

# HIGHROLLER

Joey Bada\$\$

Uh, yeah

Blowin' money fast, but we ride slow (Skrtrt)  
This lifestyle we live to die for, so bullets is hollows  
Ain't no tellin' how it might go (Yeah)  
Shooters hoppin' out with the mask, watch his whole life flash, it's a slide show (Brrt)  
Every day is a dice roll, might get his head cracked  
Niggas ain't playin' fair, tryna make his bread back  
They go crazy when they see low green (Uh)  
When you get the hot hand, they kill they self-esteem  
Street dreams are made of these  
My uncle whip just got seized for a hundred keys  
Couldn't believe it when I heard the news  
Though I always knew that the hustler spirit is in my blood  
Just a different path I had to choose  
I'm havin' it my way, ain't playin' by the rules  
Real player in the game, can give you a pointer or two (That's right)  
Say, when the odds is against you, what you gon' do?  
Gotta keep a winner's attitude or else you're gonna lose  
Girl, I wanna know

Girl, I'm 'bout that dollar (Yeah)  
Baby, when I call ya, you know that I mean it, babe (I need it, babe)  
Girl, I started from the bottom (That's right)  
But I fell harder, baby, when I see your face (Haha)  
Money fix your problems (That's right, fact)  
I know baby wanna touch my pocket, tell me (Right)  
What you want, I'ma cop it  
I oughta tell ya, baby, it's yours, yours

We just tryna thrive 'cause all we know is survival  
Livin' in the concrete jungle, had to be tribal (Yeah)  
Basic instincts, my second nature is primal  
Any sign of a rival, dead on arrival (Yeah)  
Every day, my niggas gon' pray, hand on the Bible (Right)  
On these streets, seen false prophets and false idols (Uh)  
Lotta niggas claimin' they king and lost titles by their queens  
Got they ass set up 'cause they was liable  
I'm breathin' new life in the game, it's a revival  
Left me no choice, to take your spot, it was rightful  
Life is a bitch and she back on her cycle  
Can't stop 'til the chips I stack tall as the Eiffel  
My attitude spiteful, my vision is insightful  
Only downfall, at times, I'm too prideful  
I'm the king of poppin' shit, but I ain't Michael  
The bag so long, look like I'm packin' a rifle  
Girl, I wanna know

Girl, I'm 'bout that dollar (Yeah)  
Baby, when I call ya, you know that I mean it, babe (I need it, babe)  
Girl, I started from the bottom (That's right)  
But I fell harder, baby, when I see your face (Haha)  
Money fix your problems (That's right, fact)  
I know baby wanna touch my pocket, tell me (Right, Ferg)  
What you want, I'ma cop it (Yeah, uh)  
I oughta tell ya, baby, it's yours, yours

Came a long ways, always wanted that  
You was fuckin' with them drug dealers out there sellin' packs  
Had to let my money stack (Hey)  
Start to rap, got up in my bag, had to double back  
Now I'm a star, hit you in that sweet with that honey pack (Uh)  
Unwrap, them buns clap while them guns clap  
Shootouts in your hood while I'm in it, I'm still gon' come back  
I'm with all the smoke, I'ma hit it until my lungs black (Woo)  
Then you poke it out, I'ma stick it in like a thumb tack (Woo)  
Jerking like you don't want that (Damn)  
I want you to lick it until your tongue chap (Ugh)  
Them diamonds be hittin' under Burberry mittens (Woo)  
Baguettie cut to precision, see, you ain't peep the vision (Right, yeah, uh)  
I been on a mission, copped you a new Patti LaBelle, that's a new addition (Uh)  
Maybach, color Bobby Brown, this the new edition (Ooh)  
(Girl, I wanna know) Damn

Girl, I'm 'bout that dollar (Yeah)  
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