

Black Rose

"Ballers"

Visit "[Ballers](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Sticky Fingaz]

Yo, don't let nobody else up in this booth

[Chorus: 1]

I see nothing but gangstas up in herre

I see nothing but ballers up in herre

I see nothing but dope stacks up in herre

I see nothing but flossers up in herre

[Bridge: 1]

(Ahh yea) we gon' mash it up

If you ladies want war we gon' blast it up

If you bitches got bling go flash it up

R.A.M Squad, Universal gon stack it up (ahh yeah)

[Verse: Nelly]

You can catch me in the packed night life, nigga post it up

Or at the bar with some broad, nigga toastin' it up

Any you open mouth niggas I'm a close it up

Anybody wanna buy, gotta boast it up

I put a T.V. in every head, rest our own

I left a tattoo of Nelly, err plus I was on

It's to the point, I can't even get no rest at home

Damn, how many times can a nigga change his form

Yeah I left with five bitches but I came alone

Half you niggas couldn't do it if you became my clone

Best let me run my game

Cause y'all gon' know my name when I bust that thang
(oh Nelly!)

I pack Sally in the club, I need more 'Cris miss

Niggas pissed in the club, like who the fuck is this?

Country nigga and his bitch tryin' to take our shine

I takin' yours I'm just expandin' mine aiiight

[Chorus: 2]

I see nothing but gangstas up in here

I see nothing but ballers up in here

I see nothing but dope stacks up in here

I see nothing but flossers up in here

[Verse: RAM Squad]

I'm in the jet like diamonds (diamonds) shinin' (shinin')
Twenties on the S-Tank system bombin'
Rocks off the chain man, been grindin'
Ball' till my knees spaz, stash for the new Jag
I'm in now, win now, money to lend my friends now
I been in doubt, bend down, down underground
When I pop up spray relms, in and out of town for white
ice
But I ain't flint true downs
I'm platinum bound, gon' through plus stacks
Rugged like the motherfuckin' nigga named Max
Big Benz, big crib, big spendin' it up
Big ballin' ass nigga from the end of the Dub, c'mon

[Bridge: 2]

(Ahh yea) Aight, we gon' mash it up
I'm in the 69' Rolls, nigga gas it up
Anything on the road, I'm a pass it up
80 inches, four screens, sskurit, crash it up

[Verse: RAM Squad]

Bitches start hound
Y'all 'bout to hear me shine
If I don't sign back to quarters with dimes
I'm, nothin' but a baller 'till the day that I die
I'm a live my life of crime

[Verse: Sticky Fingaz]

I'm thug, I'm around the clock
Hopped out the spot lyin' around the block
Stay long enough to find a shorty dead on the rocks
No security, I'm greeting you with pounds and glocks
Hennessy straight in the glass hold the ice
I'm unpredictable my life is like a roll of dice
Got bitches heads turning like the poltergiest
Except they ain't gold diggers they want diamonds now
Its guns, bitches, and weed when I'm in town
Yo son your man wildin' better calm him down
Beat him with the handle and turn him to a vegetable
And it only (it's the remix) took one man to fuck it up for
the rest of y'all

[Verse: RAM Squad]

Ball out like Stoudamire
Wave back hairs dry like urban fire
Blue faced, hard fame, like rocky rider
We out in St.louis like Mark McGwire
Twist snips spit fire like a toned barreta
Millionaire in the ring rock the gold umbrella
Got the cream cheese and chedda', mozzarella

Toothed out all of y'all, livin' the betta'
Push keys in the hood call me Mr. C
Heavy neck with the bling like Mr. T
Seen Nelly's blue truck so I copped the V
Paid my way out of court so I copped a plea
Now my slang like Onyx, puff on chronic
Hear my voice, hooked on phonics
Everybody want to be a baller, now
Wanna be a big shot, shotcaller, now

[Chorus: 2] [Bridge: 2] (2x)

Visit [Black Rose](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.