

Drama

"I'm Ballin' Man"

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Raheem presents Drama, Tight 2 motherfucking Def
Get at they ass, boy!

hook

Ice on my wrist, I'm ballin' man

Hoes on my dick, I'm ballin' man

Cases of Crystile, I'm ballin' man

Shoes of crocodile, I'm ballin' man

House on the lake, I'm ballin' man

Tight 2 Def straight pushing weight, I'm ballin' man

Dubs on the Lex', I'm ballin man

Cashing eight figure checks, I'm ballin man

Yo, Yo, Yo, Yo Drama, How you doing it?

Me and my niggas, we riding dirty from Charleston to
Texas

Bowling Ball paint job, with D's on the Lex

Beamers and Cadillacs, Optimos and fat sacks

We trained for combat, you wrong, then we attack

We ride like Desperado on the spokes goldened out

Keep cheese in the pockets

And keep our distance from cop blockers

AK on the front seat for any drama I may meet

My pager off killing hoes, providing them B's and

Vouges

Clientelle getting bigger, while calculating money

figures

More realer than Rockafeller more cheese than Donald

Trump

Niggas they hear me, they wanna kill me like JFK

Why, cause I ride tight, on ? out of sight

It might be the hoes, or could it be that I ride on Vogues

My trunk is filled with speakers, I know damn well you

hear me

Got a torch, you see me

Hundred spokes that beaming

Niggas plotting they haters, and busters they wanna be

me

hook

In the club I'm balling bitch, now show me love

Bossalinie, Versace shoes, with some Gator boots
Dom Perion, it's on now through the early morn'
Fuck a hobby man, cause balling be my occupation
Playa hating ass nigga, can't take the temptation
Wanna rush me, then bust me, then leave me fucked in
the game
All because I drained his bitch, now partners use his
name
See the spokes, and how the gleaming make 'em
wanna scheme
85 Chevy Caprice off on some Dayne-Daynes
Paint job, be clocking mills, with some blowed brains
20 and bubble, gone buy the Reeboks, now them some
shoes
With the 9 up on the seat, that's where it's supposed to
be
For them bustas and them haters that wanna touch a G
Put it down and moved on up too like me George
Jefferson
Fuck the law, and fuck the pen, because I'm ballin man
Loved the living, I'm dedicated all to the game
I'm ballin' man

hook

When I'm heated in the club, around 12 o' clock
All eyes on a playa, cause I'll blow up the spot
You can hate, we blowing clouts in the V.I.P
Ballers sport rims, like they stars of films
My moneys too unfadable for them too-tight crews
And tear da roof off this bitch with this Tight 2 Def shit
Nigga knocking, hoe jocking, cause this shit don't quit
In the club V.I.P til' the early morning
Cases of Crystile, even Dom Perion
A McGuyver Road nigga, so you know I don't play
But if it come down to it, I got my K
Fuck the flexing, cause we ballin', shot callin' and
stacking
And if it come down to the gunplay,
Tight 2 Def ain't lacking
Your money ain't long enough for me, so hoe don't talk
Cause down here in Atlanta nigga, we walk the walk
I say it loud and clear
I'm ballin' man

hook

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