Ballers

Phokus & Grapes

Shawnna got a 'lac, sittin' on tres
Shawnna don't need no nigga, I'm paid
Shawnna got stacks, Shawnna got grip
Shawnna got that so you better not slip
I'm posted on tha block
My girls tippin' dro
This cafe patron got me sippin' real slow
I'm lookin' like a star
Ice on my neck
Ice on my wrist
Ice on my chest
You might wanna fit but I ain't all that
I'm way fucked up, I'm way tore back
And I don't give a fuck, I got it like that
They took a niggaz juice
I got it right back
And now they like 'Damn'
Now they like 'Amazing'
Tondra roll 4, 5 blunts and we blazin'
Look at shawty gazin'
He lookin' like he want me
I'm sorry little daddy
I'm tryna get ya homie
Lames can't call her
(Lames can't call her)
All she date is ballers
(She only date ballers)
Shawty got a fetish
(For boys who go get it)
Squares can't call her
(Squares can't call her)
Lames can't call her
(Lames can't call her)
All she date is ballers
(She only date ballers)
Shawty got a fetish
(For boys who go get it)
She only date ballers
(It's Miss Shawnna)

I'm Gucci Mane, a flare, I'm MVP
I know your baby mama real proud of me
The Benz line say they get tried of me
I'm young kush man, I sell nothin' but QP's
Shawnna so fine, Gucci mane I'm good
She's so pretty but still so hood
Hey, little darling, how you Shawty?
I'm so marless, I can't call it
I'm so southern, you so northern
We so crack rock, they so corny
It's two-thirty early in tha mornin'
The way I cook a brick, it's like I'm doin' a performance
All eyes on we, homegirl want me
Say he on tha track, so tha track real funky
Pants red monkey, Gucci go donkey
Niggaz play crazy, get left stanky

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I wrote the first 3 for bitches in tha hood
My and 1 bitches smokin' on tha good
Sittin' on tha porch, sippin' on tha yak
Or posted in tha parking lot sittin' on tha 'lac
Them bitches got weight
Them bitches got work
Them bitches wanna trip
Them bitches gettin' murked
And stick em in tha dirt
And gone 'bout our business
And it ain't nothin' personal
It's all bout tha figures

It's M.O.E. till a bitch a dead
And I don't give a fuck about what a bitch said
I'm still gettin' money I'm still gettin' rich
I'm still that woman that will take your dick
Yeah, tha truth hurts, you still gotta face it
I spent ya whole deal on my ring and my bracelet
It's top notch twat
Cream of tha crop
I'm beatin' down ya block
And let the choppers chop
Chop, chop, chop, chop, chop, chop, chop
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