

Ballin

Lil' Wayne

Young Money
Volume 1
This is Lil Weezy Ana
Best Rapper Alive, Weezy F
Greatest DJ in the world, Raj smooove
Let's go!

We stay hot on that 504 shit (New Orleans)
Sellin iron all the time, and you know this
We stay hot on that 504 shit (New Orleans)
Sellin iron all the time, and you know this

Look
Back out the garage in the hog
And you know I redo the insides like the morgue
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The coupe blue like the 'do on Marge
Ridin with a bitch prettier than a Debarge
Mommy want a soldier, baby I'm a Sarge
You can't have me but we can have a menage (that's 3)
Now rub me wrong and fuck up my massage
And it's flowers for the dead, better get em a corsage
Yeeaa; head nigga in large
And everything I do, I San Diego Charge
While you niggas just starve
I'm eating so much I'mma fuck around and barf
And, red is the color of my scarf (B's up)
And understand, to a giant you're a dwarf
My flow's throwed off
I'm so sick all I got to do is cough

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Bitch I come from the bottom of the map
New Orleans, Louisiana, we love to pack gats
We love to count stacks, we love to pump back
I love killing the track; me, Wayne, Ronny, and Mac
That's some Hollygrove shit, yeah
And I'mma bang it in your ear
Until you get it clear
You heard that?
That's my word, and I meant that
Don't tempt me, I leave ya bent up in your Bentley
Believe me

Yeah it's Ronny, back in the game
Straight off the block, back in the game
Now run, tell you heard me rapping with Wayne

Run, tell you heard me rapping insane
Yea, I'm off in this bitch
Puffing drogas in this bitch
I'm leaning in this bitch
We got freaks in this bitch
We deep in this bitch

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I got a thing for them big trucks
Big, fine bitches with good jug and big butts
5, 4 mommies with nice head and fake tits
That don't get loose off Goose and probably act up
5, 7 bitches with bowlegs that take dick
All they really need is like two pills and 6 blunts
Wake up in the morning and count money and make grits
She don't really know no English so we don't say shit
(Mack Maine)
Yeah, Wayne said let it rain on them
(I did)
Mother nature with the paper, doing a Mack Maine on em
Like, there go 1000, like swoosh
Like, there go 2000... (ballin)
Now shake that ass like you can't
Pay your cable bill and you tryna watch the Saints
On the 60 inch Hitachi, living like Liberace
Sporting the latest Versace
Shotty and Maseratis
Dodging the paparazzi
AC cold like the heart of Nazis
This here a classic like old school Hirachis
Then get your grill cooked like it was Hibachi
Word to cousin Rodney