

Gucci Mane "Ballers"

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

Shawna got a 'lac, sittin' on tres
Shawna don't need no nigga, I'm paid
Shawna got stacks, Shawna got grip
Shawna got that so you better not slip

I'm posted on tha block
My girls tippin' dro
This cafe patron got me sippin' real slow
I'm lookin' like a star

Ice on my neck
Ice on my wrist
Ice on my chest
You might wanna fit but I ain't all that

I'm way fucked up, I'm way tore back
And I don't give a fuck, I got it like that
They took a niggaz juice
I got it right back

And now they like 'Damn'
Now they like 'Amazing'
Tondra roll 4, 5 blunts and we blazin'
Look at shawty gazin'

He lookin' like he want me
I'm sorry little daddy
I'm tryna get ya homie

Lames can't call her
(Lames can't call her)
All she date is ballers
(She only date ballers)
Shawty got a fetish
(For boys who go get it)
Squares can't call her
(Squares can't call her)

Lames can't call her
(Lames can't call her)
All she date is ballers
(She only date ballers)

Shawty got a fetish
(For boys who go get it)
She only date ballers
(It's Miss Shawna)

I'm Gucci Mane, a flare, I'm MVP
I know your baby mama real proud of me
The Benz line say they get tried of me
I'm young kush man, I sell nothin' but QP's

Shawna so fine, Gucci mane I'm good
She's so pretty but still so hood
Hey, little darling, how you Shawty?
I'm so marless, I can't call it

I'm so southern, you so northern
We so crack rock, they so corny
It's two-thirty early in the mornin'
The way I cook a brick, it's like I'm doin' a performance

All eyes on we, homegirl want me
Say he on the track, so the track real funky
Pants red monkey, Gucci go donkey
Niggaz play crazy, get left stanky

Lames can't call her
(Lames can't call her)
All she date is ballers
(She only date ballers)
Shawty got a fetish
(For boys who go get it)
Squares can't call her
(Squares can't call her)

Lames can't call her
(Lames can't call her)
All she date is ballers
(She only date ballers)
Shawty got a fetish
(For boys who go get it)
She only date ballers
(It's Miss Shawna)

I wrote the first 3 for bitches in the hood
My and 1 bitches smokin' on the good
Sittin' on the porch, sippin' on the yak
Or posted in the parking lot sittin' on the 'lac

Them bitches got weight
Them bitches got work
Them bitches wanna trip

Them bitches gettin' murked

And stick em in tha dirt
And gone 'bout our business
And it ain't nothin' personal
It's all bout tha figures

It's M.O.E. till a bitch a dead
And I don't give a fuck about what a bitch said
I'm still gettin' money I'm still gettin' rich
I'm still that woman that will take your dick

Yeah, tha truth hurts, you still gotta face it
I spent ya whole deal on my ring and my bracelet
It's top notch twat
Cream of tha crop

I'm beatin' down ya block
And let the choppers chop
Chop, chop, chop, chop, chop, chop, chop

Lames can't call her
(Lames can't call her)
All she date is ballers
(She only date ballers)
Shawty got a fetish
(For boys who go get it)
Squares can't call her
(Squares can't call her)

Lames can't call her
(Lames can't call her)
All she date is ballers
(She only date ballers)
Shawty got a fetish
(For boys who go get it)
She only date ballers
(It's Miss Shawwna)

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