

Ballin' (Feat. Bun B)

Big Tymers

[Baby]

Now since I live in these motherfucking projects
Police don't want to see us in Cadillacs
I bought a woman on gold to match my goals
And I don't have to drop one of my hoes
I got a Lexus and a Benz
Expedition on chrome partner
With 20 inch rims
A hummer and a Rolls Royce
I got a candy helicopter in the lake front nigga
I'm a ball till I fall
Talk shit till I fuck
I'ma fly till I die
Shake till I break
I'ma bake these cakes and drink Alize
And fuck a different bitch every night of the week
I'ma shop till pop and keep a high price partner
Range and rove, got a mouth full a gold
And I love these hoes
Niggas wearing Rolexes
Spending 50 or better till coming back from Texas
Busting leafs and leather
Got a hummer full of bricks
Cause I know I'm the shit, you can believe that nigga
Got diamonds and golds so I can blind these hoes
I'ma ball till fall, spending g's at the mall
Have a big balling party, inviting all y'all
10 G's around my neck, 50 G's on my Rolex
100 G's on my Benz, 20 G's on my rims
5 G's just laying on the floor
I party, hit the dope and give you 5 G's son
The old man never seen that much cash before
700 G's stashed away for my son
I hit it harder and get some cold rum
Downstairs has 2 million just in case I die
Baby we ain't gonna ride
The little BC gonna ball till I die
Playboy, tell me how you love that?[Mannie Fresh]
I got so many cars I don't know what to do

I got so many hoes I'll give one to you
Lexus laying wit the TV playing, that my CO
Projects swallow me, 'cause I'm negro
The cornrows don't got a hummer man
The broads too I keep the hurricane
Nigga raw street, that's the bubbled Benz
Nigga raw folks, wit the Batman Benz, come on
Put your eyes on this nigga Baby
Papa, I got a diamond ring for you maybe
I slam Cadillac bowls me and Baby gram
Out of state hoes wit diamond rings
7 nigga teens
Look at the fucking karats on your triple beam
How you love that?
Lexus wit the blue stripe
Can you take that Apollo with the white ass pipes
100's, 1000's, millions, damn
Like from 6 till noon, I buy a whole building man[Bun B]
Bitch we top of the line
Never fuck wit niggas that drop a dime
Thinking we balling I'll fuck if you mine
Your talks is too high. there's some diamonds bout to be blind
Stop some time, then you can possibly climb
I got Cash Money to prove it
Walking and talking like I'm all cute and
Refreshing and reuse it
With cars you can't purchase
While you struggling for 2 G's at churches
Nobody searching, they just find and drop the bitch
Probably looking for the boy, so we can get out this bitch
Now the drink is on us, for the fights no fuck
I'm visiting a whore, hoes only got butts, get naked
And show cunts
I need fucking sucking ass blowing
Now just back up and show us your butt
Blow up when you see us
Go down the beach and get some Reese's
If don't believe it, ask Jesus
Bitch we balling

Songwriters

STORY, ALLEN/GAYE, ANNA GORDYPublished by

Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>