

# Im A Balla (Feat. Far East, Play & Skills)

## Chamillionaire

[Chorus - Chamillionaire]

I'm A Balla, I walk the walk bruh

I'm not a talker

I keep it pimpin' so these women 'll pay me

If you a balla, and bout ya dollars

Then throw ya hands up if you gettin' it daily

Don't even talk uh, bout what it cost ya

If you ain't really out there gettin' it baby

If you a balla, and a shot calla

Then throw ya hands up if you gettin' it daily[Verse - Chamillionaire]

Koopa, I got comma's and zero's

And alot of robert deniro

I know hoes that love other hoes

that'll get down in a trio

But it ain't nothin' to me though

I'ma grinder, yall know my steelo

Got no record or no P.O

but I dodge police like I'm Neo, nigga we know

Far East and Chamillionaire

gon' bring 4 stacks then spend a pair

Throw 2 other stacks in the air

We stepped in here like G-G-G'yeah

You a balla, let me see it

You a shot caller, let me see it

Bout them dollars, let me see it

Pop ya collar, G-G-G'yeah[Chorus][Verse - Play]

Whomp! Whomp!, I'ma head bussa

I'ma keep on paper chasin'

servin' all these muthafucka's

I'ma keep on ridin'

ain't no way yall gonna ever touch us

I'ma keep on chieffin', puffin'

chokin' on that charlie dutchey

And I keep one on my side

that's my only buddy buddy

I'm movin' weight, like the nutty professor

better get ya change up ooh yessuh

Better pack that metal, they'll test ya

Stain chain, gotta hit em' hard

when I roll that truck like Pastor Troy  
24's in my ? bump  
Better get em' boy, sick em' boy  
Gotta make that money, rip em' boy  
Like a pitbull dog, I'll sick em' boy  
Here we came to bring in noise  
You a balla, let me see it  
You a shot caller, let me see it  
Bout them dollars, let me see it Pop ya collar, let me see it[Chorus][Verse - Far East]  
-Yeah, Play F, Skillz  
No matter what they say  
No matter what they do  
Muthafucka's ain't got no clue  
Of what we tryna do  
Ride in coupes, ride on Koopa, who what?  
Do what?, muthafuckas you ain't clappin' my crew  
Keepin' it gangsta, plus yall lack  
Black on Black, ridin' Jordans  
That ain't Coogi homie, quit cappin' you can't afford it  
That's how it go, doin' shows, puffin' dro, bangin' beats  
Far East, from Dallas, Tex, but TL call me Greg Street[Verse - Skillz]  
Me and Koopa not some hoopers, but we ballin'  
I see you actin' stupid, better move it or ya fallin'  
Pausin', never keep it movin' like my rims  
They say I'm clever, but it's the cheddar I spend that's makes me win  
If you a baller then dribble til' ya hands get tired  
'cause that's the way my wrist feels when I'm tryna raise it higher  
You a balla, let me see it  
Shot caller, let me see it  
Bout them dollars, let me see it  
Pop ya collar, let me see it[Chorus][Verse - Lumba]  
Like where do I start, or where do I begin  
When it comes to ballin' and flossin', I shine like them rims  
That's intend to spin, act like a crip, nah fuck it dog  
Act like a chimp, like crooked monkeys throwin' up sets  
You ain't no throw em' up click, you used to throwin' up bricks  
We pro-ballers down south daddy, empty the clips  
I got 5 in my eye, I need 10 on my wrist  
So while I'm flippin' ya bitch, I put 10 to the lips  
It's just that young boy Lumba  
who's known to bump a  
take over the industry, while these other rappers crumble  
I'ma balla, you can see it  
I'ma shot caller, you can see it  
I'ma flosser, you can see it

Superstar, gonna be it

Songwriters

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