

# Ballin

Lil' Wayne

Young Money  
Volume 1  
This is Lil Weezy Ana  
Best Rapper Alive, Weezy F  
Greatest DJ in the world, Raj smoove  
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