

Ballin' On a Budget (Tight Vocal Up Version)

Nappy Roots

I'm just a big bang baller on a budget
Dank weed, smokin' like 'fuck it'
City slicker, country nigga, reppin' straight from Kentucky
Horseshoes and rabbit paws flossin', chicken closs for the lucky
40 flowers, Range Rovers, so they know the tailpipe's rusted
Country cookin', dog fightin', big body ridin'
Chillin' like a mug in Western Kentuck', showin' love
Summertime a funner time, smoke and gunner time
Sippin' Sprite and somethin' dark every fuckin' time
Uhh, okay watch how the po' folk ball
Stomp through to mall in my overalls, the black Girbaud
No pager, no cellphone, no access at all
Just a pack of Dutch Masters and a pint of alcohol
My hooptie, with a down crew like Boots said
"You don't perm, fuck a fade
Let my hair swing back and forth like a germ
I'll nigga with sick shit, pull out this and stick it in this thick chick
Baby Mama drama, child support court and ain't worth the biscuit
"What'cha know about them backwood
country folk?
What'cha know about the 'Lac bone hundred spoke?
Jimmy Crack Corn, no fade, no comb
What'cha know about ballin' on a budget bro?
I'm just ballin' on a budget, yeaga
I'm just ballin' on a budget, yeaga
I'm just ballin' on a budget, yeaga
It's the N the A the P P Y
Pull up, dead horns on the hood of my truck
Kentucky Mud on my shoes and my socks
Hungry Jack, prefer tryin' to stuff some food in my gut
Country cat in the cowboy hat
I'm front to back put the house on that
Candied yams, chitlins, greens, and smoked country ham
Chicken wings, cornbread, gran in the kitchen throwin' down
Eat good, tryin' a smoke somethin', run up on a pound
Roll somethin', gut a Vega tryin' a stuff it with a ounce
Hummin', Mama cookin' that mean it's Sunday mo'nin
Half a pint of bootleg gin, it keep my goin'
Fat knot, [Incomprehensible], bad daylight
Cigars and happy bags, man we stay right
Aww man, we go back, like sweet pickle book clubs
Nigga that was good love, summertime bathin' in a foot tub
Damn that shit hurt and my jams in that shirt
Atari 26, one stick never worked
What'cha know about them backwood country folk?
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I'm just ballin' on a budget, yeaga
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It's the N the A the P P YComin' up in the woods all I did was run barefoot
Ne'er could comb my hair good
My hairline grew like ten pound vines
'Tween my rib and my underwear
It's still a thin brown line, shitChores did and Ma work out on the clothin' line
Cool as shit, country boys out on the grind
River views, picnic, big ticks covered the place
Folks visit and make it apparent to come back againLook here, see I smoke like a fire and I drink like a fish
That's it, Ecstasy just ain't on my list
No comb, no brush, no fade, no pick
No shit, no hair and you get no dickNow we love them gals that love themselves, them southern belles
Them Clydesdale Kentucky gals with muddy tails
We cut them gals, no veils, no wedding bells
Trick on cheap hotels, KY gels and nothin' elseWhat'cha know about them backwood country folk?
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Songwriters

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