

# Nelly feat. Tim McGraw, Ballers Up In Here

(Chorus)(Nelly)

I see nothing but gangstas up in here  
I see nothing but ballers up in here  
I see nothing but dope stacks up in here  
I see nothing but flossers up in here

Ah Yeah

We gon mash it up  
If you ladies want war we gon blast it up  
If you bitches got bling flash it up  
R.A.M Squad, Universal gon stack it up  
Ah Yeah

(Nelly)

You can catch me in tha back like Shaq, nigga, posted up  
Or at the bar with some broad, nigga, toasted up  
Any you open mouth niggers I'm a close 'em up  
Anybody wanna try I'ma burst it up  
I put a T.V. in her headrest I own  
I left a tattoo of Nelly on her, plus I was on on  
It's to the point I can't even get no rest at home  
How many times can a nigga change his phone  
Yeah I left with five bitches but I came alone  
Half these niggas couldn't do it if you became a clone  
Best let me run my game  
'cause yall gon know my name when I bust that thang  
I'm like Celly in the club  
I need more Christmas  
Niggas pissed in the club  
Like who the f\*\*k is this  
Country nigga in this bitch tryin' to take our shine  
I takin' yours I'm just expandin' mine, aiight

(Chorus)

(Ram Squad)

I'm in the jet like diamonds... shinin'  
Twenties on the S-Tank system bombin'  
Rocks off the chain man... been grimmin'  
Ball till my knees mash  
Stash for the new Jag  
I'm now, win now got money to let my friends know  
Bend down, bend down, down underground  
When I pop up spray relms  
In and out of town for white ice  
But I ain't playin' Dru Down  
'cause I'm platinum bound  
Gon through plus stacks  
Rugged like the motherf\*\*ker named Blacks  
Big Benz, Big Rims, Big spendin' it up  
Big ballin' ass nigga from the end of the Dub  
C'mon

(Chorus)

(Bridge)(Nelly)

Aiight we gon mash it up  
I'm in the 69 Rolls nigga gas it up  
Anything on the road I'm gon class it up  
80" four screen screech trash it up

(Ram Squad)

Niggas want rhymes

Yall bout to hear me shine  
If I don't sign back with quarters and dimes  
I'm nothin' but a baller till the day that I die  
I'm a live my life of crime

(Sticky Fingaz)

Don't trust no thug I'm around the clock  
Hopped out the spot lyin' around the block  
Stay long enough to find a shorty dead on the rocks  
No security, I'm greeting you with pounds and glocks  
Hennessy straight in the glass hold the ice  
I'm unpredictable my life is like a roll of dice  
Got bitches heads turning like the poltergiest  
Except they ain't gold diggers they want diamonds now  
Its guns, bitches, and weed when I'm in town  
Yo son your man wildin' better calm him down  
Before I beat with the handle and turn him into a vegetable  
And the next time I'm in town I'll f\*\*k it up for the rest of yall

(Ram Squad)

Ball out like Stoudamire  
Wave back hairs dry like urban fire  
Blue faced, hard fame, like rocky rider  
We out in St.louis like Mark McGwire  
Twist snips spit fire like a tone barretta  
Millionaire in the ring rock the gold umbrella  
Got the cream cheese, cheddar, and mozzarella  
Tooth out baller yall, livin it better  
Put keys in the hood call me Mr. C  
Heavy neck with the bling like Mr. T  
Seen Nelly's blue truck so I copped the V  
Paid my way out of court so I copped a plea  
Now my slang like Onyx, puff on chronic  
Hear my voice hooked on phonics  
Everyone want to be a baller now  
Wanna be a big shot, shotcaller now

(Chorus)

(Bridge)