

Ball With Me

David Banner

Its David Banner yall
And its Nitty yall
Chamillionaire yall
And we go a little something like this

Have you ever rolled in a Rolls Royce
If you want to girl take your clothes off
On that Rick Flair money everywhere
From the South dog, kush in the air
J's on number four, coming down clean, only with hoes
Cardiers on, or them new Saces, 50 stacks cash, yeah Nitty got me
Big cars, big rims, Southside wearin' lil' Timbs
I don't spit bars I buy cars
Still in the hood I don't hang with stars

DJ brings your girls and I can bring my G's
Rubber-band stacks I guess its all for free
We can spend money like its falling from a tree
Leave it all behind and come and ball with me
Yeah them big stacks we can bring 'em out
Poppin' rubber-bands know what I'm talkin' bout
Yeah them big stacks we can bring 'em out
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50 thousand up, 50 thousand down
Money in the air, money on the ground
See it layin' 'round, while them haters frown
Where the money go, gotta ghost and lay it down
European broads, take 'em over seas
Money on the bed, layin' over G's
Keep the Dessert E, I've been known to squeeze
Turn 'em round and be poppin' like its soda
I am so fresh, nobody flier
Need a breathe of a air, I am Lucifer
Open the garage, you ain't messin' with me
Two SS's like the word Mississippi

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'68 Chevy, what they like dog
All grown men, watch the screens fall
Now and later in my paint
Throw a deuce up, like I'm with the Saints
Hit the block beatin', know you hear it dog
Four 15's about to knock my damn tag off
Them to the mall, watch I'm 'bout to ball
I'ma shut it down, cause I'ma buy it all
DJ brings your girls and I can bring my G's
Rubber-band stacks I guess its all on me
Makin' money easy, yall make it hard

Call Cole He tell him put it on the black card

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Whats up, yeah
You know what it is
Play-maker SRC
Big face lets go, yeah

Come and ball with me
Come and ball with me