

Lil' Troy, Wanna Be A Baller (Edit)

Chorus: Fat Pat

Wanna be a -- baller, shot caller
Twenty inch blades -- on the Impala
A caller gettin laid tonight
Swisher rolled tight, gotta sprayed by Ike
I hit the HIIIGHWAY, making money the FLYYYY WAY
But there's got to be a BETT-ER WAYY!
A better way, better way, YEAH-AHHHH

(Yungstar)

I'ma -- baller, I'ma twenty inch crawler
Blades on Impala, diamond rottweiler
I-10 hauler, not a leader not follower
Break these boys off I'ma twenty inch crawler
Bust a left, a right, I'm outta sight I'm throwed
I'm bouncin off the road I'm in a modem with them foe dem
Tiny tune -- hop out my big body form
Chain with the chong, can't forget Moet along
I'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 copy
I'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 bezeltynes

Chorus

(Fat Pat)

Big 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 Benz
In 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 slow
Hittin, 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 SouthSide
Now we worldwide, watch me highside
Fat Pat blowin killa, can't be denied
187 thugs, oh yeah we got love
Blowin sticky green we flow through and above

Chorus

(Lil' Will)

Sittin' 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 deal
Shortstop -- 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 SouthSide
We 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' Will
Down 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 sound

Chorus

(Yungstar)

I gots to get better man, it gots to move on
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 inches
Had 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 Caravan
Double doors marble floors naked hoes around me
Everytime I'm comin out, niggaz they wanna sign me
Got the Lil' Will diamond grillers ??
Blaze in the Benz and you can't forget Den-Den
Boobie diamond Ruby's, I'm watchin on a movie
Drop the top it's cotton, and you know I'm in a jacuzzi
Bourban and I'm swervin, man it's gettin hot
My last name Lemmon, drive my tight'um off the lot, David Taylor

Chorus

(Hawk)

I hit the highway
Everything's my way, I par-le
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 shop
Showstoppin 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.

Chorus