Big Ballin'

Paul Wall

I'm ballin baby
Big ballin, big ballin, big ballin, 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 what I'm talkin' 'bout? Whattup beat [Incomprehensible]
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, can'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
I'm big ballin baby, yeah and I'm spendin' cheese
I'm on my grind all day makin' money with ease
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I'm on my grind all day makin' money with ease
I'm grippin' on that woodgrain, I'm sippin' on that good drank
I'm showin' love to every side and every neighborhood mayne
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 turnin' lane

I'm headed straight to that Timmy Chan's
Order up and let's get some wangs
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
Bolted 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 nuttin' 'cause I'm a baller
I'm big ballin baby, yeah and I'm spendin' cheese
I'm on my grind all day makin' money with ease
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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 exulted 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 ceilin'
And the platinum mouthpiece with diamonds in the fillin'
I'm big ballin, grippin' grain, breakin' bread, I'm stackin' change
Gettin' money I'm havin' thangs with two commas, I can't complain
Drippin' candy paint, off the frame, switchin' lanes
In the turnin' lane leavin' stains 'cause I'm a baller
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