

# Ballers

## Project Pat

Man, why these niggas always hatin' on hypnotize and Cash Money?  
Man, fuck these niggas! What's up wodie?  
It's these gold girl and these platinum-mouth boys  
These big time Hot Boy\$, these 3-6 boys  
Wit the self made millionaire Cash Money boys You done fucked with the wrong nigga  
Must they know that I ride and I shoot quicker  
Should have known not to upset this lil' nigga  
You got a click so what nigga my click thicker A bunch of real niggas that'll burn ya  
With no waitin' catch ya slippin' then jam ya up  
Slangin' weight ain't no thang for me  
Play by the rules or shit I'll kill yo' family That's what I do  
Bust ya chest wide open  
And split ya fade nigga  
And them all frozen Moves from the 'K nigga  
Turk don't play when it's time to get serious  
Think, I'm a hoe  
Keep it that way and stay curious Niggas be shoutin' one love but wearin' black gloves  
Some niggas 26 and 28 still live in they mom house askin' for play  
Them niggas shouldn't be respected, they fake  
Instead of hittin' blocks with glocks and touchin' niggas money spot And breakin' bread with the woman who  
put 'em in that spot  
These niggas wanna trick they hoes  
And play with they nose  
Instead of totin' fo' fo's and movin' fuckin' kilos Nigga, I done bought more cars  
Than niggas done bought pussy hoes  
And bought more rims than niggas  
Done fucked they main hoe in they assholes 3-6 told me to roll and unload  
But nigga fuck that  
I'm tryin' to stack and mack  
And that deal with Universal shoulda showed that But Uptown is where it's at  
Playboy won't you tell me how you luv that?  
Won't you tell me how you luv that? Ballers  
We be on some twanky, twankies  
Playa hatas get found stanky, stanky  
Trickin' fat blunts of that danky, danky  
Big diamond rangs on our panky, panky We be on some twanky, twankies  
Playa hatas get found stanky, stanky  
Trickin' fat blunts of that danky, danky  
Big diamond rangs on our panky, panky Fuck with 3-6 Mafia gon' make me millions

Fuck with CMR gon' make me some more millions  
I can see it, I'm a kill 'em  
And build me and building  
And put some money to the side for my mom and my children  
Ridin' with my nigga Rambezee, to the easy  
Drinkin' for my nigga Babyzee and B.G.eezy  
Ducked off  
Tinted windows on my candy apple cut dawg  
It's a classy nigga, fuck ya'll I'm representin' Northern Memphis to the fuckin' fullest  
We ain't the kind to tote a gun when there ain't no bullets  
And when that drama starts the strap we expect to pull it  
You see a nigga holdin' gauge and you wish he would have rolled by yo' mama house and put her in a coma  
'Cuz niggas gone on that Hennessey and Marijuana  
And now we back up in the hood on a burner phone-a  
In that game slangin' came to you blood donors  
It's on, coward They call me quick draw 2 pistols Lil' Wayne  
Champagne took my brain, I don't think I just aim  
Drop tops on a Z-3  
Start shootin' like 3 burners How come them try me  
Never know me block burner  
Better watch for lil' shorty in black  
Nigga get back 'Bout to make my glock 40 click clack  
Brrr kill it  
It's yo Life  
Spill It Playin' with the realest  
Pop fire like a skillet  
Now nigga what the dilly  
Highly influenced on Cristal I'm warnin' you to clear the set because it gets wild  
I be disguised as a mailman with a pistol  
Then deliver him 50 shots  
And take his child Punk bitch I dare ya  
I double dare ya step against this pot belly  
Bitches they try to step to the ruler but they ain't ready  
Weak ass them cowards try to make moves but I knock 'em out 2nd ones step ya'll need more help  
2 barrels in his mouth  
Face it when this shits fucked up you gotta deal with it  
This is my game, live with it or get killed with it These are my dice  
This is my board I let you roll off  
And how you gon' have ice  
When I cut your fuckin' water off We be on some twanky, twankies  
Playa hatas get found stanky, stanky  
Trickin' fat blunts of that danky, danky  
Big diamond rangs on our panky, panky It's the project nigga, roll back I own them bricks  
Kickin' game with the Hot Boy\$ and 3-6  
B.G., Juvenile, Baby, Lil' Wayne  
North Memphis, Uptown and we havin' thangs Ain't no thang when ya come real ya gotta shine

I'm strapped with a glock 9, he ain't takin' mine  
We in our prime puttin' in work players never rush it  
Full of gin, fucking hoes, like I'm mad Russian  
A discussion amongst men means a power move  
Is about to be made for a come-up fool  
Slang that iron when you get in my business  
Hypnotize, Cash Money on the rise bitch  
We be on some twanky, twankies  
Playa hatas get found stanky, stanky  
Trickin' fat blunts of that danky, danky  
Big diamond rangs on our panky, panky  
We be on some twanky, twankies  
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