

# Nasty Boy Klick, To My Ballerz (Collabo)

(Rappin' 4-Tay)

Yo, what's up ('Sup)

4-Tay, NBK (NBK)

Colabo (Colabo)

Check it out

We mobbin' like this y'all

(Chorus)

(NBK) □ To my ballerz with the dollaz who be flexxin' the Lexus

(4-Tay) □ For all the homies and lowriders who be hittin' the switches

(NBK) □ And to my ladies in the clubs who be shakin' it up □ □ □

(4-Tay) □ 4-Tay and NBK showin' love sho' 'nuff

(NBK) □ To my ballerz with the dollaz who be flexxin' the Lexus

(4-Tay) □ For all the homies and lowriders who be hittin' the switches

(NBK) □ And to my ladies in the clubs who be shakin' it up □ □ □

(4-Tay) □ 4-Tay and NBK all night, all day

(Rappin' 4-Tay)

How would I rap? How would I rhyme? How would I get me some piece of mine?

Players like to recline, simple and expensive wine

Not that they can't f\*\*k this funk nor this flavor

You best to check that bitch before she catch that freaky behavior

We gettin' these dirty damn presidents (presidents)

For the safety deposit box in my residence

'cause real players stack a grip, can't be hesitant, maneuver on my cellular

A hundred, a hundred, a hundred, a more profit on the regular

Drop-top double R's, stackin' like Escobar

Gotta get that paper, us Cali players do it all

Genie, garage door opener, haters glancin', keepin' the Feds off-balanced

They can't find my mansion

Three hundred CE's, five hundreds and half-dozens

Just got that plug for my dogs, me and my cousins

Just like them Mafiosos, so let's just make a toast-a

Boss-ballerz, shot callerz, and I'm the force

(Chorus)

(NBK)

Now I'm, out the door with my entourage

I hit the button in the ele' to the hundred ground garage

Now we blazin' through your city

All day at the ball, with the show and all these bitches

Got my balls on, tip the valet and get the key

Now we got one more hour until we gots to be onstage

And now we out, yeah, we headin' to the spot

Bouncin' through the avenues, roll up a fatty

You have to see to cruise, and now we out front

Rosa, roach from the blunt, and tell we smokey

We left the VIP person at the gate choking

Arena sold out, for the burnt out extended ?corndale?

Bended defender, twenty-inch bowl into my shows

Ziggy, how you smashing?

In a pro-wide navigator limousine made by Lincoln

You know I put the shine on my Dayton

And the put the bounce in my speakers

Put the high in the chronic, yea, yea, c'mon

(Chorus)

(NBK)

For the dollaz, yo, sho' 'nuff video, get the switch off OG's ride

Four-oh-oh ODS, take to the eyes, hella high, right, with the red eyes

Better tip you slow, had a vision the dough when the fo' fo' come round

Our eyes are swoll', hold up, better get that

Flip back, get your back up my mobile  
Oh, damnit, we gon' go 4-Tay, NBK, all day, everyday get paid  
No doubt for the clan I'm out gon' want, double O on the freeway  
Ain't wrong, baby doll, pullin' into your driveway  
Walked into your house, bust it out, with a J and a bottle of Tangerade

(Chorus)