

## Giorgio

### "To My Ballerz"

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[Rappin' 4-Tay]  
Yo, what's up ('Sup)  
4-Tay, NBK (NBK)  
Colabo (Colabo)  
Check it out  
We mobbin' like this y'all

[Chorus]  
[NBK] To my ballerz with the dollaz who be flexxin' the  
Lexus  
[4-Tay] For all the homies and lowriders who be hittin'  
the switches  
[NBK] And to my ladies in the clubs who be shakin' it up  
[4-Tay] 4-Tay and NBK showin' love sho' 'nuff  
[NBK] To my ballerz with the dollaz who be flexxin' the  
Lexus  
[4-Tay] For all the homies and lowriders who be hittin'  
the switches  
[NBK] And to my ladies in the clubs who be shakin' it up  
[4-Tay] 4-Tay and NBK all night, all day

[Rappin' 4-Tay]  
How would I rap? How would I rhyme? How would I get  
me some piece of mine?  
Players like to recline, simple and expensive wine  
Not that they can't fuck this funk nor this flavor  
You best to check that bitch before she catch that  
freaky behavior  
We gettin' these dirty damn presidents (presidents)  
For the safety deposit box in my residence  
Cuz real players stack a grip, can't be hesitant,  
maneuver on my cellular  
A hundred, a hundred, a hundred, a more profit on the  
regular  
Drop-top double R's, stackin' like Escobar  
Gotta get that paper, us Cali players do it all  
Genie, garage door opener, haters glancin', keepin'  
the Feds off-balanced  
They can't find my mansion  
Three hundred CE's, five hundreds and half-dozens  
Just got that plug for my dogs, me and my cousins

Just like them Mafiosos, so let's just make a toast-a  
Boss-ballerz, shot callerz, and I'm the force

[Chorus]

[NBK]

Now I'm, out the door with my entourage  
I hit the button in the ele' to the hundred ground  
garage  
Now we blazin' through your city  
All day at the ball, with the show and all these bitches  
Got my balls on, tip the valet and get the key  
Now we got one more hour until we gots to be onstage  
And now we out, yeah, we headin' to the spot  
Bouncin' through the avenues, roll up a fatty  
You have to see to cruise, and now we out front  
Rosa, roach from the blunt, and tell we smokey  
We left the VIP person at the gate choking  
Arena sold out, for the burnt out extended ?corndale?  
Bended defender, twenty-inch bowl into my shows  
Ziggy, how you smashing?  
In a pro-wide navigator limousine made by Lincoln  
You know I put the shine on my Dayton  
And the put the bounce in my speakers  
Put the high in the chronic, yea, yea, c'mon

[Chorus]

[NBK]

For the dollaz, yo, sho' 'nuff video, get the switch off  
OG's ride  
Four-oh-oh ODS, take to the eyes, hella high, right, with  
the red eyes  
Better tip you slow, had a vision the dough when the fo'  
fo' come round  
Our eyes are swoll', hold up, better get that  
Flip back, get your back up my mobile  
Oh, damnit, we gon' go 4-Tay, NBK, all day, everyday  
get paid  
No doubt for the clan I'm out gon' want, double O on  
the freeway  
Ain't wrong, baby doll, pullin' into your driveway  
Walked into your house, bust it out, with a J and a bottle  
of Tangerade

[Chorus]

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