

# Yungstar, I'm Still A Baller

Hook:

I'm still a baller, and it's plain to see  
I'm still a baller, watch out for that TYP  
I'm still a baller, leanin' that I-10 East  
I'm still a baller, rolling in the 600 SEC

(Yungstar)

I'ma -- baller, I'ma twenty inch crawler  
Blades on my Impala, Don Paula on my rottweiler  
I-10 hauler, Twin Benz's is gonna 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, Straight Profit sold'em,  
I fitna' explode'em  
Tiny tune -- hop out my big body form  
Chain with the charm, can't forget Moet along  
I'm hopping out, I'm lookin good, diamonds against my wood  
Let it be understood, Southwest is my hood  
I'm pushing big body can't stop me  
For the millenium Straight Profit sells a million copies  
I'ma crawl slow puffin on the Optimo hit the sto'  
In a Y double O and my a.c. blowin' snow  
I'ma let me grass gleam, man I'm lookin clean  
Want remote control, big screens, and ice bezeltynes

Hook:

I'm still a baller, and it's plain to see  
I'm still a baller, watch out for that TYP  
I'm still a baller, leanin' that I-10 East  
I'm still a baller, rolling in the 600 SEC

(Slikk Breeze)

I'ma Lafayette hauler I been a shot caller  
My Georgia Perion, better known as the hogger  
These boys talking down on these streets of H-Town  
Blowing killer smoke by the pine  
Hit em up, spit em up  
I-10 connect  
Laf. Texas, Straight Profit, putting boys on they back  
How you feel about that  
You better grab for your gat  
When you walking through yo crib  
I'm beatin yo girl from the back  
So body rock, body rock, body rock to dis  
Haters standing in my way they got Laf. Tex pissed  
Wooday, chop chop keep my hand on my glock  
Candy Red on my Benz time to put back the top  
I'ma crawl down slow puffing on the Optimo  
I'ma come down real on my tippy tippy toe  
Down the high way, the fly way  
I'ma come down cuz you know it's my way, my way

Hook:

I'm still a baller, and it's plain to see  
I'm still a baller, watch out for that TYP  
I'm still a baller, leanin' that I-10 East  
I'm still a baller, rolling in the 600 SEC

(Yungstar)

I done got better, now let me move on  
Switched from Motorola to a PrimeCo phone

Broke in two chrome, all the way to the millenium  
They used to count my spoke, now these hoes count my inches  
Had to get older -- my Bentley got colder  
I done got grown and got a chip on my shoulder  
Licks in Kuwait, got links in Pakistan  
Dre in Alabama, virtual reality Caravan  
Double doors and marble floors naked hoes around me  
Everytime I'm comin down, These niggaz they wanna sign me  
Got the Lil' Will diamond grill we in the wind  
Blaze in the Ben and I can't forget the den  
The boo went down to Rueben's  
I'm watchin on a movie  
Drop da top its cotton and you know I'm in a jacuzzi  
Bourban and I'm swervin, man it's gettin hot  
My last name Lemmon  
Drive with my title off the lot, David Taylor

Hook:

I'm still a baller, and it's plain to see  
I'm still a baller, watch out for that TYP  
I'm still a baller, leanin' that I-10 East  
I'm still a baller, rolling in the 600 SEC