

Z-Ro f/ Big T "Baller Please"

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[Hook - 4x]

I wanna be, a baller please
But the bitches and the liquor, keep on calling me

[Z-Ro]

I wonder if I'm blessed, cause I'm still here
And I wonder if heaven's any different, cause in hell
the blood spill hits
Got a nigga, fiending for his last breath
Too many of my partnas beneath me, because a bitch
made nigga blasted
Too many features in songs, tell me why I ain't got no
home
Penitentiary grown, cause I roam with a pocket full of
stones
I wanna live my life, but my life ain't worth the living
Cause while I'm dreaming about a Benz, even a houe
ain't driven
Headed for prison, but mama I'm alright with that
Strapped down with a shank in my tank, hit niggaz all
night with that
And it ain't no love left, fuck all of my foes and friends
Motherfuckers don't fuck with Ro, unless that nigga be
rolling in ends
I need to wake up, instead of day dreaming about
holding a slab
Like being in love with a woman, that you could never
have
Witness the feeling punished by pain, looking for
shelter from the rain
People like W double O-D, I'm going against the grain
Hey to my niggaz in Ridgemont 4, y'all can kiss my ass
Anybody who ever said they was down with me, can
kiss my ass
I done dumped on motherfuckers, what they gon do for
me
Out of town on stage, nobody from the hood in the
crowd to root for me
Suppose to be my people, but I think my people is the
devil
Fuck my peers, cause I'm on another level

On my knees, screaming Jesus can you save me
My shit's so fucked up, I wonder if you thought about
me lately
And it hurt so deep a nigga can't sleep, making me late
night creep
Suicidal thoughts I think I'm ready, plus it's fucking with
me
Would I be missed by these bitch niggaz, these fakes
and frauds
Fiending for baby, cause she know she got my heart
Even though it's torn apart, it's pumping out nothing
but love for you
And to my niggaz keep your disses, I got slugs for you
I shed blood for you, but I'm not appreciated
The only nigga, that never hesitated
And it ain't more, hollering out my roll dog's name on
tape
Unless it's fuck you, and in front of it followed up by a K
No more, hollering out my roll dog's name on tape
Unless it's fuck you, and in front of it followed up by a K
bitch

[Hook - 4x]

[Big T]

Balling out of control, sitting swoll on 4's
Paint so wet, that my clothes stick to the do'
Oh no, it's Big T
Million dollar hook nigga, come see me
On a muddy cup, man hol' up
And if your bitch choose, then you shit out of luck
I'ma send her ass home, broke and well fucked
And she kinda walk funny, cause the bitch was well
stuck
When I ain't have shit, y'all boys talk down
Like you didn't know T, everytime I came around
Now when you hear me, I'ma put you on stall
And don't say nothing, when you see me in the mall
I gotta get my cash, in these H-Town streets
Presidential Records, and your boy Big T
I know I gotta get it, cause I wanna be a baller please
But the bitches and the liquor, keep on calling me yeah

[Hook - 4x]

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