

Beelow "Ballaholic"

Visit "[Ballaholic](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

* please send corrections directly to this typist

Hmm..

Hmm...

Hmm....

Chorus repeat 2x

Big Ballin, BRC made nigga
Shot callin, Beelow the ballaholic never falling
In the original Navi we straight flossin, whoa, whoa

Verse 1:???

I'm out chere rolling like some gumbo, fresh out the pot
Ballin all off up out of control, wooday
Ridin big ol' ass trucks, buyin whatever the fuck I want
Holling I want this, pullin out a green chunk
I ride with hustlers, ballers, and killers
And you don't want to go, to war with a, pro
I be on the go, actin' a got damn fool
Totin my fo' five cuz thats my boo
I keep my rat-a-tat-a-tat-a lied low in my Lac
And if some shit jump off I'm a roast your ass
I got candy and cream dog, A to the One
With a tight grip on my green dog, wodie
I'm straight pimpin the game, livin my life like a kingpin
Everyday livin by the trigga cuz I'm all in
Cheddar chasin', no time for no stallin
Money, weed, cars, hoes, big ballin

Talking:

Its beautiful
I told you once before and I'm a tell you again
Its beautiful up here on top baby
I mean the scenery is just gorgeous
Second verse baby

Second Verse: Beelow

I make your block hotter than Wayne

With them people at your door
Cause they see too much traffic, cuz I'm ballin out of
control
Ghetto millionaire, done took this to another level
And when it comes down to this ballin', ain't a thing that
you can tell me
Ballaholic baby
Got more things then you can pronounce
You can call me baby
I move nothing less then an ounce
Ain't no sense in stunnin' and frontin' and actin' like
you want that
Your paper straight you bout your business you can get
that
My Benz's eyed be bubbled, my Suburban I just gutted
That candy look and that grain them hoes love it

Chorus x2

Verse Three: Beelow

I be that big money gripper
Candy co come flipper
Twenty's is bling blingin' when I'm on your block dippin'
Drunk funk'n' with that Beelow, wooday
I heard you bet I wouldn't make it, now you owe me
Ain't no ends too my pockets cuz my paper too long
I be the brother at the light talkin' on two cell phones
They be like, no he didn't, but best believe I did
Keep that nine on my side just to spill a hater wig
Hundred thousand dollar shop, it ain't no thang to me
Bout it for every day of the week, that ain't no thang to
me
Platinum on my wrist and fingers, ain't no thang to me
A ballaholic till I die is what I aim to be
So catch me flippin on them assassyn's and my
Yokohama slims
Bending blocks in the caddy, flossin harder then your
daddy
See a Rolex for forty g's I gots to get that
I even bought one for my Suburban how u luv that?

Chorus x2

Verse Four: ???

Shit,
How many niggas you know look good when they floss
like me
And how many niggas you know could claim that they
the boss like me

Shit I don't know, but every time I take a cruise
All these niggas be lookin like "Damn" and these
bitches looking like "Oooh"
See me comin' in my Navigator or its in my Benz
Gotcha old lady running around telling all her friends
Oooh girl he look cute, look, damn that nigga fine
Ain't even stop to shine but its so already in line
Shit, BMG to me stand for Big Money Grippers
Steady clockin' major figgas
BRC hard hitters
Shit, my nigga 'Low, he already worth a mil
All these niggas over here shining and bling blinging
they got to chill
Already can't see good cuz I'm full of gin and weed
See this chain around my neck it be up for about 20 g's
Everything I roll with plushed
Everything I wear be crushed
And before I meet her I fucked
Big Ballin nigga what

Visit [Beelow](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.