

Ballin' (Feat. C Dot Castro)

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'
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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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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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