

BIGBALLER!

Summrs

(Da-Damn J Stew, you made this one too?)

Yuh

I be off the percs, like "What you talkin' 'bout?"
Finna turn up, 'cause he was talkin' down
Red beam on his nose, he think he clown
Su-Summr bangs headed up next, bitch I'm up now
Diamonds on my damn neck, they go bling blaow
I-I-I was at the bottom, now I'm stuck up in the clouds
I'm a big dog, you a fuckin' cow
Bitch, I'm off the percs, that's why I never smile
Bullets chase his ass, bullets go a mile
I don't talk that much, but I'm smokin' on that loud
I got a pint of that lean, yeah, I'm finna pour right now
Cash, it is stuck in my jean, yeah, I'm finna cash out
Pocket rocket all on me, I'm 'a let that bit' hit
All these lil' niggas corny, I'm 'a just fuck on his bitch
I know why that bitch want me, she see all this ice on my wrist
Now I got that bitch horny, she tryna come suck on my dick
I can't trust no hoes, yes my eyes low
Walk in the mall, and I took his hoe
Cash out, I ball, just like Lonzo
Big baller boy, you know how we roll
I don't want no joke, I just want that dro
Smokin' on this gas, yeah you know it's pout'
Baby pour me up, yes, I'm finna score