

# Looking For A Baller

Too \$hort

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 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]