

# Ball

## Boosie Badazz

[Verse 1]

God fearin' weed dealer, the wise-eyed coke sniffer  
The drug dealer, ass kisser, the free me at last nigga  
For the pussy popper, the juvenile lookin' like she a mama partner  
The corner store, the Foot Locker, the Boosie juice, the talk advisor  
For the car thief, the teenage burglar, the young murderer  
For the prostitute and the pimp she got workin' her  
This for the slum life, for the dance that make you dance when you hear gunshots in the end  
This for every real nigga lost a friend, this for my nigga dead  
For the FEMA store, the track life babies who let that nina go  
For the Brookstown head buster, the Parktown fed ducker  
For the 3rd Ward jack niggas, for the Sherwood H sellers  
This for Bobby Shmurda, BG, and C-Murder, motherfucker, this for...

[Chorus]

Y'all, get that sack, ball  
Get that sack, ball, get that sack  
(Bad bitches, this for...)  
Y'all, get that sack, ball  
Get that sack, ball, get that sack, ball, ball, ball  
This for everybody wake up with a whole lot of money on they mind (Ball, bitch, ball)  
Get that sack, ball, get that sack, ball  
Get that sack, ball, get that sack, ball

[Verse 2]

Second verses for all my gangsters who done gone in  
Six feet, shit deep, I got long wind  
And this verse for my niggas in that cold pen  
Every man responsible for his own sin  
This one live, lil' one got his bag right, he put in overtime  
Lil' one kind of remind me of me, this for overtime  
Open locker, this for them choppers that ring like doorbells  
Baltimore, where most trigger fingers short as a toenail (Murder)  
Duval on BooPac, Saint Louis, don't even go there  
This for the bail bonds when you take half on a coke bale (Yeah, yeah)  
This for y'all in the bricks  
If they ain't tryna give us help then they ain't talkin' 'bout shit (Yeah, yeah)  
This for y'all in the clique, clique changed, lookin' sick  
Put your hood up in this bitch (Yeah, yeah)  
This for all the bad women who make Fashion Nova look better than Fendi

Baby girl, this for...

[Chorus]

Y'all, get that sack, ball

Get that sack, ball, get that sack

(Bad bitches, this for...)

Y'all, get that sack, ball

Get that sack, ball, get that sack, ball, ball, ball

This for everybody wake up with a whole lot of money on they mind (Ball, bitch, ball)

Get that sack, ball, get that sack, ball

Get that sack, ball, get that sack, ball

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>