

Birdman

"Big Balla"

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money music right here

you gotta ball on this
many speculate but they don't really know me
all up in my business where they show be
game tight game right like a pro d
leaven soft white I rock the whole key
rap for the gutter and i never switch reals
soft white wash with the deep dish wheels
money too big for a clip you's a band
broad G a coup in myself a Sedan
them other dudes is fail us all they do is fall
hoo bangin hustlas and all we do is ball
why you think these girls around here we the shh...
and bye the whole bar every town that we hit
make music harley boys bump on they dressers
y'all felling us eaten up this four car presser
certified hit the bricks with perfect diamond
game plan flawless like perfect diamonds

(Chores x2) When I grow up I wanna be a big balla
Ballin like it's tomorrow
bring the good stuff right over the border
if it aint about dollars don't holla

homie say do it like that put that on christ
two years i aint wore the same t shirt twice
hoping out benz don't matter whats hood
be a corner for a g lil homie whats good
live at the swat meet stay out of function
all mad at me till I get that thang jump-in
a real east sider y'all actin like the clan
turn G Malone haterz and a g's biggest fan
G get-tin grands aint stun-tin y'all threats
long as homie understand i leave his a** wet
the boy got a plan I'm trying to do it for the coast
best rookie ever trying to prove it to the coach

now mack pay attention how i get the west crack in
I'm a need that phantom same day i go platinum
kink in the glove box money in a cancel

petal to the pedal thats the end of this con vole

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in no my jungle shots to the jungle
get money keep a 2...
mob is how we got to eat
ride when we got to creep
shorty is a beast hundred on the streets
fresh flamed up money never changed us
built from the project hood rich and famous
kept a Duce with a nickel on me
five star g bout money come and see us homie
leather tone with a bag black mag bout cash
doing out the black jag hundred g's mobs
see em mc's cmb lets eat five hundred on the tete
yeah and junior is the best riding with the westrollin
with my smith and wesson
got the game off the ground
blowing out the pound representing uptown.

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When I grow up I wanna be a big balla...
bring the good stuff right over the border...
When I grow up I wanna be a big balla...
Ballin like it's tomorrow...
bring the good stuff right over the border...
if it aint about dollars don't holla!!!

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