Ballin'

Spice 1

I'll be a baller 'til I die
I'll be ballin' to my grave nigga, I die a paid nigga
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I'll be ballin' to my grave nigga, I die a paid niggaI'll be a baller 'til I die
I'll be ballin' to my grave nigga, I die a paid nigga
I'll be a baller 'til I die
I'll be ballin' to my grave nigga, I die a paid niggaSome niggas be all up in my shit, you need to quit
Sprinkle a motherfucker that will leave you split
Tore back ass out bringing you your hat
Flat broke, talking about fuck that nigga S P IBut you can't go one on one Spice 1 because I'm born to die
I gets even up on they ass like punk bitches in ditches
The gangsterism resulting in murderism
Bailing up in your hooptie at the gas stationYou facing the killer for real-a punk ass nigga where the scrilla
Jacking you for your shit, taking your ends pull off my mask
Hitting the corner, hopping up in my Benz with your cash
Mobbing I mash out, you ass outLeft you shot up in your seven-trey glasshouse
Because you don't know me like you think you do, I'm down for thefetty
Ready to die for them presidents, high powered and deadly
I ask to ball or not to ball, partner answer the question
I meet a nigga running up on my hooptie with Smith and WessonI'll be a baller 'til I die
I'll be ballin' to my grave nigga, I die a paid nigga
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I'll be ballin' to my grave nigga, I die a paid nigga
I'll be a baller 'til I die
I'll be ballin' to my grave nigga, I die a paid niggaOne time for your mind
Here to represent the pimps, playas, hustlas, ballers
All my niggas on the grind, packing nine millimeters
Nine lives like cheetahs but your still in [unverified]Drug dealers peep the shit that I kick
Hustling, busting down zips making chips
If we ain't making it we taking shit
To the extreme hit the scenery with machineGun, get the creamery and ice cream, nobody scream
Nobody run, I come like point blank
Mobbing the motherfucking bank, looking like Benjamin
Frank and I take so many penitentiary chances, to makeScrilla scratch niggas must have more stack in the safe
I mean [unverified], nigga your safe is my safe
And I'm gonna make sure that my safe ain't your safe
By putting a .38 up in your faceFor running up in my place and shake the spot
And not expect to get your ass shot

Yeah, another one bites the dust
The shyster busts caps at your houseMatter fact, niggas don't like the Yukmouth
About to L-U, didn't they tell you
I'm a youngster trying to have something like my nigga L-Q
Ballin'I'll be a baller 'til I die
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I'll be ballin' to my grave nigga, I die a paid nigga
I'll be a baller 'til I die
I'll be ballin' to my grave nigga, I die a paid niggaIt's the motherfucking East Bay G with
The hundred clipper, savage thug nigga
See I was born with the lust for money, chrome plated triggers
Mob style haulering 187 up in your face
Put a gauge between your throat and tell you that your out of placeMotherfuckers don't be knowing we vicious and vicious
To get the cheese more tickets to G's, cruises overseas
Can't be no punk about the shit that we're in
Got to be a soldier to the game or nigga you'll never get your dividendsBalling till I die, until I die I'll be a baller
Let my riders do the dirt and I'll be the shot caller
Whatever I got to do for the lifestyle that'll pay them forever
Never slip stay on my toes nigga walk with the yellow stripeBut pull me back, because they cowards and shit
I be the nigga that take your drama and put a twist in your the shit
Caps get slapped with steel, hot slugs will be your meal
Fucking around with my money is just going to get your ass killed[Unverified]

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