

Ballin'

G-Unit

Until God calls for me I'mma keep ballin', keep on ballin'
To my niggas and my bitches looking down on me
I know y'all see me when I'm ballin'
You know I got to keep ballin'
Till the FEDs come we ballin' out
Y'all niggas y'all know what this about when I'm ballin'
That stash house, we in and out
We ballin', ballin', ballin', we shot callin'

Versace down from my head to my neck
Pootie Tang with the belt game, show some respect
All these bitches on my dick, same, old shit
R.I.P. to Pimp C, I'm the same, old pimp
Fly over seven different time zones
I got a big booty bitch up in shroom zone
Got emergency blunts when I come home
Cause if rap or weed I'll have your lungs gone
Yeah, Malibu beaches, unlaced bikini bottoms
Mo' money, mo' problems, fo' fo' will solve 'em
Just every day I'm with a stank sip, 30 in the clip
Riding through that Gaza Strip, kill a nigga quick
Hit a nigga with my race car, Tony Yayo turn to Tony Stewart
Rap niggas die over music

Just got this brand, new chopper and I'm dying to use it
Dry snitching niggas testifying in their music
I seen niggas last five minutes then they lose it
Wrap the sheet around his neck, he said, "this time I couldn't do it"
A platinum nigga in the penitentiary going, "do it"
Put Prada on the prison yard, started getting to it
Two zero's, six, six, nine, 'o seven five
That's the number that they gave me when I arrived
It's just another form of slavery that's in disguise
To all my niggas locked up just trying to survive, I know why

I'm yelling money over bitches, money over everything
Money got me everything, every watch, every chain
Every brick, every whip, kicks with designer names
I used to hustle Texas whose child I can claim
Paid all my mama's bills so how can she complain?
Call my bitches dimes, I treat 'em like loose change
Call me Brian in the clutch, ballin' with my English brain
No love, got it out the mud, my shirt ain't got a stain
Iced out Rollie, three fingers reppin' Rida Gang
Entire streets in the streets so them hoes know I came

Ballin' on these hoes all the time
You got your kids, don't need mine
Word to my favorite design, my mama raised me to shine
These C-notes play in my mind, they on rewind
I am top five alive, I've been picked out by God
I'm never not on my job, too hard to argue that
Shining my records like, "where's my target at?"
Came through your stereo, feel me charging back
I owe you 15 bums for that
Stains in the garden, hate when they all go black

Cracks in the armor, this reach further than rap
Before we start react, mob attack
Stacks or don't call me, rain down 'til nobody standing
Won't show no snipe for your army