

# Baller in Me

## Bandman Kevo

Everyday I'm getting money, that's the baller in me  
Bait a thot, give me top, cuz she a toddler to me  
Gave that thirsty bitch my number, told her call in a week  
900 missed calls on my caller ID  
You a lie if you say yo boy be ballin like me  
I got 4G for my rims and yes I'm Spalding on seats  
I stay fly, why you think these hoes be falling for me  
I just made 50 thou and spent it all in a week Made this bitch call me Daddy  
That's the father in me  
Paid that hoe a lil attention  
She keep bothering me  
See you haters on the bench  
That's that starter in me  
Automatic car start I never bother a key  
I got Louis, I got Gucci, I got Prada on me  
Only rock them or nothin feel like the carter on me  
All this money in my pocket I got God on me  
Need a fan, I'm so hot  
Like I got lava on me  
That's yo wife? She get ran  
She a fool with the brain  
Call that hoe the Redline  
She a fool with the train  
Hit you from a block away  
I'm a fool with the aim  
I'm be fly everyday  
I should have moved on a plane  
Paid 30 for some work  
I'm a fool with the 'caine  
Heard his trap owe them bricks  
Okay dude is a stain  
All these bitches on my dick  
Diamonds dance on my chain  
If yo dash don't say two  
Nigga move out my lane  
Shorty got a fat ass  
She just something to see  
Fuck that thot she ain't shit  
These hoes be nothing to me  
You ain't got it, what you say  
Boy just quit stunting to me  
Beef with who? Have my shooters put the gun in ya teeth

30k for my lawyer  
Niggas talking too much  
If you ain't about your money  
Boy quit talking to us  
Riding foreigners you never seen  
Boy you be walking too much  
Fuck that bitch she'll cut and then say you be stalking too much  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>