

## Jam And Spoon

### "Ballers"

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[6-Nine - overlapping chorus]  
Don't let nobody else in this bull..  
One two.. one two..  
Is this mic on?

[Chorus: RAM Squad]  
I see nothin but gangsters up in here  
I see nothin but ballers up in here  
I see nothin but dough stacks up in here  
I see nothin but flossers up in here  
[6-Nine] Aaaah yeah!  
[B Backs] We gon' mash it up  
If you lames want war, we gon' blast it up  
If you think you got bling, we gon' flash it up  
RAM Squad/Universal gon' stack it up

[\*\* extra before Tommy Hill \*\*]  
[6-Nine] Aaaah yeah!  
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If you lames want war, we gon' blast it up  
If you think you got bling, we gon' flash it up  
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[Tommy Hill]  
Yo, I spit six million bars, had sixty-six cars  
Got drunk in over thirty-six bars  
Been in six shoot-outs, seven busters  
Fucked up, five clutches, stick shifts I can't fuck wit  
Had two rovers, had a land turned that over  
Just lost two aunts, both to Jehovah  
I excite the night, I'm like hyped wit my C-spite  
Bitches know we eatin right, shorty say we look alike  
The ice is real, my life is real  
Cats wanna fight for my deal, like a big faced bill  
I bleed for money, cuz my seeds need money  
Plus she loves me, MONEY IS MY BITCH!  
Mad Joey, all these rich cats, wearing gold rollies  
Up in fast cars, playin David Bowie  
Puffin cigars, rare B.M.'s and Jaguars  
Cadillac, Black, mock-necks and strip bars  
[6-Nine] Aaaah yeah!

[Chorus] - First 1/2 only

[E-Wreks]

C'mon Wiz!

Hustlin hard, under the sun, sun to sun

Put me on, throw me a ton

I fuck around, I owe you one

Shit ain't the same no more, turned for the worst

Streets got deeper, fuck my cell phone and beeper

Keep away from the limelight, get a grip

Get mind right, the Fed's trying to indict

I'm like a dissapearin act; where? Somewhere in the back

I ain't gotta floss for y'all, I boss and ball

[6-Nine] Aaaah yeah!

[Chorus] - Full chorus

[6-Nine] Aaaah yeah!

[Suave]

Let me do my thing; y'all gon' know my name

when I bust through the screen, it's the same old thing

I'm just in the game with a little more bling

And I got your number from that thing!

[Boy Backs]

I'm in your face like Biggio, Backs on the stereo

When I'm vertical yo, shit is gettin critical

You raggedy, shaggedy, straight faggotty

See me at Atlanta, wit a rimmed out Caddy

and my arm swingin, no chains, still blingin

You niggaz wrapped too booty and short like Flutie

I'm incognito, famous like Menudo

From here to Pluto, we like Popeye and Bluto

[Wiz Gam]

I'm somethin like a pelagon

Rap phenomenon, King Kong, Swing ron

Cocked don, when I grind I got the mack-thing

Crap-thing for the stat-thing

Y'all wanna fuck wit us? (Bring your rap game)

Picture me, black on black, Caesar, gangster

Hater, wanna thank ya, hot like Sanka

I got the mobs, the blocks to go with it

Thirty-Four for raw, Willy go get it

[6-Nine] Aaaah yea!

[Chorus] - Full chorus

[6-Nine] Aaaah yeah!

[Chorus] - Full chorus

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