

Balla Race

Andre Nickatina & Equipto

Balla Race Chorus: 2x
you in a balla race
trying to get all in a ballas face
workin your hips at a balla pace
wanna see how sweet a balla taste
you in a balla place-Andre Nickatina
man ima semi automatic
gotta get the cabbage
but if it werent for the religion man there wasnt a habit
work those heels make sure they dont break
how much dope can a sucka witch make
rollercoaster baby let them ride
do what you do but dont break your stride
4 door car seven Las Vegas nights
a gator so new that it still might bite
i need money 'cause i run red lights
my super witch is super tight
man you could of been foolin me
trying to give me fake jewelry
rap cat trying to choose and feed
peel bread now you loosin me
clam stolen its golden and im rollin
and im holdin on a knot so fat she said "Nicky do you love that"
in the mirror with a weed sack
i hurt her butt i didnt answer back
man i like that lil flute
the rhyming of ridin nute
i think im gonna wear my carmel suit
with a brown tie and them matchin boots
aint that the truth
girl your vision this like chess
windows down and nothing less
freak we can ball out
never have a fall out
roll around town no doubt with the mo' god of khan
have that dosie have that cobana
have that prada and sean jean
Chorus: 2x
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you in a balla place-Equipto
man everything fast
talk about bread but everything cash
divide the dividence divide the livinish
mo high than a lil bit
gotta split the game and lace some wit it
me and dreez got a race to finish
a relay wut we play
dj dont waste a minute
the way she pop it for profits
tricks they open their wallets
and plus they callin right after
my beezy stay in and pop it
i got it down to assign so back in my hand
i just dont rap for fans
ima do it like char, Hawaii, hoe in an arm
hey, three more in the car
-Andre Nickatina

baby i craddled this like air jordan dunks the carolina
im right behind ya, trying to find ya, and i remind ya
man excuse me
my mouth kiss like an uzi
if you choose me
'cause i look past all that beauty
'cause you destin to have beauty
and your sherly temples are like candy swirls
man all up in here is candy girls
straight bring your freinds along if they got a car
and if they up to par
be'cause my mouthpeice is fast like a rabbit
aint so slow you think you can grab it
even a magician think its magic
the way its all wrapped up in a package
baby its a ballas race-Equipto
like Tour De France
all in a rush you know who to pass
hop on the bus explore the math
but the homies aint here ill party yak out
on your mark get set
your heat can ball first but he aint no threat
and i can bet that on the past life
your shit last place for the last time
out of line out of time out of mind out of pocket
block your mind from the gossip
its a new day roll tough wit my hoes
and they can show you how to pop it, that coochie
you lost your pace
they never had takes to the boss sauce all in your face
with no time to waste

so let me see you chase the bread
before you get replaced
Chorus: 2x
you in a balla race
trying to get all in a ballas face
workin your hips at a balla pace
wanna see how sweet a balla taste
you in a balla place

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>