

# How To Ball

Twista

Let me show you how to ball (how to ball)  
let me show you how to sack this dirty money out of raw (out of raw)  
let me show you that these bitches out here always can be bought (can be bought)  
let me show you how to ball (ball)  
let me show you that yo real niggas gone be there when you call (huh)

It's the L-i-double-f-y so gone and let's die  
killer from the westside you don't want to test I  
smokin' on that best buy feelin superfly ridin' high throughout the chi  
duckin' them guys on the rise watchin' dvd's on my car tv's  
makin' bitches freeze stop and do a 360 degrees  
while i'm in the breeze my mind's at ease smokin' on trees  
contemplatin' monopolies through these rapid keys  
it's all for the skeeze so bitch please I need a V-12  
and a gang of dro and island walkin' on seashells  
and if's all well in my life givin' up thanks everynight  
but my strength and my will to still fight  
in this fucked up world  
fucked up steady callin earl  
let me show you how to kill all that shit get to be a pearl  
and live yo life to the fullest caught out in the hata bullest wit a  
pocket full of g's cuz of yo nigga had to pull it get deez

Let me show you how to ball (how to ball)  
let me show you how to come up with that passion for the law (for the law)  
let me show you that these niggas out here ain't ready for war (for the war)  
let me show you how to ball (ball)  
let me show you how yo real niggas gone ball till they fall (huh)

All my gangsta's ridin wit me (let's get it on)  
let's show em how we make this money (till the early mornin)  
smokin pounds skeezin o-z (Southside)  
Legit ballin family (mobsta for life)  
representin' with them niggas that be hustlin' on the block  
when the spot be gettin hot and then we duckin and dodgin' cops  
thugs love that nigga Nitty cause they see the life I live  
I been hustlin for a mil way before a record deal  
so I know how it is to struggle  
let me show you how to ball  
how to stack yo paper tall and let no broad be yo downfall  
pimp mo hood rats now legit stallions  
pocket full of thousands legit ballin medallions  
bitch I'm a hustla St. Ides guzzla  
speedknot mobsta mister fuck a officer  
go getter's and gangsta's out here on the grind  
you got one life to live so make yo metal bling and shine

All the thugs in the world let me hear you holla out I got that raw  
all the killas and the ballaz if you wit let me hear holla back wit a fuck t  
he law  
all the niggas and the bitches in the club  
let me see you throw yo nines up to the ceilin'  
all the stick-em niggas in the party  
catch them muthafuckers up as soon as they leave the buildin'  
if you ready and willin then uh set you down  
with the mob and let me see you throw a knuckle up

have you hustle up if you comin betta buckle up  
cause I ride like what the fuck?  
now what the fuck is up  
rollin on rims we bout to die  
22's with enough clean smokin' much green  
while the ho's watch a fuck scene on the tv's with a touch screen  
run a three for twenty-five's on a two for fifteen's  
on a eight dollar hollas the mob figgas make a lot of dolla's  
pay for the repo can't take my Impala pop da colla  
but in the club they sho gone hate us  
all the ho's don't play us  
while we sportin' froze on gators  
with a dye half-broke like the ozone layers  
tell me where the dj  
where the dro where the drank  
gotta get be ?yappy ho's pappy? happy  
cuz i'm off that dank  
on the path of destruction i'm hustlin'  
while I gots to get that bank  
never bogus at all  
pacs and techs in the hall  
gettin' money with my dogs  
and I'm never actin' petty with the fedi if ya ready let me...