

Ballin In LA

Big Scarr

(Once again, I'm locked in with TP, we finna make a hit)

Dear diary, I've been taking meds (Meds) just to deal with this anxiety (Blr
rd)

And they label me as violent, say I'm a menace to society (Menace to society
)

And these niggas keep on copying me, I'ma change my page to private (Switchi
ng up)

'Cause killers move in silence (Changing up), you know we keep it quiet (Blr
rd)

My jit done did so many hits, he say that he retiring (I'm giving up)

Might bring him back like Jordan with that .45, now he firing (Blrrd, blrrd)

They thought that I was sleep (Ayy), but they woke up the sleeping giant (Th
ey woke me up)

Police say that we terrorists (Ayy), they treat me like a tyrant (Fuck twelv
e, what up?)

We keep on taking shit (Blrrd, blrrd), it's like we think that we some pirat
es (Give it up, yeah)

He got shot in his shit (Blrrd), we dipped before we heard the siren (Blrrd,
blrrd)

They never thought that I'd pull up in that brand-new Ferrari ('Rari)

They keep on copping deuces, backtracing and saying, "Sorry" (Sorry)

Said I was fat and out of shape, I'm balling like Kyle Lowry (Swish)

Eating steak and fettuccini, lobster, shrimp, and calamari (I did)

I'm all in Cali', dressed in Bally, strapped up at the fortress (Blrrd, blrr
d)

These shoes I got on cost at least ten times your pair of Forces (Forces)

Ballin' in LA, the place where rappers get extorted (No)

But I'm a walking murder charge, a case, I can't afford it (Blrrd)

This lil' bitch a freak, she keep on begging me, "Record it" (Record it)

I looked into the mirror (Yeah, yeah) and told myself, "I'm gorgeous" (Gorge
ous, blrrd)

Ayy, Big Shiesty Gang, we extorting shit (Extorting shit)

I'm really rich off robbing (Yeah), might slime my way on the Forbes list (T
he Forbes list)

I might just go with two Cartiers (Cartiers), skeleton face my other wrist (
My other wrist)

Trying to come spin while I'm in Cali' (Blrrd), I'll get your lil' brother h
it (Lil' brother hit)

I popped a upper 'fore I took her down, she bought some guns for me (Let's g
o)

No, ain't no posting in my hood (No) if you wasn't in the slums with me (No,
no)

I'm slimy as it get, the king cobra, bitch, I play for keeps (We play for ke
eps)

CG pulled up in the Jeep (Blrrd), ski-
masked up with new .223's (Blrrd, blrrd)

Say on the internet he want me dead, real life, he squashing beef (Facts)

Big Wop in control, he press that button and make you rest in peace (I'll ge
t you whacked)

We chopped him in seven pieces, they ain't found him in a week (No)

I ain't got no conscience, kill my kinfolk if they play with me

Woah

Let's see how that go

Catch 'em down bad and we upping the score (Upping the score)
Glock in my hand, got the Drac' on the floor (Drac' on the floor)
Put that fire on his ass, turned his ass into a post (Woah)
Real street nigga, can't beef on a post (No)
These niggas lame, trying to beef 'bout a ho (Woah)
Got it took to every show, we just stay with my pole
Woah (Let's go)
Fuck a 392, drive the 'Cat like I'm Joe, mmm
I act a fool, do the most, woah (Woah)
Aim for the head, get up close, blow
Let's go (Let's go)
These niggas hate, in they feelings 'bout hoes
Bag on your head, now they wiping your nose
Take the backend and go blow it on clothes

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