

**C****"Professional Ballers"**

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featuring Marvaless, Pizzo, Mac Mall, JT Tha Bigga Figga, Killa Tay

[Marvaless]

Yeah, ladies first so watch me set it off, even the brothers can't touch us

Professional Ballers is what they call us, ain't no tellin who we're bailin

Kentucky, Texas, ATL strikin in a Lexus

The nigga that wanna test this

Thought this shit was shut down, thought this shit was dead like Makaveli

Cali legends keep it goin, bout this player shit I'm knowin

Haters, I know you're bumpin this shit so here's another \*?daltz?\*

From the Bay to the SCC, you heard us straight from California's most

[Pizzo]

We don't need no practice, no theatrics

bout the way we be livin with the Mafia tactics, I be constantly at it

Tryin to stack my riches like Bill Gates

Servin raw and uncut caine so you can't hate

Because it angers me when niggas try to bite my ass

But we be Professional Ballers hittin at the top-notch

ass

Pass the green leaf on the left, inhale a breath of  
chronic smoke

Exhale like a pro, I be too much for you to cope

Chorus: C-Bo

We steady countin our money, on a mission to ball

All the things we dream we wanna see before we call

So we pack heavy, push Chevy's, makin the 'fetti

If you're ready to holler at a Professional Baller

\*repeat\*

[Mac Mall]

Baby Capone on the loose, skywalk and fly shit

off Paraguay, Glock in the drop plus we're hidin

astronauts, turnin in shit for the soldiers that recop

Shoot outta state pushin killer Cali rocks

Big wreckin ball nuts and you can notify the monks

I be flossin in gators, maybe ??? ???

Tennis shoes, press our shit

Aliens gank and flew, runnin out to see you

with the loot

Interlude: Killa Tay

Yeah

West Coast Mafia, bitch

Everybody else can suck a dick

[Killa Tay]

I'm steadily tryin to get my bail on

tapped me up on the cell phone, it ain't far

Stomped in steel toes, I look out my ??? so back up off  
me

The K-I-double L-A T-A-Y, call me the locster

Only smokes the bombest chronic, Professional Ballers  
like the Sonics

Respect game, with or without these gold chains

We're sure the West got shit sold

from the rap game to the cocaine, come get some

Got pounds like a kick drum, got hitmen

Payin em under the table, lyrics fatal like a ninja

no pretendin, we're steady ballin

Chorus

[C-Bo]

From the Valley to the Bay, I'm known for stackin chips

My 500 whip be hip with the AMG hit

'74 drop Caprice, gold ones dip

Candy-coated sport, Professional Ballers don't trip

Makin moves, pushin luxuries to ol' schools

I spit the A-1, that's why my pockets weigh a tonne

And my crew be Mafioso's, high performance and low-  
lows

Professional Ballers on the go and get more doe

[JT Tha Bigga Figga]

Who keep it knockin with mean choppers? My niggas  
keep it poppin

We're rockin, Professional Ballers, Figga-Ro will be the  
tallest

player that you spot, duck or dodge?

It's all, turn the Impalas all skirty

Left em deserted, heat em where their pockets hurted

Sold it up by then, two quarters and half a flynn

with my nigga Bo-Loc in the 500 Benz

Ready to bust and make it happen fo' sho', so stack G's

with them 8-ball gangstas

and the young mack knees and that's for sheez

Chorus

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