

Gary Brooker

"Big Ballah"

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[Mr. Pookie]

Everyday tight flossin', top villian, I'm livin'
Time to get up on the paper and collect from the
women
Slightly pimpin is the game that I chose, I keeps it real
Went to ballin' came wit time, I suppose, you know the
deal
Bring my drink so I can chill, and pass me my weed
Big Ballin' wit my crooks while I'm bouncin on D's
I got the trees, if need, you playaz smokin or what?
O.K. pull up at the station, I got the cake in the trunk

[Juiell]

We got the blunts and the Indo 2
Smokin til my lungs turn blue, come on
Come on, now playa whatcha wanna do?
Ballin wit half of my crew, come on

[Mr. Pookie]

Let's throw a party fool, fuck it a Barbeque
Invite the ballaz, the pimps, playaz and hustlaz 2
Got many hoes to chose, so chose em wisely
And jam the Isleys, how they respond it wont surprise
me

Chorus: Juiell (x2)

Big Ballah, the game shot calla
Everyday top flosser, you need a pound jus holla

[Mr. Lucci]

Breakin bitches off wit my candy low reclinin'
Workin wood Ville flossin off the pinky diamond
Choppin up the scene when I'm in the bladed Lexus
Knockin niggaz jaws wit TV's and headrests
Playin 64's, mobbin on Lorenzo's
Lettin these playaz feel when I crawl on Vogue's
And keep the baddest hoes, jockin crooked medallion
5'6 stallion, she black and Italian
I'm blowin all the cake, I'm sippin all while straight
I'm travelin to the pelican state, in new 99 escalade

I'm makin these boppers hate, cause crooks be breakin
rules
I'm dinin on shrimp and steaks, I'm shinin on lakes and
pools
I'm actin a fuckin fool, bangin my signs slow
Screwed out hittin hard, in drop top vinyl volvo
My click jus ball hoe, we crooks aint gon eva change
Destructed by Mary Jane, while fuckin this rappin' game

Chorus [x2]

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