Ballin' on a Budget

Nappy Roots

[Ron Clutch]
I'm just a, big bang baller on a budget
Dank weed, smokin like "fuck it"
City slicker, country nigga, reppin straight from Kentucky
Horseshoes and rabbit paws flossin, chicken closs for the lucky
40 flowers, Range Rovers, so they know the tailpipe's rusted[Big V]
Country cookin, dog fightin, big-body ridin
Chillin like a mug in Western Kentuck', showin love
Summertime a funner time, smoke and gunner time
Sippin Sprite and somethin dark, every fuckin time[Scales]
Uhh, okay watch how the po' folk ball
Stomp through to mall in my overalls, the black Girbaud
No pager, no cellphone, no access at all
Just a pack of Dutch Masters and a pint of alcohol[Skinny DeVille]
My hooptie, with a down crew like Boots said
You don't +Perm+, +Fuck a+ fade
let my hair swang back and forth like a germ
Ill nigga with sick shit, pull out this and stick it in this thick chick
Baby mama drama, child support court and ain't worth the biscuit[Chorus: Skinny]
Whattcha know about them backwood country folk?
Whattcha know about the 'Lac bone hundred spoke?
Jimmy Crack Corn; no fade, no comb
Whattcha know about ballin on a budget bro?
I'm just ballin on a budget yeaga (yeaga)
I'm just ballin on a budget yeaga (yeaga)
I'm just ballin on a budget yeaga (yeaga)
It's the N the A the P-P-why[B. Stille]
Pull up, dead horns on the hood of my truck
Kentucky Mud on my shoes and my socks
Hungry Jack, pheffer tryna stuff some food in my gut
Country cat in the cowboy hat
I'm front to back put the house on that[Ron Clutch]
Candied yams, chitlins, greens, and smoked country ham
Chicken wings, cornbread, gran in the kitchen throwin down
Eat good, tryna smoke somethin, run up on a pound
Roll somethin, gut a vega tryna stuff it with a ounce[Big V]
Hummin, mama cookin that mean it's Sunday mo'nin
Half a pint of bootleg gin, it keep my goin
Fat knot, (?) , bad daylight

Cigars and happy bags, man we stay right[Scales]
Aww man, we go back, like sweet pickle book clubs
Nigga that was good love, summertime bathin in a foot tub
Damn that shit hurt, and my jams in that shirt
Atari 26, one stick, never worked[Chorus: Skinny]
[B. Stille]
Comin up in the woods, all I did was run barefoot
Ne'er could comb my hair good
My hairline grew like ten pound vines
'Tween my rib and my underware
It's still a thin brown line, shit[Big V]
Chores did, and ma work out on the clothin line
Cool as shit, country boys out on the grind
River views, picknic, big ticks covered the place
Folks visit, and make it apparent to come back again[Scales]
Look here, see I smoke like a fire and a drink like a fish
That's it, ecstasy just ain't on my list
No comb, no brush, no fade, no pick
No shit, no hair and you get no dick[B. Stille]
Now we love them gals that love themselves, them southern belles
Them Clydesdale Kentucky gals, with muddy tails
We cut them gals, no veils, no wedding bells
Trick on cheap hotels, KY gels and nothin else[Chorus: Skinny]

Songwriters
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