

## Chamillionaire

# "I'm A Balla Ft. Far East & Play-N-Skillz"

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I'm a balla, I walk the walk bruh, I'm not a talker  
I keep it pimpin' so these women'll pay me  
If you a balla and 'bout ya dollars  
Then throw ya hands up if you gettin' it daily

Don't even talk uh, 'bout what it cost ya  
If you ain't really out there gettin' it baby  
If you a balla and a shot calla  
Then throw ya hands up if you gettin' it daily

Koopa, I got comma's and zero's  
And a lot of Robert De Niro  
I know hoes that love other hoes  
That'll get down in a trio

But it ain't nothin' to me though  
I'ma grinder, y'all know my steelo  
Got no record or no P O  
But I dodge police like I'm Neo, nigga we know

Far east and Chamillionaire  
Gon' bring four stacks then spend a pair  
Throw two other stacks in the air  
We stepped in here like g-g-g yeah

You a balla, let me see it  
You a shot caller, let me see it  
'Bout them dollars, let me see it  
Pop ya collar, g-g-g yeah

I'm a balla, I walk the walk bruh, I'm not a talker  
I keep it pimpin' so these women'll pay me  
If you a balla and 'bout ya dollars  
Then throw ya hands up if you gettin' it daily

Don't even talk uh, 'bout what it cost ya  
If you ain't really out there gettin' it baby  
If you a balla and a shot calla  
Then throw ya hands up if you gettin' it daily

Whomp, whomp, I'ma head busa  
I'ma keep on paper chasin'

Servin' all these muthafucka's  
I'ma keep on ridin'

Ain't no way y'all gonna ever touch us  
I'ma keep on chiefin', puffin'  
Chokin' on that Charlie Dutchey  
And I keep one on my side

That's my only buddy buddy  
I'm movin' weight like the Nutty Professor  
Better get ya change up ooh yes uh  
Better pack that metal, they'll test ya

Stain chain, gotta hit 'em hard  
When I roll that truck like Pastor Troy  
24's in my [Incomprehensible] bump

Better get em' boy, sick 'em boy  
Gotta make that money, rip 'em boy  
Like a pitbull dog, I'll sick 'em boy  
Here we came to bring in noise

You a balla, let me see it  
You a shot caller, let me see it  
'Bout them dollars, let me see it  
Pop ya collar, let me see it

I'm a balla, I walk the walk bruh, I'm not a talker  
I keep it pimpin' so these women'll pay me  
If you a balla and 'bout ya dollars  
Then throw ya hands up if you gettin' it daily

Don't even talk uh, 'bout what it cost ya  
If you ain't really out there gettin' it baby  
If you a balla and a shot calla  
Then throw ya hands up if you gettin' it daily

No matter what they say, no matter what they do  
Muthafucka's ain't got no clue of what we tryna do  
Ride in coupes, ride on koopa, who what?  
Do what? Muthafuckas you ain't clappin' my crew

Keepin' it gangsta, plus y'all lack, black on black, ridin'  
Jordans  
That ain't coogi homie, quit cappin' you can't afford it  
That's how it go, doin' shows, puffin' dro, bangin' beats  
Far east from Dallas, Tex, A T L call me Greg Street

Me and koopa not some hoopers but we ballin'  
I see you actin' stupid better move it or ya fallin'  
Pausin', never keep it movin' like my rims

They say I'm clever but it's the cheddar I spend that's  
makes me win

If you a baller then dribble till ya hands get tired  
'Cuz that's the way my wrist feels when I'm tryna raise it  
higher  
And if you a balla, let me see it shot caller, let me see it  
'Bout them dollars, let me see it, pop ya collar, let me  
see it

I'm a balla, I walk the walk bruh, I'm not a talker  
I keep it pimpin' so these women'll pay me  
If you a balla and 'bout ya dollars  
Then throw ya hands up if you gettin' it daily

Don't even talk uh, 'bout what it cost ya  
If you ain't really out there gettin' it baby  
If you a balla and a shot calla  
Then throw ya hands up if you gettin' it daily

Like where do I start or where do I begin  
When it comes to ballin' and flossin', I shine like them  
rims  
That's intend to spin, act like a crip, nah fuck it dog  
Act like a chimp like crooked monkeys throwin' up sets

You ain't no throw em' up click, you used to throwin' up  
bricks  
We pro-ballers down south daddy, empty the clips  
I got five in my eye, I need ten on my wrist  
So while I'm flippin' ya bitch, I put ten to the lips  
It's just that young boy Lumba who's known to bump a  
Take over the industry, while these other rappers  
crumble

I'ma balla, you can see it  
I'ma shot caller, you can see it  
I'ma flosser, you can see it  
Superstar, gonna be it

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