

Mandrell Barbara

"Shot Callin & Big Ballin"

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Yeah, it's the WhoRidas baby
Puttin it down for all the shot callas and the big ballas in
the town, feel me

Shot callin and big ballin, advance to the next level in
the game
Shot callin and big ballin, advance to the next level in
the game

It all starts off when ya grindin sellin rocks
Then ya mind expands you wanna sew up the block
And be the man so you pull all night shifts, currency
flips, like gymnastics
And you gotta stay strapped cause fools be jackin
Leavin niggas missin in action but we ain't havin that
Fat ass gats are tucked tight, as you grind every cop
grind every cop night after night
Young hustlas be at this, tryin to blow up to the
kilogram status
And it feels fantastic, cause you know that you on your
way
Forty keys a week, knockin off zips a day with no sleep
Passed the peak at forty overtime, hella high sharper
than a porcupine (ouch)
Wit your eyes lookin shady, it's big ballin baby

Shot callin and big ballin, advance to the next level in
the game
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the game
Shot callin and big ballin, the next level, the next level
Shot callin and big ballin, in the game, advance to the
next level in the game

Now my pocket done blew up like rockets
Call me NASA, helpin my money get blasted
You can't handle that 69 cancer crowd
Bust a half-a-jacka, in the midst a gettin dealt wit (fo
sho)
They call up Silky to con, milk these fools like cows boo-
gow

Laya playa down forty letters form the crown
So gettin gee-chee shot callin and ballin through the town
Now how you like us now you probably don't
Cause we be bubblin straight lace hustlin
Don't be trustin fools that be smilin in the face
Schemin like demons on the under for papes
Underground tapes dope sold by crates cause
It's the ballin ass whoridas, call the shots on
playa hatin niggas for they dollas
Wringin collas, makin neighbors holla, smashin off in
Impalas (errrrrrr)

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Now we lettin fools know what time it is wit this here
Cali shots then disappear, and shift the gear
Keep my ear close to the ground, nigga what you
hollerin, Westbound
Grew up in dog town, wit a natural perpetual frown,
And it's still on til this day, check the game and peep
the play
By hostile big ballas, I got the sauce to set it off
And raise you up from the spot snatch the chamber
back
On that G-lock, and let it pop, Ha-San Chop (yeah)

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Who-ridas, hobo records, hobo junction, the year of the
ticket, 96 man

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