

Mr. Baller

Royce Da 5'9"

Nah, man, we don't take our chains off, nah
We're here to make noise
We're here to make noise
With VA and Detroit boys
We're here to make noise
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Nigga, we're here to make noise
With VA and Detroit boys
Come on, come on
Twin Nina Ross sisters, promise to never miss ya
Hit ya thirty-four times to make your skin blister
Extended clips, cocked back quick to chrome sisters
You wild fire gunnin' bin barrels with Rogue pistols
Walkin' contradiction like Quiet Noise
No words, eyes blurred with my diamonds pores
Four karats in these ears make you call your boys
While I'm surrounded by bitches with guns and sex toys
Blind love for money, head and warm steel
Coke off the boat, wrapped in banana peels
Life's so pricey, it's sendin' ya body chills
And we baptize cars, put hollows through windshields
I'm Mr. Baller, nigga, I'm Mr. Baller
What you talkin' 'bout, nigga, you see a baller
Fuck that bullshit, nigga, 'cuz I'm a baller
I take on all y'all nigga, now that's a baller
I'm Mr. Baller, nigga, I'm Mr. Baller
What you talkin' 'bout, nigga, you see a baller
Fuck that bullshit, nigga, 'cuz I'm a baller
I take on all y'all nigga, now that's a baller
Hollow take what? Y'all cats ya want none
I wanna see God, first come and meet my gun
Life's a bitch, diamonds to shine, fuck to shit
Detroit, paradise if you roll wit' my clique
Otherwse it's hell, ain't no escapin' the trips
They gotta gun, good
You'a need it in the land of the trench
Pick 'em up, fuck 'em up
Every man for theyself
Unless you cheat wit' a crew similar to myself

We in the to be killa zone, playin' the D
Lovin' the D, out-a towners hatin' the D
I die for the D
If I could I'd fuckin' marry the D
Stick my dick in the streets
And nut a bomb in the D
You lookin' at at least 50 granny in face
And if you thought any less, just know you made a mistake
They done told you wrong, Clipse in the grey Yukon
Don't mistake this style for hot and it ain't lukewarm
We gets busy, whether dressed in Croc'dile or Lizzie
You can catch a hot ball from a all black Lizzie
Start flamin', watch cats start they explainin'
Should've known when around my dogs, tuck yo chain in
Any time you look, bet you find us in whips
Diamonds and shit, break scams from the finest of chicks
Royce and Neptunes sick like dead babies in restrooms
Malice and Dome Sheist, y'all niggaz is flesh wounds
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I was trained to hang 'til the raid is over
Roll wit' nothin' but a whole brigade of soldiers
I was young, holdin' guns, I kept one wit' me
In the flat bed in the back of an F-150
I see three and the six, me and the Clipse
Squeeze off, pop the guns, you seein' tips
So ride wit' me, nigga die wit' me
Yo this money's the easiest shit to get in this world besides pussy
That'll cost you my whole crew will stomp you to death
Wearin' cleats until you look like a waffle, I won the battle
The first nigga to ever get the cover of "The Source"
And the cover of "Guns and Ammo"
Burn you alive soon as you and the fire collide
Hit me, it'll just be a nigga, hired to die
Plus I ball, I'm ignorant, Dogg
I'm a muthafuckin' star, nigga, suck my balls
I'm Mr. Baller, nigga, I'm Mr. Baller
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