

# All Balls

Aceyalone

Yeah, say what  
Now, how the god damn pot go and call the kettle black?  
That bull shit  
Yo, but this ain't though  
Chapter seven, verse one, attention

All balls don't bounce, some balls roll and some balls hang  
And some people have a ball doin' they thang  
Now what's the result? Your life is biased  
All one-sided, surrounded by liars

Trials and tribs  
It's all ad-libs and all breakin' you a coupla ribs  
Now what if I breaks the tail on the lizard  
Is it gonna grow back? It is and you know that

But that ain't the case, I picture the place  
I capture a Kodak and show dat face  
You're just a shit stain on the draws of life  
And the trials of life and the styles of life

You won't be happy 'til you lost your life  
Or lose your mind, or die of boredom  
Or try to kill 'em all and let your God sort 'em  
Better earn your keep and learn to leap or burn in your sleep

Tryin' to get a little somethin', yo, I peep  
You bein' devoted  
But you shoulda let it seep  
Through the mask you sported

You ended up a swiggler caught in a swiggle  
Just gimme the signal and I'll state the terms  
As long as I can be there with fate to change  
You smokin' sherm

Or whatever the name, you're a trivial part in a trivia game  
Now what's your aim? A presidential campaign  
Like Ross Perot, he lost it though  
But he got a billion in da bank for show

Oh, me, I'm po' and you like me  
But I don't like you, nigga, you all fronts  
And I won't let one apple spoil the bunch  
Now get yo' hat and get yo' coat

All afloat, we goin' back to the real  
I got a question, answer me this  
What if me and you got caught in a twist  
And you accidentally got caught by the fist?

What's the gist, or what's the justice  
Or better yet, what if I had got busted  
For tryin' to go out like General Custer?  
Well, kiss yo' family, meet me at the juncture  
Better have a little bit a acupuncture

I reckon that you gonna have to smoke another bongload  
To get you enough  
To open your mouth  
Because I doubt that you know what it's really about

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Heard you keep your jewels in a safe  
That ain't safe with a ten-dollar locket  
I keep mines in between my front pockets  
'Cause I'm a darkie and they want me

Castrated, assassinated, well, here's your merit  
Better wear it with pride, just don't get all mushy inside  
And don't get pushy or wishy washy, your heart is squishy  
When it should be strong, your tail is bushy

When you shouldn't even have one  
Do you want another big hit of the bong?  
All balls don't bounce, now you wanna get indignant  
Show your stupidity and act all ig'nant

Now you got pigment, so you my kin  
It's like the hand, it's still on ice  
So you might starve tryin' to carve you a slice  
With a little brown rice and some black eye peas

Or two black eyes and two broke knees  
And two broke niggas tryin' to steal the cheese  
Got family ties, your family's giving  
Your family tries, your family's living

Your family croaks, dies of a stroke  
And that's the end  
But then you awoke  
As a baby again

So in your next life, you can be squabbler  
And eat peach cobbler till you get fat  
You can even live in a mansion or a wigwam  
Just remember all balls go flat

All balls don't bounce, all balls don't bounce and the nonce know  
All balls don't bounce and [unverified] know  
All balls don't bounce and [unverified] know  
All balls don't bounce, [unverified] know

All balls don't bounce, Abstract know  
All balls don't bounce, Fat Jack know  
All balls don't bounce, [unverified] know  
All balls don't bounce, CV Shack [unverified] know

All balls don't bounce, Ganjah K know  
All balls don't bounce, my nigga, Jupiter know  
All balls don't bounce, Volume ten know  
All balls don't bounce [unverified] know

All balls don't bounce, [unverified] know  
All balls don't bounce, Tyrone know  
All balls don't bounce, the West Coast know

All balls don't bounce, the East Coast know

All balls don't bounce

The World know

All balls don't bounce

All balls don't bounce

All balls don't bounce