

## Ballers / Outro Cash Money Mix

Project Pat

Man, why these niggas always hatin' on Hynotize and Cash Money?  
Man, fuck these niggas!

What's up wodie? It's these gold girl and these platinum-mouth boys  
These big time Hot Boy\$, these 3-6 boys,  
wit the self made millionaire Cash Money boys

You done fucked with the wrong nigga  
Must they know that I ride and I shoot quicker  
Should have known not to upset this lil nigga  
You got a click so what nigga my click thicker  
A bunch of real niggas that'll burn ya  
With no waitin' catch ya slippin then jam ya up  
Slangin' weight ain't no thang for me  
Play by the rules  
Or shit I'll kill yo' family  
That's what I do  
Bust ya chest wide open  
And split ya fade nigga  
And them all frozen  
Moves from the 'K nigga  
Turk don't play, when it's time to get serious  
Think I'm a hoe keep it that way and stay curious

Niggas be shoutin' one love but wearin black gloves  
Some niggas 26 and 28 still live in they mom house askin' for play  
Them niggas shouldn't be respected, they fake  
Instead of hittin' blocks with glocks and touchin' niggas money spot  
And breakin' bread with the woman who put em in that spot  
These niggas wanna trick they hoes  
And play with they nose  
Instead of totin' fo' fo's and movin' fuckin' kilos  
Nigga I done bought more cars than niggas done bought pussy hoes  
And bought more rims than niggas done fucked they main hoe in they assholes  
3-6 told me to roll and unload  
But nigga fuck that  
I'm tryin' to stack and mack  
And that deal with Universal shoulda showed that  
But Uptown is where its at  
Playboy won't you tell me how you luv that?  
Won't you tell me how you luv that?

Ballers  
We be on some twanky twankies  
Playa hatas get found stanky stanky  
Trickin fat blunts of that danky danky  
Big diamond rangs on our panky panky

Fuck with 3-6 Mafia gon' make me millions  
Fuck with CMR gon' make me some more millions  
I can see it, I'm a kill 'em  
And build me and building  
And put some money to the side for my mom and my children  
Ridin' with my nigga Rambezee, to the easy  
Drinkin' for my nigga Babyzee and B.G.eezy  
Ducked off  
Tinted windows on my candy apple cut dawg

It's a classy nigga fuck yall

I'm representin' Northern Memphis to the fuckin' fullest  
We ain't the kind to tote a gun when there ain't no bullets  
And when that drama starts the strap we expect to pull it  
You see a nigga holdin gauge and you wish he would have  
Rolled by yo' mama house and put her in a coma  
Cuz niggas gone on that Hennessey and marijuana  
And now we back up in the hood on a burner phone-a  
In that game slangin' came to you blood donors  
It's on, coward

They call me quick draw 2 pistols Lil Wayne  
Champagne took my brain I don't think I just aim  
Drop tops on a Z-3  
Start shootin' like 3 burners  
How come them try me  
Never know me block burner  
Better watch for lil shorty in black  
Nigga get back  
Bout to make my glock 40 click clack  
Brrr kill it  
It's yo Life  
Spill It  
Playin' with the realest  
Pop fire like a skillet  
Now nigga what the dilly  
Highly influenced on Cristal  
I'm warnin' you to clear the set because it gets wild  
I be disguised as a mailman with a pistol  
Then deliver him 50 shots and take his child

Punk bitch I dare ya  
I double dare ya step against this pot belly  
Bitches they try to step to the ruler but they ain't ready  
Weak ass them cowards try to make moves but I knock 'em out  
2nd ones step yall need more help 2 barrels in his mouth  
Face it when this shits fucked up you gotta deal with it  
This is my game, live with it or get killed with it  
These are my dice  
This is my board I let you roll off  
And how you gon' have ice when I cut your fuckin' water off

It's the project nigga roll back I own them bricks  
Kickin' game with the Hot Boy\$ and 3-6  
B.G., Juvenile, Baby, Lil Wayne  
North Memphis, Uptown, and we havin' thangs  
Ain't no thang when ya come real ya gotta shine  
I'm strapped with a glock 9, he ain't takin' mine  
We in our prime puttin' in work players never rush it  
Full of gin, fucking hoes, like I'm mad russian  
A discussion amongst men means a power move  
Is about to be made for a come-up fool  
Slang that iron when you get in my business  
Hypnotize, Cash Money, on the rise bitch