

## **Gucci Mane Feat. Shwnna "Ballers"**

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Shwnna got a 'lac, sittin' on tres  
Shwnna don't need no nigga, I'm paid  
Shwnna got stacks, Shwnna got grip  
Shwnna 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 Shawnna)

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

Shawnna 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

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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, chop

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(It's Miss Shawwna)

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