

# Ballers

## Party Crashers Unite

Shawwna got a 'lac, sittin' on tres  
Shawwna don't need no nigga, I'm paid  
Shawwna got stacks, Shawwna got grip  
Shawwna 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 Shawwna)

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  
Shawwna 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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