We Ballin

Baby D

[Talking]
Young Chris, worldwide
What we doing Ro

[Hook: Z-Ro]
Balling, when you see us in them streets
We'll be crawling, sipping drank and smoking sweets
Shot calling, making paper till we die
U-Hauling, with them chickens that don't fly

[Young Chris]
Pull up in the low-low, everything slow-mo
The Lex the four do', Perellis the low crow
If you on nineteens, you need mo' and that's for real
Diamond in the back, bumper kits and fifth wheel
When I flip it's a thrill, I give eye by sheers
Watching out for my paint, cause five coats gon spill
I sprayed wetter than wetter, from South Coast up to San McGregor
4's poking trunk open, showing chinese leathers
From a friend to a pen, standing next to Lick Land
I be damned if I'm slipping, I got that hot shit in my hand
Jealous fellas gon knock us, certified show stoppers
And most boppers they gon bop us, when we pull up on choppas
I'm screened up tinted mayn, watch me slide fo' lanes
And I'ma swing and swang, and let the back end hang
And I still like a tame, young playas we doing thangs
Just like Z-Ro saying, nigga balling mayn

[Hook: Z-Ro]

[Z-Ro]
When I ball, it be like twenty G's up in my pocket
When I ball anything I want, I'm able to cop it
Cause when I ball it's to the point, to where they think that we broke
But I still be popping up on the scene, on a new set of spokes
Cause I'm a real ass nigga, in the field ass nigga
Eagle talons and hollows, up in my steel ass nigga
S.U.C. for life I love it, wouldn't trade it for nothing
Creeping and crawling on swangas, or might be blades with buttons
Gucci from head to toe, I'm looking sharp enough to cut ya

Gangsta strutting on hatas, cause ain't no love for bustas
Roll with us or get rolled over, we gon show you how it go
Young Chris done hooked up with the partna, from Ridgemont 4
And it's gravy that's how we ball, on cutters that's how we crawl
And never ever ever ever, that's how we fall
Check my track record baby, I've been balling a while
Diamonds all on my pinky and neck, all in my smile

[Hook: Z-Ro]

[Young Chris]
When I ball if you don't like me, it's fa sho you gon knock it
And when the diamonds get to shining, shit I know you gon want it
Z-Ro and Young Chris, we ain't balling baby
Check the track record nigga, we been balling lately
Coming down on a daily baby, thought we was broke
Followed behind that Z-Ro, and bo'poking on spokes
Now you can still knock us, dick riders they still jock us
Ain't a damn thang changed, switching lanes on choppas
We dub riders, your ordinary Southsiders
We balling for real, Southsive and that's for live
Today is the day we ball, the next time balling out of control
Crawling 4's up on the scene, valet falling up out the do'
Driving reckless through Texas, I shine from my wrist and necklace
It's Chris the youngest one, I'm well protected
We be balling daily, never falling baby
Check the incoming calls, boppers calling baby

[Hook: Z-Ro]

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