Wanna Be A Baller

Lil' Troy

Wanna be a baller, shot caller
Twenty inch blades on the Impala
A caller gettin' laid tonight
Swisher rolled tight, gotta sprayed by Ike
I hit the highway, making money then fly way
But there's got to be a better way
A better way, better way, yeah
I'ma baller, I'ma twenty inch crawler
Blades on Impala, diamond rottweiller
I, 10 hauler, not a leader not follower
Break these boys off I'ma twenty inch crawler
Bust a left, a right, I'm outta sight, I'm throwed
I'm bouncin' off the road, I'm in a modem with them foe dem
Tiny tune hop out my big body form chain
With the Chong, can't forget Moet along
I'm hot, find me lookin' good, diamonds against my wood
Man it's understood got money in my hood
I'm pushing, big body can't stop me
For the nine, eight got to sell a million copy
I'ma crawl slow puffin' on the Optimo hit the sto'
I'ma go real slow puffin' indo out the do'
I'ma lit the stash green, man, I'm lookin' clean
Want remote control screens with ice bezeltynes
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Big ballin', smashin', makin' my ends
Smokin' big killa, gettin' high in the Benz
Big ballin', smashin', makin' my ends
Smokin' big killa, gettin' high in the Benz
In the wind smoke goes as I crawl down on Vogues
Twenty Lorenzo, smoke all up in my nose
Yo eyes, get froze, as you see my low
Candy red, two-do', let my top down slow
Hittin', my remote, sittin', in my shit

Presidential V-12 with that AMG kit
It don't quit, as I get high
From K.C. to H-Town, connectin' South Side
Now we worldwide, watch me high side
Fat Pat blowin' killa, can't be denied
187 thugs, oh yeah, we got love
Blowin' sticky green we flow through and above
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Sittin' Fat Down South, rollin' Benz on blocks
Mo' scrilla I got, signin' with Shortstop
And that's for real, so tell me how you feel
To make a million dollars out my first record deal
Shortstop puttin' up your motherfuckin' ear
Really, really don't give a fuck and I ain't drinkin' on no beer
Codeine what I sip, pistol grip when I ride
Trunk hit fo' life baby it's South Side

We on a fuckin' mission Expedition Navigator
That's how we be ridin', alligator suitcasin'
Puttin' it in your face and that's for real
Shinin' harder than the grill it's the player Lil' Will
Down with the 2-Low, Yungstar be a thug
So nigga, nigga what? I'm down with Mo'Thugs
Mo'Thugs an' da Bone, you know it's goin' down
Represent that H-Town, pop trunks surround by sound
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I gots to get better man, it gots to move on
Switched from Motorola to a PrimeCo phone
Broke in two chrome, now you know no dope pigeon
Used to count my spoke, now these hoes count my inches
Had to get older, man, it got colder
I done got grown and got a chip on my shoulder
Licks in Kuwait, got links in Pakistan

Boys don't understand virtual reality Caravan
Double doors, marble floors, naked hoes around me
Every time I'm comin' out, niggaz they wanna sign me
Got the Lil' Will diamond griller's [unverified]
Blaze in the Benz and you can't forget Den-Den
Boobie diamond Ruby's, I'm watchin' on a movie
Drop the top it's cotton and you know I'm in a jacuzzi
Bourban and I'm swervin', man it's gettin' hot
My last name Lemmon, drive my tight 'um off the lot, David Taylor
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I hit the highway, everything's my way, I parley
Everyday all day, ain't no way
Boys can't stop as I slide through your neighborhood
Chop, chop, chop, headed straight to the top
I only play to win 'bout to close up shop
Show stoppin' dead end, pimp the pen once again
Peep the message I send
Take these levels that you devils can't comprehend
Big bout it Benz as I floss through the south
Big blue lens now whatcha talkin' about?
Close yo' mouth as I settle all scores
Scream and shout my similes and metaphors
Mansion doors I constantly close
All you hoes go and take off your clothes
Lord knows ain't no time to play
Commence to fuckin' and-a suckin' on the H.A.W.K.
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