

# 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  
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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  
Otherwise 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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Fuck that bullshit, nigga, 'cuz I'm a baller  
I take on all y'all nigga, now that's a baller  
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  
What you talkin' 'bout, nigga, you see a baller  
Fuck that bullshit, nigga, 'cuz I'm a baller

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