

# 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]