

# Big Ballah

## Mr. Pookie

[mr. pookie]

Everyday tight flossin', top villian, I'm livin'  
Time to get up on tha paper and collect from tha women  
Slightly pimpin is tha game that I chose, I keeps it real  
Went to ballin' came wit time, I suppose, you know tha deal  
Bring my drink so I can chill, and pass me my weed  
Big ballin' wit my crooks while I'm bouncin on d's  
I got tha trees, if need, you playaz smokin or what?  
O.k. pull up at tha station, I got tha cake in tha trunk

[juiell]

We got tha blunts and tha indo 2  
Smokin til my lungs turn blue, come on  
Come on, now playa whatcha wanna do?  
Ballin wit half of my crew, come on [mr. pookie]  
Let's throw a party fool, fuck it a barbeque  
Invite tha ballaz, tha pimps, playaz and hustlaz 2  
Got many hoes to chose, so chose em wisely  
And jam tha isleys, how they respond it wont surprise me  
Chorus: juiell (x2) Big ballah, tha  
game shot calla

Everyday top flosser, you need a pound jus holla

[mr. lucci]

Breakin bitches off wit my candy low reclinin'  
Workin wood ville flossin off tha pinky diamond  
Choppin up tha scene when I'm in tha bladed lexus  
Knockin niggaz jaws wit tv's and headrests  
Playin 64's, mobbin on lorenzo's  
Lettin these playaz feel when I crawl on vogue's  
And keep tha baddest hoes, jockin crooked medallion  
5'6 stallion, she black and italian  
I'm blowin all tha cake, I'm sippin all while straight  
I'm travelin to tha pelican state, in new 99 escalade  
I'm makin these boppers hate, cause crooks be breakin rules  
I'm dinin on shrimp and steaks, I'm shinin on lakes and pools  
I'm actin a fuckin fool, bangin my signs slow  
Screwed out hittin hard, in drop top vinyl volvo  
My click jus ball hoe, we crooks ain't gon eva change  
Destructed by mary jane, while fuckin this rappin' game  
Chorus [x2]

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>