

Ballin'

Bizzy Bone

[Bizzy Bone]Motherfuckers ain't gon' get at me like that nigga [laughs]

And ready for warfare

They ain't ridden me of nothin but weapons of war playa

Pick up the double for reverends and devils

more weapons will give 'em the bite there

But the war yeah, he got us a sword right out of a drawer

Now give me a reason this isn't assault, my fault

Caught up in the crosshairs, here's more playa

They thought it was over and it was a wrap

I tap-dance, for the paper, escape in a world that they never did care playa

And when it was written, the devil didn't deliver it in your mail

And what do you know, it's just like livin in hideous times here

Addicted to kick it, compete with the price

Pour me some ice, yeah, now give me some liquor to get with the vibe

For quicker than fast to get with the mass

the underclass is what they call it

Call me a drunk or an alcoholic I'm ballin, motherfucker!

[Chorus: repeat 2X]I'ma-I'ma keep it thug 'til the day that I die

I'ma keep it thug 'til the day that I die

See ya - see ya boys hatin cause you see a nigga ballin

Sippin-sippin on the Hennessy until a nigga fallin

[Jim Jones]Jones... now I'ma push it to the limit, I was dyin to be the boss

And we was up early cause grindin was a sport

Rewindin in my thoughts, late 90's it was cold

Lost a friend every month, couldn't survive another loss

My niggaz in the pen, until we meet again

Picture me in the Benz, blowin weed in the wind

I caught a few cases, and now the Coupe races

Right through the Westside, floor seat at the Lakers, the milli-makers

Uhh, and do you know what that money mean?

The wintertime turn to sunny scenes

50 thou' on my dungarees, I made it rain like it's thundering

But the money got me nervous

My niggaz pack guns cause I ain't tryin to get murdered

And the feds tryin to serve us

Cause we ballin, but I'ma thug 'til I die

Until I hug the sky - Jones!

[Chorus][Bizzy Bone]As soon as we judge you give me the grudge you get it away from me

Always seem to be druggin the bud, they get with the scrubs
I'm sittin here waitin for somebody daily
Hopin for love cause shit it is hard enough, myself, get 'em away from me
Probably does continue to move it and groove it
and why you never get rid of me
Can never get rid of beef, nobody know me and nobody owe me, I get it myself
I'm earnin respect and wealth up under the belt, the baby can feel the welts
Been livin in poverty, livin and prosperous
Livin in the matrix, I'm gettin it how
Huh, I'm movin this shit, I stay on the edge and ready to smash
And we better then that, Lord I hope we kick it to get it together real fast
Together at last, under the bridge, you know what it is, move my ass
Drunk or an alcholic I'm ballin, even if I'm crawlin
Quicker than fast, now get with the mass
The underclass is what they call it, motherfucker
[Chorus]

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