

# Big Balla

Mack 10

Money music right here

You gotta ball on this  
Many speculate but they don't really know me  
All up in my business where they show be  
Game tight game right like a pro d  
Leaven soft white I rock the whole key  
Rap for the gutter and I never switch reals  
Soft white wash with the deep dish wheels  
Money too big for a clip you's a band  
Broad G a coup in myself a Sedan  
Them other dudes is fail us all they do is fall  
Hoo bangin hustlas and all we do is ball  
Why you think these girls around here we the shh...  
And bye the whole bar every town that we hit  
Make music harley boys bump on they dressers  
Y'all felling us eaten up this four car presser  
Certified hit the bricks with perfect diamond  
Game plan flawless like perfect diamonds

[Chorus x2]

When I grow up I wanna be a big balla  
Ballin like it's tomorrow  
Bring the good stuff right over the border  
If it ain't about dollars don't holla

Homie say do it like that put that on christ  
Two years I ain't wore the same t shirt twice  
Hoping out benz don't matter whats hood  
Be a corner for a g lil homie whats good  
Live at the swat meet stay out of function  
All mad at me till I get that thang jump-in  
A real east sider y'all actin like the clan  
Turn G Malone haterz and a g's biggest fan  
G get-tin grands ain't stun-tin y'all threats  
long as homie understand I leave his ass wet  
The boy got a plan I'm trying to do it for the coast  
Best rookie ever trying to prove it to the coach  
Now mack pay attention how I get the west crack in  
I'm a need that phantom same day I go platinum  
Kink in the glove box money in a cancel  
Petal to the pedal thats the end of this con vole

[Chorus x2]

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In no my jungle shots to the jungle  
Get money keep a 2...  
Mob is how we got to eat  
Ride when we got to creep  
Shorty is a beast hundred on the streets  
Fresh flamed up money never changed us  
Built from the project hood rich and famous  
Kept a Duce with a nickel on me

Five star g bout money come and see us homie  
Leather tone with a bag black mag bout cash  
Doing out the black jag hundred g's mobs  
See em mc's cmb lets eat five hundred on the tete  
Yeah and junior is the best riding with the west  
Rollin with my smith and wesson  
Got the game off the ground  
Blowing out the pound representing uptown.

[Chorus x2]

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Bring the good stuff right over the border...  
When I grow up I wanna be a big balla...  
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If it aint about dollars don't holla!!!