

Clipse, Mr. Baller

"[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 x2] [Pharell]

I'm Mr. Baller, nigga

I'm Mr. Baller

What's 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

[Tre-Little]

Hollow tip what?

Y'all cats don't want none

I wanna 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

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

[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, y'all niggaz is flesh wounds
[Hook x2]
[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
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