

Mac T. Colione The Memphis Car "Who Da Balla's"

Visit "[Who Da Balla's](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(feat. Dirty, Mega Bucks)

Yo Geezy tell these niggas' who the ballas is

I be that playa-hata dodger
Niggas' claim ballers, but they ain't nothin' but flodgers
While I stay on the low, that midnight marauder
Tryin' to get my bank account fuckin' larger
Whatever's whatever, gotta stay clever for dat'
cheddar
But don't holler if it ain't six figures or better
Ya' better come here with 8, cause' I'm drivin' in five
Shine til' I die, so I strive to stay alive
Shit you talkin' bout' fakers, nigga' I'm livin' in 7
But you playin' with four so what the fuck you yappin'
for
Cause' me and my niggas' is always shinin'
Lettin' niggas' know, with that fuckin' Rolex with dem'
diamonds
Twenty-one years old and I'm playin' in that Nav
With bitches for every season, yeah we livin' lav(ish)

We be chillin' off in Tennessee
With 3-6 Mafia and dem' Cash Money H-B's
A nigga' livin' his dream of regulatin' cream
Nashville, Memphis Tenn, Mega Bucks on the scene
Know nigga' livin' deluxe, cause' we dem' ballin'
niggas'
Went from seein' hard times to seein' six figures
I neva' thought it could happen, unless I'm pushin'
crack
Who would a thought a Geech(ie) boy a get paid off rap
263 we livin' major six-figurenaires
The best broads, (ver)sace', diamonds, rollie wrist
wear
We done came along way from bein' small timers
Now we blowin' makin' millions bein' rap rhymers
Down & Dirty, K-Rob, and dat' nigga' A-G.
And that sniper style killer Mista O.Z(O.G.)
And the master of metaphors dat' X-Fac(tor)
We got the king of all ballas my nigga' T-Mac

When I tell you we rollin', you best believe we roll
Money so thick that we got it by the truckload
Keep yo eye on your girl, you bet not let me get her
Cause' you ain't gon' get that bitch back once the Bucks
hit her
I done told you before that I be livin' deluxe
While you hatin' in the cut
I'm steady comin' up
I make moves that you fake niggas' dream about
I'm that nigga' in the bed yo' wife scream about
While you lickin' on the pussy nigga' you suckin' my
dick
So i'mma shine and bigtime on you playa-hating tricks
Now you tell me nigga'

Who the ballas nigga'?
Can't fuck with none of us
Yo money ain't big enough, thats why you hatin' us
Who the ballas nigga'?
263, shinin' and bigtymin' makin' moves for the money
Who the ballas nigga'?
Yeah we made niggas' big-ballin' and shot-callin'
Live and die for six figures
Who the ballas nigga'?
Open your eyes I know you see
T-Mac done made it funky, nigga' 263

A yo it's ridiculous, the way we pass you by life
vehicular
Navigators on chrome, big-bodies
The entourage loaded with felons and misdemeanor
Showin' up short shit
Jump out the Yuk' like sub-zero and froze your shit
Yeah iced out what rollies and all
Candy-coats, 18's, prowlers and all
Nigga' thats how we rollin' yall know we ballin'
Pick up some gats and watch yall niggas' start stallin'
Cartier eyewear, slick gators,
black lacs stink lincs, pussy in the pink
What the fuck I'mma freak
Plus we smokin' that shit to put your dick in the dirt
So when its time to go to work, I put my dick in her skirt
After I nut, I say fuck dem' bitches, fuck dem' stank-ass
hoes
Tryin' to monkey wrench my plan, so my mo's wont roll
But I get in and hit 16, burn rubber then jet motto
And a flashlight photo, while the sun flip my candy-
coats
No probes, one hundred spokes effects be reversal
263 clique universal, well rounded
Now take it how it sounded

And why you dumbfounded
????? is how this clique here be bonded
A yo we keep it cock for all my niggas' on lock
A yo we smoke an o' for all my niggas' on parole
So you know its to be sold and not told
We bout' to shine and unfold, and break this fuckin'
mold

Now I'm playin' in my Hum-vees
These hoes wanna see T-Mac they gotta come to that S.
C.

Now I'm all about my bitches
I spark niggas' like blunts who try to get up on my
riches
Now you know I shine all day long
Twenty-inch rims, candy on that Navi, nigga' I stay on
Spark the shit up for my niggas'
We goin' to the top Iced out nigga' makin' six figures
Top notch to the fullest
You fuck with my 263 niggas', you gonna bite a bullet
I got geezy in that Navi, K-Rob in the EX-p
Me and bucks in that Bentley, X-Fac nigga' Yukon
I got O.Z. out yesterday a hundred thousand dollar
bond
Now you see my Baby Bone, he's in that jaguar on his
way home
He got that Rolex on
Twenty-karat rock diamonds
Twenty round' my wrist ten round my neck nigga'
steady climbin'

Who the ballas nigga'?
Can't fuck with none of us, can't fuck with none of us
Yo money ain't big enough, thats why you hatin' us
Who the ballas nigga'?
263, shinin' and bigtymin' makin' moves for the money
Who the ballas nigga'?
Yeah we made niggas' big-ballin' and shot-callin'
Live and die for six figures
Who the ballas nigga'?
Open your eyes I know you see
T-Mac done made it funky, nigga' 263

Visit [Mac T. Colione The Memphis Car](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.