

We Ballin'

Young Thug

I'm ballin', we ballin', she ballin', and we ballin'
And they foulin', and they callin', and we stylin' cause we ballin'
We ballin', we ballin', we ballin', we ballin'
We ballin', we ballin', we ballin'

Uh-um, I'm not a rapper
But you might catch us flyin' out to Vegas, to cop a couple acres
But we ain't coppin' no waiter cause shit I'm the waiter
Why? Cause she make me wait for her
Now I adore her and I love it
I tried [?] at the top but cash you're still above it
And if you think you can fold this cash, you may pack up and leave
And I'm through talkin', so I'mma let the song bleed
Like yeah, like yeah, like yeah
And that felt like I was on the throne
And I took me a shot of Patron
And I called that ho phone and told her get back come
But if she don't

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We ballin', we ballin', we ballin', we ballin' [Verse 2:]
We ballin', we ballin', we ballin' (Let's go)

She say she fuckin' with me
So you know I'm fuckin' with her back
Like the tag on her shirt but that's crazy
But I don't like the tags on my shirt, yeah
And I be playin' around with her like a kidder
But I ain't need to kid her, but I fuck with the rock crew
And I'm pro so I had to pro kid her, yeah
Now all the boys dig her
And she like, Thug are you kid
And I was like nah, this a mink, not a kid
Ain't draw on your car, that's a ribbon
And yeah, I be really freestylin', this wasn't written

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I'm rollin' up them ball bats
2 grams and a Giant, what you call that?
This shit taste like some fresh fruit
Lean back and blow it out the roof
Vanilla seats in the coupe
Windows tinted and it's bulletproof
Call them bitches and they comin' through
Don't miss your blessin' baby, achu
YSL on my shoes
My bitch name Jimmy Choo
Man I swear my religion true
I'm [?] tested like I got the flu
Any bitches say that I'm the truth
Me and Thug with them foreigns, back to back with the pistols drew