

C-Note f/ Billy Cook, Botany Boys

"Can't Block-A-Balla"

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[Hook: Billy Cook]

Can't block, a baller
Rolling Bentley's, and Impala's
Can't block, a baller
Can't stop, a 20 inch crawler

[D-Red]

You're face to face with the money clocker, the black 6-
4 bunny hopper
Yellow honey dropper, rag top and a sunny dropper
Spitting game to all the boppers, and suckers hate we
bringing all the
choppers
Ain't no love, for you baller blockers

[C-Note]

Ain't no love, for you baller blockers
We call em short stoppers, we put a 'Burban on them
choppers
With lean in they hand, and a Lamborgini
While me Dirt and Smudge, in a Rolls eating fettucini

[Will-Lean]

Bitches in bikinis, just screens in spandex
In a bubble eyed Jag, I'm codeine and zanex
Diamond ring Rolex, baguettes it's your choice
Shooting dice for ice, in the stretch Rolls Royce

[D-Red]

Rolls Royce by choice, that's how we do it in the Clover
Stacking ends setting trends, in a 2000 Benz
Twisting 20's on plats, and nigga we got it like that
You can't baller block a playa, cause we balling like that
we balling nigga

[Hook]

[C-Note]

Well you can't block a baller, you can't block a 20 inch
crawler
Can't stop won't stop, I'm a young shot caller

Rolling Benz's and Lexus, on blades
We balling up in Texas, we done thought of many ways
The Botany Boys-Botany Boys, yeah we bring the noise
Ask Juve, Wayne and Turk we call em Hot Boys
We got some hot toys, we tote a glock boy
With the soul, of a million dollar spot boy

[D-Red]

We be the ballers coming through, with the grill that
glare
We on fire, like the Cash Money Millionaires
On stage throwing platinum Roleys, in the air
Karats shining baguettes blinding, but you still gon
stare
Bentley Azure with the top back
On 22's, and I bet them hoes gon jock that
Best to watch back, trying to knock that
Ready the glock cocked playa, baller block that baller
block that what

[Hook]

[Will-Lean]

Like a Rottweiler, attacking niggas a lot taller
Turn your paddy wagon, into a dead cop hauler
I got power, slap you from a watch tower
Leave your block sour, in the drop top Prowler
Will-Lean the shot caller, that's quick to blast dummies
Cloverland to Magnolia, it's Big Shots and Cash Money
In a Humvee, that got your daughter watching
Hit your spot with my glock, so stop that baller blocking

[C-Note]

They say we young, but we death defying
C-Note the Botany Boys, we Y2K complying
We coming through like a giant, taking over like
computers shipping
weight to Bermuda
Flying planes switching lanes, got the jewelry like
Luga's
You know them boys from the Clover, cause we one of
a kind
Hate to see us coming through, but ain't no blocking
our shine
Ain't no blocking my grind, ain't no blocking my rhyme
Put them diamonds in your face, ain't no stopping my
time uh

[Hook - 3x]

