

Professional Ballers

C-Bo

Yeah, ladies first so watch me set it off, even the
brothers can't touch us
Professional Ballers is what they call us, ain't no
tellin who we're bailin
Kentucky, Texas, ATL strikin in a Lexus
The nigga that wanna test this
Thought this shit was shut down, thought this shit was
dead like Makaveli
Cali legends keep it goin, bout this player shit I'm
knowin
Haters, I know you're bumpin this shit so here's
another *?daltz?*
From the Bay to the SCC, you heard us straight from
California's most

We don't need no practice, no theatrics
bout the way we be livin with the Mafia tactics, I be
constantly at it
Tryin to stack my riches like Bill Gates
Servin raw and uncut caine so you can't hate
Because it angers me when niggas try to bite my ass
But we be Professional Ballers hittin at the top-notch
ass
Pass the green leaf on the left, inhale a breath of
chronic smoke
Exhale like a pro, I be too much for you to cope

Chorus: C-Bo

We steady countin our money, on a mission to ball
All the things we dream we wanna see before we call
So we pack heavy, push Chevy's, makin the 'fetti
If you're ready to holler at a Professional Baller
repeat

Baby Capone on the loose, skywalk and fly shit
off Paraguay, Glock in the drop plus we're hidin
astronauts, turnin in shit for the soldiers that recop
Shoot outta state pushin killer Cali rocks
Big wreckin ball nuts and you can notify the monks
I be flossin in gators, maybe ??? ???
Tennis shoes, press our shit
Aliens gank and flew, runnin out to see you
with the loot

Interlude: Killa Tay

Yeah
West Coast Mafia, bitch
Everybody else can suck a dick

I'm steadily tryin to get my bail on
tapped me up on the cell phone, it ain't far
Stomped in steel toes, I look out my ??? so back up off
me
The K-I-double L-A T-A-Y, call me the locster
Only smokes the bombest chronic, Professional Ballers

like the Sonics
Respect game, with or without these gold chains
We're sure the West got shit sold
from the rap game to the cocaine, come get some
Got pounds like a kick drum, got hitmen
Payin em under the table, lyrics fatal like a ninja
no pretendin, we're steady ballin

Chorus

From the Valley to the Bay, I'm known for stackin chips
My 500 whip be hip with the AMG hit
'74 drop Caprice, gold ones dip
Candy-coated sport, Professional Ballers don't trip
Makin moves, pushin luxuries to ol' schools
I spit the A-1, that's why my pockets weigh a tonne
And my crew be Mafioso's, high performance and low-lows
Professional Ballers on the go and get more doe

Who keep it knockin with mean choppers? My niggas keep
it poppin
We're rockin, Professional Ballers, Figga-Ro will be
the tallest
player that you spot, duck or dodge?
It's all, turn the Impalas all skirty
Left em deserted, heat em where their pockets hurted
Sold it up by then, two quarters and half a flynn
with my nigga Bo-Loc in the 500 Benz
Ready to bust and make it happen fo' sho', so stack G's
with them 8-ball gangstas
and the young mack knees and that's for sheez

Chorus