

Artist: nelly

Title: Ballers up in here

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[Chorus](Nelly)

I see nothing but gangstas up in here
I see nothing but ballers up in here
I see nothing but dope stacks up in here
I see nothing but flossers up in here

Ah Yeah

We gon mash it up
If you ladies want war we gon blast it up
If you bitches got bling flash it up
R.A.M Squad, Universal gon stack it up
Ah Yeah

(Nelly)

You can catch me in tha back like Shaq, nigga, posted up
Or at the bar with some broad, nigga, toasted up
Any you open mouth niggers I'm a close 'em up
Anybody wanna try I'ma burst it up
I put a T.V. in her headrest I own
I left a tattoo of Nelly on her, plus I was on on
It's to the point I can't even get no rest at home
How many times can a nigga change his phone
Yeah I left with five bitches but I came alone
Half these niggas couldn't do it if you became a clone
Best let me run my game
Cuz yall gon know my name when I bust that thang
I'm like Celly in the club
I need more Christmas
Niggas pissed in the club
Like who the fuck is this
Country nigga in this bitch tryin' to take our shine
I takin' yours I'm just expandin' mine, aight

[Chorus]

(Ram Squad)

I'm in the jet like diamonds... shinin'
Twenties on the S-Tank system bombin'
Rocks off the chain man... been grimmin'
Ball till my knees mash
Stash for the new Jag
I'm now, win now got money to let my friends know
Bend down, bend down, down underground
When I pop up spray relms
In and out of town for white ice
But I ain't playin' Dru Down
Cuz I'm platinum bound
Gon through plus stacks
Rugged like the motherfucker named Blacks
Big Benz, Big Rims, Big spendin' it up
Big ballin' ass nigga from the end of the Dub
C'mon

[Chorus]

[Bridge](Nelly)

Aiight we gon mash it up
I'm in the 69 Rolls nigga gas it up
Anything on the road I'm gon class it up
80" four screen screech trash it up

(Ram Squad)

Niggas want rhymes
Yall bout to hear me shine
If I don't sign back with quarters and dimes
I'm nothin' but a baller till the day that I die
I'm a live my life of crime

(Sticky Fingaz)

Don't trust no thug I'm around the clock
Hopped out the spot lyin' around the block
Stay long enough to find a shorty dead on the rocks
No security, I'm greeting you with pounds and glocks
Hennessy straight in the glass hold the ice
I'm unpredictable my life is like a roll of dice
Got bitches heads turning like the poltergiest
Except they ain't gold diggers they want diamonds now
Its guns, bitches, and weed when I'm in town
Yo son your man wildin' better calm him down
Before I beat with the handle and turn him into a vegetable
And the next time I'm in town I'll fuck it up for the rest of yall

(Ram Squad)

Ball out like Stoudamire

Wave back hairs dry like urban fire
Blue faced, hard fame, like rocky rider
We out in St.louis like Mark McGwire
Twist snips spit fire like a tone barretta
Millionaire in the ring rock the gold umbrella
Got the cream cheese, cheddar, and mozzarella
Tooth out baller yall, livin it better
Put keys in the hood call me Mr. C
Heavy neck with the bling like Mr. T
Seen Nelly's blue truck so I copped the V
Paid my way out of court so I copped a plea
Now my slang like Onyx, puff on chronic
Hear my voice hooked on phonics
Everyone want to be a baller now
Wanna be a big shot, shotcaller now

[Chorus]

[Bridge]