

# Balla Baby Remix

Chingy

Yeah, yeah. This for my ballers world-wide, state to state,  
City to city, ballers ballers. Let's do this, dirty.  
Remix. You know, Ching-a-ling.  
You know how I do it: representing St. Louis.  
Put your hands up, put your hands up.

I'm a baller (baller), highroller, baby.  
Where the ballers at?  
Shotcaller (caller), driving chickens crazy.  
Where the shotcaller's at?  
You a hater (hater), why you trying to play me?  
Where the ballers at?  
Fake player, afraid I'll take your lady.  
Where the shotcallers at?

I got the pots up in the kitchen,  
I'm just a baller pitching-in my division.  
Yes, me coming, some people be like dissing  
My 26 rims like full moons, they be glistening.

So yes I got my eye for these chicks when I'm dishing.  
The critics be talking, I walk past and start hissing.  
Looking at my wrists, and shooting them balls in Detroit like I play for the  
pistons.

Baby if you listening, I'm a' tour so much,  
Folks say I'm missing, gettin'.  
This baller s-k-in', I be running around with it, spitting it.

The hood in here, a lotta ballers drop down in here,  
I wish you would in here, We smoke good in here.

Moving through your hood shining,  
Keep yellow, I'm gonna wear blue diamonds,  
Look mellow, allways be grinding, rhyming-  
I get 50 thou' for an in-store signing, cause I'm a

[Chorus - Chingy]

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[Verse 2 - Lil' Flip]

It ain't nuthing to a boss,  
That's why I spent three hundred on a cross!  
Pink and yellow, that's the combination.  
I know a skinny rapper out here player hating.

Cause I got thirty blocks on my resume,  
I got my own liquor, why he drinking Alizee?

Me and Chingy got the pop charts on lock,  
But I still get respect on my own block.

Niggers try to take my money, but I bounce back,  
Three cribs, one viper, and a mayback.  
I'm like, baby, you can call me the birdman.  
But I'm the boss, I don't hustle on the curb, man.

Now everybody in my crib got a clover chain,  
So even when I'm not around, they promote the name.  
I'm Lil' Flip, rapping H-town 'till I'm gone.  
I took a trip to Amsterdam smoking out a bomb,  
A baller, baby!

[Chorus - Chingy]

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[Verse 3 - Boozie]

That's me, that's right, I've got a Bentley for sure,  
A hundred million in the bank, plus I'm getting some more.

I'm the type of dude, moving more product than stores.  
I'm a cook it in the kitchen for the price of the room.

I've got black diamonds, quarter million biller on shore.  
On a white sandy beach with kickers and whores.

Said I'm on another level that you can't afford:  
Princess cuts, round diamonds, and getting more.

That's why I shoot my dice four thousand or more,  
Cause my price at work sure be on soar.

That's why we need a hundred grand for at stores,  
'cause I won't settle for nothing less than more.

[Chorus - Chingy]

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