

Paul Wall, Big Ballin'

I'm ballin baby [“big ballin” - repeat and stutter]
Gridiron on the beat
Big house, big car
Hoes everywhere, ice everywhere, money everywhere
I'm ballin man, I ain't braggin
I'm just tellin you what it is like, I'm ballin
Knahmtalkinbout? Whattup {?}
I see you on the beat mo' betta

[Paul Wall]

I'm comin down, candy paint, sprayed by that Eddie
12 coats of that clear lookin like some grape jelly
My paint's drippin wet, my slab is superb
Park the truck and catchin boppers down here in this dirty third
I hold it down for the block bleeders workin overtime
Not concerned at all with petty shit, I'm occupied on the grind
I keep my mind on breakin bread, makin chess moevs, thinkin ahead
I soaked up game at a early age, I'm built for this, I'ma seasoned vet
Swangers symbolize respect, cain't just anybody tip on Vogues
They'll catch you slippin in the turnin lane, and leave ya ass naked walkin home
Candy on chrome is how I drive, with screens fallin in the back of the ride
My music screwed and my drank is purple, go and take a sip I'd be obliged
I'm comin straight from the land of the fry, the city of syrup and the home of Screw
I'm on the block with my potnah Gooch, stashin cash in my Reebok shoe
What that do I can't complain, the candy gloss drippin off the frame
Ball in the mix I'm off the chain, it's goin down H-Town

[Chorus 4X: Paul Wall]

I'm big ballin baby, yeahhh, and I'm spendin cheese
I'm on my grind all day makin money with ease

[Paul Wall]

I'm grippin on that woodgrain, I'm sippin on that good drank
I'm showin love to every side and every neighborhood mayne
I got them neon lights glowin, representin my block
I'm on that 59 South, ridin with my trunk popped
From that Homestead to that Spice Lane, I'm on Scott, in the turning lane
I'm headed straight to that Timmy Chan's, order up and let's get some wangs
New Hawk on that chan-nel, I'm on that dolly right
On the way to my gran-ty house, I'm navigated by bubble lights
I'm teded{?} by that junior, I'm cut up by White Mike
Busted up by that Mr. Davis, sluggin me is a beautiful night
That chrome is quite atrocious, complimented by candy gloss
I'm tiptoein on fo' swangers, eighty-fo's like Randy Moss
Open mouth and show platinum grill, it's like a disco ball
I got expensive tastes, courtesy of expensive jaws
They see me comin grill and woman, truck bumpin
Knockin pictures off the wall is nuttin cause I'm a baller

[Chorus]

[Paul Wall]

When the speakers start bumpin and that fifth relax
I make the trunk dance around like it's doin jumpin jacks
I'm ridin on them Spyders, them eighty-fo's tiptoein
And that trunk is exaulted with them neon lights glowin
The candy paint's immaculate, drippin wet up off the fender
Beat the block up like a boxer, chop the street up like a blender
I got the flat screens fallin down from the ceiling
And the platinum mouthpiece with diamonds in the filling
I'm big ballin, grippin grain, breakin bread, I'm stackin change
Gettin money I'm havin thangs with two commas, I can't complain
Drippin candy paint, off the frame, switchin lanes
In the turning lane leavin stains, cause I'm a baller

[Chorus]