

# Wanna Be a Baller

## Lil' Troy

Wanna be a baller, shot caller  
Twenty inch blades on the Impala  
A caller gettin' laid tonight  
Swisher rolled tight, gotta sprayed by Ike  
I hit the highway, making money then fly way  
But there's got to be a better way  
A better way, better way, yeah  
I'ma baller, I'ma twenty inch crawler  
Blades on Impala, diamond rottweiller  
I, 10 hauler, not a leader not follower  
Break these boys off I'ma twenty inch crawler  
Bust a left, a right, I'm outta sight, I'm throwed  
I'm bouncin' off the road, I'm in a modem with them foe dem  
Tiny tune hop out my big body form chain  
With the Chong, can't forget Moet along  
I'm hot, find me lookin' good, diamonds against my wood  
Man it's understood got money in my hood  
I'm pushing, big body can't stop me  
For the nine, eight got to sell a million copy  
I'ma crawl slow puffin' on the Optimo hit the sto'  
I'ma go real slow puffin' indo out the do'  
I'ma lit the stash green, man, I'm lookin' clean  
Want remote control screens with ice bezeltynes  
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A better way, better way, yeah  
Big ballin', smashin', makin' my ends  
Smokin' big killa, gettin' high in the Benz  
Big ballin', smashin', makin' my ends  
Smokin' big killa, gettin' high in the Benz  
In the wind smoke goes as I crawl down on Vogues  
Twenty Lorenzo, smoke all up in my nose  
Yo eyes, get froze, as you see my low  
Candy red, two-do', let my top down slow  
Hittin', my remote, sittin', in my shit  
Presidential V-12 with that AMG kit  
It don't quit, as I get high  
From K.C. to H-Town, connectin' South Side

Now we worldwide, watch me high side  
Fat Pat blowin' killa, can't be denied  
187 thugs, oh yeah, we got love  
Blowin' sticky green we flow through and above  
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Sittin' Fat Down South, rollin' Benz on blocks  
Mo' scrilla I got, signin' with Shortstop  
And that's for real, so tell me how you feel  
To make a million dollars out my first record deal  
Shortstop puttin' up your motherfuckin' ear  
Really, really don't give a fuck and I ain't drinkin' on no beer  
Codeine what I sip, pistol grip when I ride  
Trunk hit fo' life baby it's South Side  
We on a fuckin' mission Expedition Navigator  
That's how we be ridin', alligator suitcasin'  
Puttin' it in your face and that's for real  
Shinin' harder than the grill it's the player Lil' Will  
Down with the 2-Low, Yungstar be a thug  
So nigga, nigga what? I'm down with Mo'Thugs  
Mo'Thugs an' da Bone, you know it's goin' down  
Represent that H-Town, pop trunks surround by sound  
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I gots to get better man, it gots to move on  
Switched from Motorola to a PrimeCo phone  
Broke in two chrome, now you know no dope pigeon  
Used to count my spoke, now these hoes count my inches  
Had to get older, man, it got colder  
I done got grown and got a chip on my shoulder  
Licks in Kuwait, got links in Pakistan  
Boys don't understand virtual reality Caravan  
Double doors, marble floors, naked hoes around me  
Every time I'm comin' out, niggaz they wanna sign me  
Got the Lil' Will diamond griller's Blaze in the Benz and you can't forget Den-Den  
Boobie diamond Ruby's, I'm watchin' on a movie  
Drop the top it's cotton and you know I'm in a jacuzzi  
Bourban and I'm swervin', man it's gettin' hot  
My last name Lemmon, drive my tight 'um off the lot, David Taylor

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A better way, better way, yeah  
I hit the highway, everything's my way, I parley  
Everyday all day, ain't no way  
Boys can't stop as I slide through your neighborhood  
Chop, chop, chop, headed straight to the top  
I only play to win 'bout to close up shop  
Show stoppin' dead end, pimp the pen once again  
Peep the message I send  
Take these levels that you devils can't comprehend  
Big bout it Benz as I floss through the south  
Big blue lens now whatcha talkin' about?  
Close yo' mouth as I settle all scores  
Scream and shout my similes and metaphors  
Mansion doors I constantly close  
All you hoes go and take off your clothes  
Lord knows ain't no time to play  
Commence to fuckin' and-a suckin' on the H.A.W.K.  
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