

**Bernhard Mantei****"I'm a Balla"**

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[Chorus - Chamillionaire]

I'm A Balla, I walk the walk bruh  
I'm not a talker  
I keep it pimpin' so these women 'll pay me  
If you a balla, and bout ya dollars  
Then throw ya hands up if you gettin' it daily  
Don't even talk uh, bout what it cost ya  
If you ain't really out there gettin' it baby  
If you a balla, and a shot calla  
Then throw ya hands up if you gettin' it daily

[Verse - Chamillionaire]

Koopa, I got comma's and zero's  
And alot of robert deniro  
I know hoes that love other hoes  
that'll get down in a trio  
But it ain't nothin' to me though  
I'ma grinder, yall know my steelo  
Got no record or no P.O  
but I dodge police like I'm Neo, nigga we know  
Far East and Chamillionaire  
gon' bring 4 stacks then spend a pair  
Throw 2 other stacks in the air  
We stepped in here like G-G-G'yeah  
You a balla, let me see it  
You a shot caller, let me see it  
Bout them dollars, let me see it  
Pop ya collar, G-G-G'yeah

[Chorus]

[Verse - Play]

Whomp! Whomp!, I'ma head bussa  
I'ma keep on paper chasin'  
servin' all these muthafucka's  
I'ma keep on ridin'  
ain't no way yall gonna ever touch us  
I'ma keep on chieffin', puffin'  
chokin' on that charlie dutchey  
And I keep one on my side  
that's my only buddy buddy

I'm movin' weight, like the nutty professor  
better get ya change up ooh yessuh  
Better pack that metal, they'll test ya  
Stain chain, gotta hit em' hard  
when I roll that truck like Pastor Troy  
24's in my ? bump  
Better get em' boy, sick em' boy  
Gotta make that money, rip em' boy  
Like a pitbull dog, I'll sick em' boy  
Here we came to bring in noise  
You a balla, let me see it  
You a shot caller, let me see it  
Bout them dollars, let me see it  
Pop ya collar, let me see it

[Chorus]

[Verse - Far East]

-Yeah, Play F, Skillz  
No matter what they say  
No matter what they do  
Muthafucka's ain't got no clue  
Of what we tryna do  
Ride in coupes, ride on Koopa, who what?  
Do what?, muthafuckas you ain't clappin' my crew  
Keepin' it gangsta, plus yall lack  
Black on Black, ridin' Jordans  
That ain't Coogi homie, quit cappin' you can't afford it  
That's how it go, doin' shows, puffin' dro, bangin' beats  
Far East, from Dallas, Tex, but TL call me Greg Street

[Verse - Skillz]

Me and Koopa not some hoopers, but we ballin'  
I see you actin' stupid, better move it or ya fallin'  
Pausin', never keep it movin' like my rims  
They say I'm clever, but it's the cheddar I spend that's  
makes me win  
If you a baller then dribble til' ya hands get tired  
Cuz that's the way my wrist feels when I'm tryna raise it  
higher  
You a balla, let me see it  
Shot caller, let me see it  
Bout them dollars, let me see it  
Pop ya collar, let me see it

[Chorus]

[Verse - Lumba]

Like where do I start, or where do I begin  
When it comes to ballin' and flossin', I shine like them  
rims

That's intend to spin, act like a crip, nah fuck it dog  
Act like a chimp, like crooked monkeys throwin' up sets  
You ain't no throw em' up click, you used to throwin' up  
bricks  
We pro-ballers down south daddy, empty the clips  
I got 5 in my eye, I need 10 on my wrist  
So while I'm flippin' ya bitch, I put 10 to the lips  
It's just that young boy Lumba  
who's known to bump a  
take over the industry, while these other rappers  
crumble  
I'ma balla, you can see it  
I'ma shot caller, you can see it  
I'ma flosser, you can see it  
Superstar, gonna be it

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