

## **WhoRidas**

### **"Shot Callin & Big Ballin"**

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Yeah, it's the WhoRidas baby  
Puttin it down for all the shot callas and the big ballas in  
the town, feel me

Shot callin and big ballin, advance to the next level in  
the game  
Shot callin and big ballin, advance to the next level in  
the game

It all starts off when ya grindin sellin rocks  
Then ya mind expands you wanna sew up the block  
And be the man so you pull all night shifts, currency  
flips, like gymnastics  
And you gotta stay strapped cause fools be jackin  
Leavin niggas missin in action but we ain't havin that  
Fat ass gats are tucked tight, as you grind every cop  
grind every cop night after night  
Young hustlas be at this, tryin to blow up to the  
kilogram status  
And it feels fantastic, cause you know that you on your  
way  
Forty keys a week, knockin off zips a day with no sleep  
Passed the peak at forty overtime, hella high sharper  
than a porcupine (ouch)  
Wit your eyes lookin shady, it's big ballin baby

Shot callin and big ballin, advance to the next level in  
the game  
Shot callin and big ballin, advance to the next level in  
the game  
Shot callin and big ballin, the next level, the next level  
Shot callin and big ballin, in the game, advance to the  
next level in the game

Now my pocket done blew up like rockets  
Call me NASA, helpin my money get blasted  
You can't handle that 69 cancer crowd  
Bust a half-a-jacka, in the midst a gettin dealt wit (fo  
sho)  
They call up Silky to con, milk these fools like cows boo-  
gow

Laya playa down forty letters form the crown  
So gettin gee-chee shot callin and ballin through the town  
Now how you like us now you probably don't  
Cause we be bubblin straight lace hustlin  
Don't be trustin fools that be smilin in the face  
Schemin like demons on the under for papes  
Underground tapes dope sold by crates cause  
It's the ballin ass whoridas, call the shots on  
playa hatin niggas for they dollas  
Wringin collas, makin neighbors holla, smashin off in  
Impalas (errrrrrr)

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next level in the game

Now we lettin fools know what time it is wit this here  
Cali shots then disappear, and shift the gear  
Keep my ear close to the ground, nigga what you  
hollerin, Westbound  
Grew up in dog town, wit a natural perpetual frown,  
And it's still on til this day, check the game and peep  
the play  
By hostile big ballas, I got the sauce to set it off  
And raise you up from the spot snatch the chamber  
back  
On that G-lock, and let it pop, Ha-San Chop (yeah)

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Who-ridas, hobo records, hobo junction, the year of the  
ticket, 96 man

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