

# Big Ballin' (Explicit Album Version)

Paul Wall

I'm ballin' baby ("big ballin'")  
Gridiron on the beat  
Big house, big car  
Hoes everywhere, ice everywhere, money everywhere  
I'm ballin' man, I ain't braggin'  
I'm just tellin' you what it is like, I'm ballin'  
Know'm talkin' bout? What up ?  
I see you on the beat mo' betta I'm comin' down, candy paint, sprayed by that Eddie  
12 coats of that clear lookin' like some grape jelly  
My paint's drippin' wet, my slab is superb  
Park the truck and catchin' boppers down here in this dirty third  
I hold it down for the block bleeders workin' overtime  
Not concerned at all with petty shit, I'm occupied on the grind  
I keep my mind on breakin' bread, makin' chess moves, thinkin' ahead  
I soaked up game at a early age, I'm built for this, I'm a seasoned vet  
Swangers symbolize respect, cain't just anybody tip on Vogues  
They'll catch you slippin' in the turnin' lane, and leave ya ass naked walkin' home  
Candy on chrome is how I drive, with screens fallin' in the back of the ride  
My music screwed and my drank is purple, go and take a sip I'd be obliged  
I'm comin' straight from the land of the fry, the city of syrup and the home of Screw  
I'm on the block with my potnah Gooch, stashin' cash in my Reebok shoe  
What that do I can't complain, the candy gloss drippin' off the frame  
Ball in the mix I'm off the chain, it's goin' down H-Town [Chorus: x4]  
I'm big ballin' baby, yeah, and I'm spendin' cheese  
I'm on my grind all day makin' money with ease I'm grippin' on that wood grain, I'm sippin' on that good drank  
I'm showin' love to every side and every neighborhood man  
I got them neon lights glowin', representin' my block  
I'm on that 59 South, ridin' with my trunk popped  
From that Homestead to that Spice Lane, I'm on Scott, in the turning lane  
I'm headed straight to that Timmy Chan's, order up and let's get some wings  
New Hawk on that channel, I'm on that dolly right  
On the way to my gran-ty house, I'm navigated by bubble lights  
I'm teded by that junior, I'm cut up by White Mike  
Busted up by that Mr. Davis, sluggin' me is a beautiful night  
That chrome is quite atrocious, complimented by candy gloss  
I'm tiptoein on fo' swangers, eighty-fo's like Randy Moss  
Open mouth and show platinum grill, it's like a disco ball  
I got expensive tastes, courtesy of expensive jaws  
They see me comin' grill and woman, truck bumpin'

Knockin' pictures off the wall is nothin' cause I'm a baller[Chorus]When the speakers start bumpin' and that  
fifth relax

I make the trunk dance around like it's doin jumpin' jacks  
I'm ridin' on them Spyders, them eighty-fo's tiptoein'  
And that trunk is exalted with them neon lights glowin  
The candy paint's immaculate, drippin' wet up off the fender  
Beat the block up like a boxer, chop the street up like a blender  
I got the flat screens fallin' down from the ceiling  
And the platinum mouthpiece with diamonds in the filling  
I'm big ballin', grippin' grain, breakin' bread, I'm stackin' change  
Gettin' money I'm havin' things with two commas, I can't complain  
Drippin' candy paint, off the frame, switchin' lanes  
In the turning lane leavin' stains, cause I'm a baller[Chorus]

Songwriters

SLAYTON, PAUL MICHAEL/BERRY, TODD EDWARDS/EARL, CALVINPublished by  
Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., THE ROYALTY NETWORK INC., Royalty Network Song Discussions  
is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>