

Ghetto Ballin'

Master P

[Chorus x4]Girls jock me

You cant knock me

We ghetto ballin

My real thugs got me

UNNGGHHHHHHHHH!

[Verse 1: Master P]Love money, hate haters

10 years later, still gettin paper

Put 20's on the big wheel

It's Univeral now

Just signed a big deal

Party at the spot, come ball wit me

And if you aint a real Don

Stop calling me

It aint about what you got

Its who you are

My only bad habits are icey cars

Open up my mouth, didnt mean to blind ya

Take you to (?) just to wine and dine ya

You wanna make music girl look me up

And if your girlfriends cute boo

Hook me up, get your drank on

I got the tab, we dont speak on nuttin

That we really dont have

I told you it was a bentley

That was pickin you up

Moet and Cristal, we be mixin it up

'cause, I'm the player made it cool to be cunt

Only run with the realest

Thats just business and money

Call me the big dog, yall the little cats

You aint a true hustler unless you lose it

And get it back

[Chorus 4x][Verse 2: Lil Romeo]Ok, we dont rent or lease

We do cars(Ya heard?)

Compare us to yall whodi, dont try

I got nine houses, eight cars

Take my little sister to Mattel to get toys

I bet we have how much? Thats only mine

And that frank limo cost sixty-five

Geez, Oooh Wee, now why little boys
wanna hate on me?

We rock Grade A (?) to cubian stones
The only thing glowing is the ice on my arm
When I hit the playground, its time to go in
I made my first million at the age of ten
I love the girls, 'cause the girls love me
You cant pick up a magazine without seein me
Six Flags, or the mall where you find me at
I could buy what I want
I need a whodi check, Uh!

[Chorus 4x][Verse 3: Silkk]We keep it real, we dont lie
We comin at you, look look
We dont try

So they heard I was the best in the south
She said I dont wanna be with you
I just wanna test you out"
I said Ma you gotta know fast
Look, I dont have to touch you
But tomorrow you gon' have to bail like Usher
She said, what I'm gon' do after this
I said nothin, 'cause there aint nothin after sex
Look, Ma, I'm the best there aint nothin after me
TRU player for real, ask Master P
I can get you the finer things
Designer names, designer things
Talkin bout diamond rings
Hit the mall up, to armonte exchange
You with that climb the range
Look, I'm a baller Ma, just my extra game
Doctor feelgood, minus the pain
If you married, you aint gotta hide your ring
I know you get boys sometimes
Come on, try some things
If we get high in New Orleans
We can fly to Maine
Learn some new languages
We can fly to Spain
Look at what my ring say
Now thats a hell of a ring
I said, no V-P in Rome
Thats a hell of a team
And yo, I'll do us, thats a hell of a dream
And if I say so my self, No Limit

Thats a hell of a thing, Holla!

[Chorus 4x]

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>