

# Ballin (ft. Castro) (Prod. Arthur McArthur)

## Logic

Okay it's RattPack till my pulse flat  
We keep it real, no false rap  
I got four cards and they all black  
Got four broads and they all that  
We call that ballin'  
Doing this is my calling  
Flow is so appallin'  
My phone off and she callin'  
I'm like, "Yeah, what it do?"  
Penthouse man what a view  
Fall back cause I'm coming through  
With my whole team they coming too  
That's real, too real  
Mothafucka tell me how you feel  
I'm too good for my own good  
I won't leak the album, I'll let it spill  
Number one, bitch I bet it will  
Do the numbers I said it will  
I played the game and I'm still the same  
And I never changed just to get a deal  
Bitch I'm ballin', ballin'  
I came from nuttin to something  
Like it's nuttin, yeah you know I done it  
Now there's no discussion  
Bitch I'm ballin', ballin'  
I made a promise to my mama  
I'ma turn these zeros into  
Tens and commas  
Bitch I'm ballin', ballin'  
Closing million dollar deals  
Catch me swervin', burning  
Hundred dollar bills, how it feel  
When you ballin', ballin'  
Going places they never go  
It ain't all about the money  
But I stack it 'cause you never know  
I'ma live life till I overdose  
While they sleepin' on me, that's comatose  
I went mainstream with my main team

You just mad as fuck you ain't come close  
And yo next girl is my ex-girl  
She fine as hell, but she a mess girl  
All I do is rhyme, I got no time  
So I can't reply to yo text girl  
Bitch I'm back again and I run it  
Always gotta keep it one hundred  
All of y'all know y'all want it  
Turn it up and get blunted  
I'm like fuck the money, fuck the fame  
I came here to fuck up the game  
Gon' get it, I'm feeling myself  
Fresh to death, bitch I'm killing myself  
I'm gone, we burnin' it up  
Step in the building we turnin' it up  
Talking that shit, but they never admit  
When I step to the mic I be murderin' it  
And we living real good  
Mainstream, but it's still good  
I got raw shit, I got real shit  
But right now it's time for that feel good  
We call that ballin'  
Doing this is my calling  
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I'm like, "Yeah, what it do?"  
Penthouse man what a view  
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But I stack it 'cause you never know Yeah, you know that we ball and we been going all in  
Hold on, let me slow it down so y'all get the shit

These haters talk but I don't give a shit  
Got models, bottles and the piff is lit  
But we ballin', kinda like Spalding and Rawlings  
On the road to riches never stallin  
Got yo girl all up all on my nuts  
But she do it with joy, no almonds, ugh  
Living life to perfection  
VIP that's the section  
Presidential watch, presidential suites  
You would think we held an election  
It go Logic first then I'm up next  
I do not converse I just cut checks  
I do not rehearse, I just drop the verse  
I need to cop a hearse cause I'm fresh to death  
I bet you never seen so much designer  
Never seen a nigga with a bitch that's finer  
Boy, I stunt when I ain't even tryna  
Swaggin is nice but first I'ma rhymer  
And I rep Maryland, home of the Terrapins  
Say you spit crack homie we spit that heroin  
Bring it right to your front door like I'm caroling  
Standing next to me would be so embarrassing yeah we be ballin'!Ballin', ballin'  
I came from nuttin to something  
Like it's nuttin, yeah you know I done it  
Now there's no discussion  
Bitch I'm ballin', ballin'  
I made a promise to my mama  
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