

Str8 Ballin'

2Pac

I would share the definition of ballin' with you white folks
But no I'm up before the sunrise, first to hit the block
Little bad mothafucka with a pocket full of rocks learned to throw them thangs, get my skinny little ass kicked
And niggas laugh, til' tha first mothafucka got blasted
I put the nigga in his casket
Now they coverin' the bastard in plastic
I smoke blunts on a regular fuck when it counts
I'm tryin' to make a million dollars outta quarter ounce
And gettin' lost on the five-o, fuck them hos
Got a 45 screamin' out survival
Hey nigga can I lay low, cook some yay-yo
Hollar "one-time" when I say so
Don't want to go to the pen, I'm hittin' fences
Narcs on a nigga back, missin' me by inches
And they say how do you survive weighin' 165
In a city where the skinny niggas die?
Tell Mama don't cry
Even when they kill me
They can never take the game from a young G
I'm st8 ballin' St8 ballin' Still on parole and I'm the first nigga servin'
Pour some liquor on the curb for my niggas that deserve it
But if I want to make a million, gotta stay dealin'
It's kinda boomin' round the way and today I'll make a killin'
Dressin' down like I'm dirty', but only on the block
It's a clever disguise to keep me runnin' from the cops
Ha, I'm gettin' high, I think I'll die if I don't get no ends
I'm in a bucket but I'm ridin it like it's a Benz
I hit the strip and let my music bump
Drinkin' liquor, and I'm lookin' for some hoes to fuck
Rather die makin' money than live poor and legal
As I slang another ounce, I wish it was a kilo
I need money in a major way
Time to fuck my BEEYATCH
I'm gettin' paid
You other mothafuckas callin'
But me and my mothafuckin' thug niggas
We st8 ballin' St8 ballin' Damned if I don't, and damned if a nigga do
So watch a young mothafucka pull a trigga just to RAISE UP
But don't let em see you cry, dry your eyes

Young nigga time to do or die
I keep a pistol in my pocket
Ready on my block
Ain't no time for a nigga to even cock shit
And now they seen a mothafucka beat pain
At point blank range cause he slept on the game
Ain't a damned thing changed
You shakin' the dice, now roll 'em
If you can't stand pain better hold 'em
Cause ain't no tellin' what you might roll
You might fold catch AIDS from a slight cold. Nigga
Best to live your life to the fullest
You 'bout to kill a fool, got a pistol mothafucka better pull it
Cause even when they kill me
They can never take the game from a young G
We st8 ballin' We st8 ballin' To my niggas in the penitentiary
Loked up like a mothafucka when they mention me
Cause you fuckin' with the realest motha fucka ever born
And once again it's on
I'm bustin' on these bitches till they gone
Now who the hell can you get to stop me?
I'm in the projects, parlaying with my posse
I keep my glock cocked
I need it cause they're all shady
I finally made it
Now these jealous bitches tryin' to FADE me
I ain't goin' out I'd rather blast back
I'm on the corner with my niggas watchin' cash stack
And I came up a long way from food stamps
And takin' shit from these low-life ghetto tramps
Could you blame me if they sweat me I'm gonna open fire
What could I do?
Pull my trigga or watch my nigga die
I'm representin' to the fullest givin' devil slugs
I'm on the block slangin' drugs with the young thugs
And mothafucka, we be ballin'
All mothafuckin' day long, stay strong
We st8 ballin'

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