

I'm A Baller

Lil' Flip

Ok (believe that) we broadcasting live
From Redd's showroom ya heard me (off top)
We still balling, we still doing this shit ya heard me
We still in it (believe that) it's that flame shit

The wheels on my truck, go round and round
I'm sitting 24 inches, off of the ground
How that sound, mama said do what you'd like
Hold it rocking flights, red, white and blue stripes
But hold up, down South still on nonstop
Cause we been representing down here, for a while
With no solo album, I was still amazing
Stayed full of them trees, I was purple hazing
Look at me now, Redd ain't playing around
Two skinny, but my stacks keep weighing me down
They say balling is a habit no, I can't help it
Now I got more green, than a Boston Celtic
So I'm going all out, on a money route
Now I think these niggas, really know what I'm about
I don't know where you been, I don't know where you from
But around these parts, we get it how it come

See I'm a flosser, balling like you see it
Recognize me as a balla, legend in the streets
Best believe I did it all but, that will never stop me
From feeling like a flosser, cause I'm a balla

I'm still in the game, y'all catch my drift
I got that work cheap dog, peep my flip
When I hop out the truck, y'all catch my drift
The rolly's so icy, bitch get off my dick
We ride the finest cars, you know we stay stunting
Rims so big on the six, they sit funny
If it ain't broke don't fix it, blunt it and blist it
In a all blue something, with the plates unlisted
Like Nike, keeping you bitch niggas in check
Yeah whodi you know me, they boy is back
With two bricks, two chicks and two platinum Macks
I stay grinding, so you know I stay shining

See I'm like a value meal, my doe supersized
Copping a brand new Bentley, Coupe to ride
With mo' cake than a bakery, we got cream
Candy truck radio up, like Raheim
7-1-3 nigga, that's the name of my team
We still get full of that syrup, and gangsta lean
I still be ghetto fab, if I drove a yellow cab
Yung Redd enough said, my niggas got cash
Don't get it twisted up, my wrist lit up
You gotta show me something, for me to get up
Just call me a rough neck, but I cash enough checks
To put me in a Vet, and roll off with a set
The streets give me respect, for everything that I did
As a kid I always kept a strap, close to my ribs
But I don't know where you been, and I don't know where you from
But around these parts, we get it how it come