

**Mark Spiewak, PEARLCOPPER****"Ballaholic"**

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\* 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

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