

Chorus: Fat Pat

Wanna be a -- baller, shot caller  
Twenty inch blades -- on the Impala  
A caller gettin laid tonight  
Swisher rolled tight, got sprayed by Ike  
I hit the HIIIGHWAY, making money the FLYYYY WAY  
But there's got to be a BETT-ER WAYY!  
A better way, better way, YEAH-AHHHH

[Yungstar]

I'ma -- baller, I'ma twenty inch crawler  
Blades on Impala, diamond rottweiler  
I-10 hauler, not a leader not follower  
Break these boys off I'ma twenty inch crawler  
Bust a left, a right, I'm outta sight I'm throwed  
I'm bouncin off the road I'm in a modem with them foe dem  
Tiny tune -- hop out my big body form  
Chain with the chong, can't forget Moet along  
I'm hot, find me lookin good, diamonds against my wood  
Man it's understood -- got money in my hood  
I'm pushing big body can't stop me  
For the nine-eight got to sell a million copy  
I'ma crawl slow puffin on the Optimo hit the sto'  
I'ma go real slow -- puffin indo out the do'  
I'ma lit the stash green, man I'm lookin clean  
Want remote control screens with ice bezeltynes

Chorus

[Fat Pat]

Big ballin, smashin, makin my ends  
Smokin big killa gettin high in the Benz  
Big ballin, smashin, makin my ends  
Smokin big killa gettin high in the Benz  
In the wind smoke goes as I crawl down on Vogues  
Twenty Lorenzo, smoke all up in my nose  
Yo' eyes, get froze, as you see my low  
Candy-red, two-do', let my top down slow  
Hittin, my remote, sittin, in my shit  
Presidential V-12 with that AMG kit  
It don't quit, as I get high  
from K.C. to H-Town, connectin SouthSide  
Now we worldwide, watch me highside  
Fat Pat blowin killa, can't be denied  
187 thugs, oh yeah we got love  
Blowin sticky green we flow through and above

Chorus

[Lil' Will]

Sittin' Fat Down South, rollin Benz on blocks  
Mo' scrilla I got, signin with Shortstop  
And that's for real, so tell me how you feel  
to make a million dollars out my first record deal  
Shortstop -- puttin up your motherfuckin ear  
Really really don't give a fuck and I ain't drinkin on no beer  
Codeine what I sip, pistol grip when I ride  
Trunk hit fo' life baby it's SouthSide  
We on a fuckin mission Expedition Navigator  
That's how we be ridin, alligator suitcasin  
Puttin it in your face, and that's for real  
Shinin harder than the grill it's the player Lil' Will  
Down with the 2-Low, Yungstar be a thug  
So nigga nigga what? I'm down with Mo'Thugs  
Mo'Thugs an' da Bone, you know it's goin down  
Represent that H-Town, pop trunks surround by sound

Chorus

[Yungstar]

I gots to get better man, it gots to move on  
Switched from Motorola to a PrimeCo phone  
Broke in two chrome, now you know no dope pigeon  
Used to count my spoke, now these hoes count my inches  
Had to get older -- man it got colder  
I done got grown and got a chip on my shoulder  
Licks in Kuwait, got links in Pakistan  
Boys don't understand virtual reality Caravan  
Double doors marble floors naked hoes around me  
Everytime I'm comin out, niggaz they wanna sign me  
Got the Lil' Will diamond grillers ??  
Blaze in the Benz and you can't forget Den-Den  
Boobie diamond Ruby's, I'm watchin on a movie

Drop the top it's cotton, and you know I'm in a jacuzzi  
Bourban and I'm swervin, man it's gettin hot  
My last name Lemmon, drive my tight'um off the lot, David Taylor

Chorus

[Hawk]

I hit the highway  
Everything's my way, I par-le  
Everyday all day, ain't no way  
Boys can't stop as i slide through your neighborhood  
Chop chop chop, headed straight to the top  
I only play to win -- bout to close up shop  
Showstoppin dead end, pimp the pen once again  
Peep the message I send  
Take these levels that you devils can't comprehend  
Big bout it Benz -- as I floss through the south  
Big blue lens -- now whatcha talkin about?  
Close yo' mouth -- as I settle all scores  
Scream and shout -- my similes and metaphors  
Mansion doors -- I constantly close  
All you hoes -- go and take off your clothes  
Lord knows -- ain't no time to play  
Commence to fuckin and-a suckin on the H.A.W.K.

Chorus