Ballers (feat. Gangsta Boo)

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 boysYou 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 thickerA 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' familyThat's what I do
Bust ya chest wide open
And split ya fade nigga
And them all frozenMoves 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 curiousNiggas 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 spotAnd 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' kilosNigga, I done bought more cars
Than niggas done bought pussy hoes
And bought more rims than niggas
Done fucked they main hoe in they assholes3-6 told me to roll and unload
But nigga fuck that
I'm tryin' to stack and mack
And that deal with Universal shoulda showed thatBut 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, pankyWe be on some twanky, twankies
Playa hatas get found stanky, stanky
Trickin' fat blunts of that danky, danky
Big diamond rangs on our panky, pankyFuck 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 childrenRidin' 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'llI'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 haveRolled 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, cowardThey 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 burnersHow 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 ItPlayin' with the realest
Pop fire like a skillet
Now nigga what the dilly
Highly influenced on CristalI'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 childPunk 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 out2nd 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 itThese are my dice
This is my board I let you roll off
And how you gon' have ice
When I cut your fuckin' water offWe be on some twanky, twankies
Playa hatas get found stanky, stanky
Trickin' fat blunts of that danky, danky
Big diamond rangs on our panky, pankyIt'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' thangsAin'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 RussianA 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 bitchWe be on some twanky, twankies
Playa hatas get found stanky, stanky
Trickin' fat blunts of that danky, danky
Big diamond rangs on our panky, pankyWe be on some twanky, twankies
Playa hatas get found stanky, stanky
Trickin' fat blunts of that danky, danky
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