

Startin' five crooked, coach know I got it  
Keep them niggas out my lane like I'm D. Howard  
Seven foot money, my stack sit tall  
Buzzin' like a hornet, bitch I'm Chris Paul  
Most of these hoes love me, them niggas can't stand me  
They hatin' while I'm ballin', LeBron in Miami  
I'll ride the pine, my jump shot's stupid  
Kobe in the clutch, fuck whatever I'll ball through with  
And I got that shit that makes your bitch realize that she don't like you  
I got her wet as, ... you fade away like you Michael  
High as rockets, shouts to Houston, this remix I'm abusing  
Bitch I'm balling, it's what we all in, it's that swish lead music

I'm all in, I'm all day  
Nah, I ain't worry about what's next  
I ball, like this  
Better yet bitch I ball like swish  
I ball like swish, I ball like swish  
I ball like swish, I ball like swish  
I ball like swish, I ball like swish  
I ball like swish, I ball like swish

Fresh from my hands to my feet, ballin' like an athlete  
Niggas cope with it out here so I pack the heat  
These hoes be attacking me, tryna be a nigga's wife  
But the only thing I give these hoes is ecstasy and pipe  
Hit the mall in spurge with no dawg cause we ball like  
Homies in the trap, hittin' crack for a large amount  
Fuck a stall out, meet the tick if you disrespect  
Westside 400 School Street, yeah that's the set  
That's what I bang, you niggas lame, you niggas claimin' I'm a G  
She says she's celibate but when she gets with me, she's a freak  
My wrist lighter, plus my bitch is fire  
You should buy your weed from me, my shit'll get you higher  
Yo bitch on my ass like some motherfucking 'pliers  
My seven forty five, got twenty two inch tiers  
The whole team killin' like we work for Michael Myers  
My wrist frost like

Boy I ball like what you see with  
G6 fly, that's why I hopped upon this remix  
Got a bad one, I'm cocky she conceded  
In that very important section in the club is where we're seated  
Brawls on the b-trick, Sox Gang, Pusha Ink and the BDB click  
That boy so wavy that it may just make you seasick  
Mann takes some drama man, we know you ain't ballin'  
You ain't even on the team, know what I mean  
Got a lot of dough in my jeans  
Pockets overflowing with green  
What's up with them hoes that I seen  
Start choosing, they know I'm with Skeme  
And YG, we famous, we really known  
Don't just put on for my city, we puttin' the city on

I tell em, hol' up, and swole up, the big dawg done roll up

And fuck four bitches for every joint I done roll up  
Hot-box the cool, windows rolled up  
And every time you see the boy it's probably with a ho, donut  
Diamond, stuntin' in my tiger fitted  
Young Compton nigga shootin' for the bucks: Brandon Jennings  
Crap, I can get that workout good: calisthenics  
I put this tool up in yo bitch and turn around: LA riches  
Why I do this without tryin', Louie 1-3 be the best  
Shot, "swish" in the goal, got more hoes than that net  
Got this, got my pros and my fo's going hammer  
I ball 'till I motherfucking fall: Hank Gathers