhere we go the punk hoo bangin you

makes it kinda hard for me to swang wit you

that's why niggas only hang wit Dru, my pimpydoo

folk-el, smoke out my Range Rove-el

What? What?

fuck these broke-els

I hate it when niggas be playin wit yo mail, because they only end up
smoked out

broke as hell

drivin buckets

I'm drivin luxury cars and plus shit

Benz the Lexus the roughest to fuck wit

so you wanna be P-I-M-P?

You need to get a bitch to fuck you fo free

you payin G's fo pussy.

(Chorus) 2x

Verse 2 *(Numskull)*

There's too many playas

too many ballas

too many hustlas

too many killas

too many pimped out mutha fuckas

so now we got the east coast and the west coast feudin to see who's
cleanest

the cleanest mutha fucka is the richest and the genius

what if you stumbles, like buyin too many houses

wit rims to put on yo shit, too many furry couches

who the mouses nigga, I think you knowin

sheadin tears from bitches who take yo shit and keep goin

an don't come back, cuz they done sucked you dick and yo cabbage

got 20 hoes across America livin lavish

hatin is juss a hoe thang, yo, I gotta live like that

a bitch can roll wit me, or hit the track

you can talk about pimpin, you can talk about killin

but when that shit goes down, sound minds will be revealin

when you die and comeback, maybe you can try again and beat me

but don't try now, cuz you niggas can't see me

22, ready to hoo ride at moments notice

first to swang, hittin noses, eyes can't focus

hocus pocus

now 25 niggas on ya

juss because you moved from California

Ballers Feud.

(Chorus) 2x

Verse 3 *(Kastro)*

We went from loved ones, on the way up

to no love at all
time to go though, so I don't give no fucks at all
cross the game
don't be playin, stoned get right
I shed blood wit this, and that can't be gone, overnight
this hate
man, could be a cold mutha fucka
close friends, close as cat scan, love 'em like my brother
now I
see 'em dyin like a mutha fucka
slow death, no breath
man I love it like my mother
and that's some cold shit, I'm on some mo' swole shit
listen quick
fingers thick
lady clit
piss this shit, on yo clit
niggas know I'm flossin K-Cash
cash foldin
you want what I'm holdin, my wife an my life stolen
worse enemy, authority
police are all enemy
richeously, this life fo' me ain't as bad as it seems to be
but still in all I love, all I love
take my ten fingers, my ten toes, an mash outta love
do it fo ya'll, all ya'll
my baby girl an God
this crazy world like a knife in the heart of my cause
now half part of me hard
the other part of me scarred
death wit out health, but still a nigga prayin to God.
(Chorus) 4x