

Dave Koz

"I'm Ballin' Man"

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Raheem presents Drama, Tight 2 motherfucking Def
Get at they ass, boy!

hook

Ice on my wrist, I'm ballin' man
Hoes on my dick, I'm ballin' man
Cases of Crystile, I'm ballin' man
Shoes of crocodile, I'm ballin' man
House on the lake, I'm ballin' man
Tight 2 Def straight pushing weight, I'm ballin' man
Dubs on the Lex', I'm ballin man
Cashing eight figure checks, I'm ballin man

Yo, Yo, Yo, Yo Drama, How you doing it?

Me and my niggas, we riding dirty from Charleston to
Texas

Bowling Ball paint job, with D's on the Lex
Beamers and Cadillacs, Optimos and fat sacks
We trained for combat, you wrong, then we attack
We ride like Desperado on the spokes goldened out
Keep cheese in the pockets
And keep our distance from cop blockers
AK on the front seat for any drama I may meet
My pager off killing hoes, providing them B's and
Vouges
Clientelle getting bigger, while calculating money
figures
More realer than Rockafeller more cheese than Donald
Trump
Niggas they hear me, they wanna kill me like JFK
Why, cause I ride tight, on ? out of sight
It might be the hoes, or could it be that I ride on Vogues
My trunk is filled with speakers, I know damn well you
hear me
Got a torch, you see me
Hundred spokes that beaming
Niggas plotting they haters, and busters they wanna be
me

hook

In the club I'm balling bitch, now show me love
Bossalinie, Versace shoes, with some Gator boots
Dom Perion, it's on now through the early morn'
Fuck a hobby man, cause balling be my occupation
Playa hating ass nigga, can't take the temptation
Wanna rush me, then bust me, then leave me fucked in
the game
All because I drained his bitch, now partners use his
name
See the spokes, and how the gleaming make 'em
wanna scheme
85 Chevy Caprice off on some Dayne-Daynes
Paint job, be clocking mills, with some blowed brains
20 and bubble, gone buy the Reeboks, now them some
shoes
With the 9 up on the seat, that's where it's supposed to
be
For them bustas and them haters that wanna touch a G
Put it down and moved on up too like me George
Jefferson
Fuck the law, and fuck the pen, because I'm ballin man
Loved the living, I'm dedicated all to the game
I'm ballin' man

hook

When I'm heated in the club, around 12 o' clock
All eyes on a playa, cause I'll blow up the spot
You can hate, we blowing clouts in the V.I.P
Ballers sport rims, like they stars of films
My moneys too unfadable for them too-tight crews
And tear da roof off this bitch with this Tight 2 Def shit
Nigga knocking, hoe jocking, cause this shit don't quit
In the club V.I.P til' the early morning
Cases of Crystile, even Dom Perion
A McGuyver Road nigga, so you know I don't play
But if it come down to it, I got my K
Fuck the flexing, cause we ballin', shot callin' and
stacking
And if it come down to the gunplay,
Tight 2 Def ain't lacking
Your money ain't long enough for me, so hoe don't talk
Cause down here in Atlanta nigga, we walk the walk
I say it loud and clear
I'm ballin' man

hook

