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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