We, roll dubs
Ball, in clubs
Dimes, no scrubs
If you're lookin for a baller, baller

From the yay, from the yay
Poppin my collar
If you're lookin for a baller, baller
From the yay, from the yay
Poppin my collar
If you're lookin for a baller, baller

Whassup baby? Still dreamin? For a rich man, you still fiendin? Well I hope he got skills if you know what I mean Everything from oral sex, to cookin and cleanin Rich niggaz want it all, just like you And when I ball don't ask me what I do You wanna be kept, keep yo' mouth shut But youse a golddigger and you go out too much If I choose you, it'll be the wrong choice I'm sayin fuck you loud, with a strong voice One rainy day and yo' ass is out No money to spend, you start passin out So dramatic, even though it ain't yo' cash Bitches like you I wanna thank yo' ass for bein shallow, I know you a bad ho I wouldn't let yo' punk-ass stand next to my shadow

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I like a Cinderella story, but most of the time These nothin-ass golddiggin hoes are fine A nigga frontin, you wanna have sex with a star? He drive a Benz, but it's the next nigga car The only thing he own is that outfit But he still stuck his dick in yo' mouth bitch And after all that gettin fucked on the floor He called a taxi to take you home in the mornin Dumb bitch, you just got fucked by a flunkie See you at the club and you actin like you want ${\tt ME}$ Don't make me laugh We get married, and you take half I don't think so, see you at the bank ho You wanna walk down the aisle but I cain't go I got her number, but I never call her You better look around and find another baller, beotch!

I don't want yo' key, you ain't gettin mine Ask to use my car, you commitin a crime Leave yo' panties or yo' bra, I throw 'em away Cain't find the door? I show you the way Hope you come back, but you just cain't stay We can get together on another day

I come get you, when I miss you
Cause if I see you every day I'd probably diss you
What'chu gon' do when you get you a baller?
Rich man, what she gotta do to get you to call her?
Better talk about, might like what you hear
Say it right in her ear, every night of the year
You can be together, beotch!
You better get a job if you wanna be rich
Go to school or somethin, get a degree
I know you wanna baller but it can't be me

[Pimpin' Ken outro bleeds over to skit on next track]