

Mr. Baller (feat. Clipse, Pharrell & Tre Little)

Royce da 5'9"

[Pharell]

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
We're here to make noise!
Nigga, we're here to make noise
With VA and Detroit boys[Pusha T]
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[Hook: x 2]
I'm Mr. Baller, nigga
I'm Mr. Baller
What's you talkin' bout nigga you see a baller
Fuck that bullshit nigga 'cause I'm a baller
I take on all why'all nigga
Now that's a baller[Tre-Little]
Hollow tip what?
why'all cats don't want none
I want to see God, first come and meet my gun
Life's a bitch
Diamonds to shine (fucka) 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-townners 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[Malice]
 You lookin' at at least 50 grand in your 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 "crocodile" or Lizzie
 You can catch a hot ball from an all black Lizzie
 Start flamin', watch they cats start they explainin'
 Should've know, 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, why'all niggaz is flesh wounds[Hook: x 2][Royce Da5'9]
 Well, uh
 I was trained to hang 'til the raid is over
 Roll wit nuttin' but a whole brigade of soldiers
 I was young holdin' guns, I kept one wit me
 In the flatbed in the back of an F-150
 I see three and the six, me and the Clipse
 Squeeze off, pop the guns, you seein' the tips
 Ride wit me, nigga die wit me
 Yo this money's the easiest shit to get in this world beside 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
 (Suck my muthafuckin balls!)[Hook: x 4]

Songwriters

Hugo, Chad / Williams, Pharrell L / Thornton, Terrence Le Varr / Thornton Jr, Gene Elliott / Montgomery,

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