Wanna Be A Balla

Lil' Troy

Wanna be a balla, shot caller
Twenty inch blades on the Impala
A caller gettin' laid tonight
Swisher rolled tight, gotta sprayed by IkeI hit the highway, making money the fly way
But there's got to be a better way
A better way, better way, yeah ayI'm a baller, I'ma twenty inch crawler
Blades on Impala, diamond Rottweiler
I-10 hauler, not a leader, not follower
Break these boys off, I'm a twenty inch crawlerBust a left, a right, I'm outta sight, I'm throwed
I'm bouncin off the road, I'm in a modem with them fo' dem
Tiny tune, hop out my big body form
Chain with the Chong, can't forget Moet alongI'm hot, find me lookin' good, diamonds against my wood
Man, it's understood, got money in my hood
I'm pushing, big body can't stop me
For the nine eight got to sell a million copyI'ma crawl slow puffin' on the Optimo, hit the sto'
I'ma go real slow, puffin indo out the do'
I'ma lit the stash green, man I'm lookin' clean
Want remote control screens with ice bezeltynesWanna be a balla, shot caller
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But there's got to be a better way
A better way, better way, yeah ayBig ballin', smashin', makin' my ends
Smokin' big killa, gettin' high in the Benz
Big ballin', smashin', makin' my ends
Smokin' big killa, gettin' high in the BenzIn the wind, smoke goes as I crawl down on Vogues
Twenty Lorenzo, smoke all up in my nose
Yo' eyes, get froze, as you see my low
Candy red, two do', let my top down slowHittin' my remote, sittin' in my shit
Presidential V-12 with that AMG kit
It don't quit, as I get high
From K.C. to H-Town, connectin' SouthSideNow we worldwide, watch me high side
Fat Pat blowin' killa, can't be denied
187 thugs, oh yeah, we got love
Blowin' sticky green we flow through and aboveWanna be a balla, shot caller
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A better way, better way, yeah aySittin' fat down south, rollin' Benz on blocks
Mo' scrilla I got, signin' with Shortstop
And that's for real, so tell me how you feel
To make a million dollars out my first record dealShortstop, puttin' up your motherfuckin' ear
Really really don't give a fuck and I ain't drinkin' on no beer
Codeine what I sip, pistol grip when I ride
Trunk hit fo' life, baby, it's SouthSideWe on a fuckin' mission, Expedition Navigator
That's how we be ridin', alligator suitcasin'
Puttin' it in your face and that's for real
Shinin' harder than the grill, it's the player Lil' WillDown with the 2-Low, Yungstar be a thug
So nigga, nigga what? I'm down with Mo'Thugs
Mo'Thugs an' da Bone, you know it's goin' down
Represent that H-Town, pop trunks surround by soundWanna be a balla, shot caller
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Switched from Motorola to a PrimeCo phone
Broke in two chrome, now you know no dope pigeon
Used to count my spoke, now these hoes count my inchesHad to get older, man, it got colder
I done got grown and got a chip on my shoulder
Licks in Kuwait, got links in Pakistan
Boys don't understand virtual reality CaravanDouble doors, marble floors, naked hoes around me
Every time I'm comin' out, niggaz they wanna sign me
Got the Lil' Will diamond grillers [unverified]
Blaze in the Benz and you can't forget Den-DenBoobie diamond rubies, I'm watchin' on a movie
Drop the top, it's cotton, and you know I'm in a Jacuzzi
Bourbon and I'm swervin', man, it's getting' hot
My last name Lemmon, drive my tight'um off the lot, David TaylorWanna be a balla, shot caller
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A better way, better way, yeah ayI hit the highway, everything's my way, I parlay
Everyday all day, ain't no way
Boys can't stop as I slide through your neighborhood
Chop, chop, chop, headed straight to the top
I only play to win, 'bout to close up shopShowstoppin' dead end, pimp the pen once again
Peep the message I send
Take these levels that you devils can't comprehend
Big 'bout it Benz as I floss through the south
Big blue lens now whatcha talkin' about?Close yo' mouth as I settle all scores
Scream and shout my similes and metaphors
Mansion doors, I constantly close

All you hoes, go and take off your clothes
Lord knows, ain't no time to play
Commence to fuckin' and a suckin' on the H.A.W.K.Wanna be a balla, shot caller
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