

I'm Ballin

Bun B

Alright, alright, alright
Okay, okay, okay, okay, okay
Alright, alright
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Okay, okay, okay, okay, okay
Alright, alrightIt's Bun B and Jazze Phizzle, Phizzle
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It's Bun B and Jazze Phizzle, Phizzle
Bun B, UGK sho nuff ladies and gentlemenGot me some bread, made some paper
Costly fabrics, minks and gators bitch I'm ballin'
Diamonds on my chest, keep me looking good
Got diamonds on my chest, keep me looking goodI said, I got me some bread, made some paper
Costly fabrics, minks and gators bitch I'm ballin'
Diamonds on my chest, keep me looking good
Got diamonds on my chest, keep me looking goodBefore I jump up out my silk sheets, and hop off in the shower
It's already understood, I got the money and the power
I'ma grab the baby powder, under shirt and white tee
My Dickies, fitted cap and white one's that's meA hundred karats worth of rocks, courtesy of Johnny
I roll a couple blunts, and load up the Tommy
Ready to get my stunt on, my pockets on swoll
Now all I gotta do, is see which car I'm finna rollNow I can take the Benz, or I can take the Rover
And if I pull the Bentley Coupe out, then it's over
But I'ma keep it OG, and pull out the slab
So I can sit on buck, and have some wood grain to grabLast but not least, before I pull out on the scene
You know I gotta po' me up, my oily cup of lean
I've been stacking all this green, now it's time for some spending
I've been cool about this grinding, but ain't no mo' pretendingGot me some bread, made some paper
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Got diamonds on my chest, keep me looking goodNow if you see me in the shopping center, walking down the
hall
It's already understood, that I'm buying out the mall
I got six homies with me, and at least two freaks
Man we looking for the Louis, and the Gucci boutiques, okayI keep the flyest footwear, and the newest Locs
And if I get somethin' for me, I'm getting somethin' for my folks
'Cause we all gon be fitted up, we all popping tags

We all walking out of this mall, with big bags
And I ain't gotta brag, you can see it for yourself
I got ballers on my right side, and ballers on my left
We ain't from the same hoods, but it's all to the good
We bout getting this money, like some real G's should
And we ain't knocking nobody's hustle, why plex man
You only hate on yourself, when you hating on the next man
You can't be like Bun B, so why try to
Get your own bread, and you can ball just like I do
Got me some bread, made some paper
Costly fabrics, minks and gators bitch I'm ballin'
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I said, I got me some bread, made some paper
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Before I pull up to the valet, and hop out of the car
It's already understood, that we buying out the bar
It's a line around the corner, people trying to get inside
But a playa like myself, is finna walk right by it
Now, move the velvet rope, and keep the scanner
You don't wanna see us angry, like we David Banner
2000 and 5, Tony Montana haters
Ain't no need for you to knock us, just congratulate us
We done made it out the ghetto, by staying on the grind
We focused on the paper chase, with money on our mind
Now we just wanna shine, buy some bottles and pop 'em
So if you see niggaz out there, playa hating then stop 'em
'Cause we don't really wanna have, to bust a
motherfucker's head
We just wanna holla at bad bitches, and spend this bread
We buying everybody drinks, and making it rain
'Cause I'ma rep, like a motherfucking underground king
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