

## Clipse "Mr.Baller"

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"[Pharell]

Nah man, we don't take our chains off...nah  
We're here to make noise!  
We're here to make noise  
With VA and Detroit boys  
We're here to make noise  
We're here to make noise!  
Nigga, we're here to make noise  
With VA and Detroit boys

[Pusha T]

Twin Nina Ross sisters  
Promise to never miss ya  
Hit ya thirty-four times to make your skin blister  
Extended clips, cocked back quick to chrome sisters  
You wild fire gunnin' bin barrels with rogue pistols  
Walkin' contradiction like "quiet noise"  
No words eyes blurred with my diamonds pores  
Four karats in these ears make you call your boys  
While I'm surrounded by bitches with guns and sex toys  
Blind love for money, head, and warm steel  
Coke off the boat wrapped in banana peels  
Life's so pricey, it's sendin' ya body chills  
And we baptize cars, put hollows through windshields

[Hook x2] [Pharell]

I'm Mr. Baller, nigga  
I'm Mr. Baller  
What's you talkin' bout nigga you see a baller  
Fuck that bullshit nigga cuz I'm a baller  
I take on all y'all nigga  
Now that's a baller

[Tre-Little]

Hollow tip what?  
Y'all cats don't want none  
I wanna see God, first come and meet my gun  
Life's a bitch  
Diamonds to shine (fucka) to shit  
Detroit, paradise if you roll wit my clique  
Otherwise, it's hell  
Ain't no escapin' the trips

They gotta gun, good  
You'a need it in the land of the trench  
Pick 'em up, fuck 'em up  
Every man for theyself  
Unless you cheat wit a crew similar to myself  
We in the "to be" killa zone, playin' the D  
Lovin' the D  
Out-a-townners hatin' the D

I die for the D  
If I could I'd fuckin' marry the D  
Stick my dick in the streets  
And nut a bomb in the D

[Malice]

You lookin' at at least 50 grand in your face  
And if you thought any less, just know you made a  
mistake  
They done told you wrong, Clipse in the grey Yukon  
Don't mistake this style for hot and it ain't lukewarm  
We gets busy  
Whether dressed in "crocdile" or Lizzie  
You can catch a hot ball from an all black Lizzie  
Start flamin', watch they cats start they explainin'  
Should've know, when around my dogs, tuck yo chain  
in  
Any time you look, bet you find us in whips  
Diamonds and shit, break scams from the finest of  
chicks  
Royce and Neptunes sick like dead babies in restrooms  
Malice and Dome Sheist, y'all niggaz is flesh wounds

[Hook x2]

[Royce Da5'9]

Well, uh  
I was trained to hang 'til the raid is over  
Roll wit nuttin' but a whole brigade of soldiers  
I was young holdin' guns, I kept one wit me  
In the flatbed in the back of an F-150  
I see three and the six, me and the Clipse  
Squeeze off, pop the guns, you seein' the tips  
Ride wit me, nigga die wit me  
Yo this money's the easiest shit to get in this world  
beside pussy  
That'll cost you, my whole crew will stomp you to death  
Wearin' cleats until you look like a waffle  
I won the battle  
The first nigga to ever get the cover of "The Source"  
And the cover of "Guns and Ammo"  
Burn you alive

Soon as you and the fire collide  
Hit me, it'll just be a nigga hired to die  
Plus I ball, I'm ignorant dogg  
I'm a muthafuckin' star, nigga suck my balls  
"

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