

I just want to ball out with the squad at the bar with the stars and the cars out
I just want to ball out and when I walking bling got these items and the moll out
I just want to ball out I'm like flying all the times no sleep I'm a do it for my niggas
I just want to ball out I be flying all day all night I'm a real go get to

On the spot bat caves digital beams and scanners
Double pots, microwaves, ride down windows and cameras
We time swivel, stepping on that yatchy
Your money funny like a lickle I make a thousand stacks a hour
I'm still connected like a Rallister gotta line on that there powder
I'm not a judge but gotta jury balling like Stephan Curry
Get you outta here in hurry if I must
Most of the time supposed be worried caz they jealous their bitch on me
Caz wakey without the brush no Murrays
Power player no bench press just burpies
Eating pistachios cleaning my AKs smoking me weed and bumping me regain
All work no play play I be gone till November, I'm leaving May
The best thing I want y'all to do for me is pray
That I make it home and get back safely one day
I'm a for real life hussla I sit on the fucking case
I'm a ball till I have it all, till what? Till fall on my fucking face

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Yea, no game lockout no key
You trying smoke with no trees
No fatigue you so weak
Sidewalk you not street
Sit down no feet
Plucking on em no 3's
Blowouts no outies
Sit back take your bitch on the under low key
Money up no sleep
Head back nosebleeds
See mid 3's OG's
Dotty big I'm rolling
Picture me rolling
2Pac I'm blowing
Keith White I'm so smooth
Chilli palmer be cool
Made it clear see through
Backshots re do
I show you rear view you better duck D2
I'm D1 you D2 homeboy I don't see you
Any way my team on dream all you wanna be
Halloween Jamie Lee Curtis, Jackson came 50
Icing on this mic all strong on this bike
Pedal to the metal gear solid you just all hype

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No pencil or paper banker only kind a live with
Doctor, chopper, bed surgeon if we think he feel right
Having no money concussion leave ya head hurt
Good community I rest in peace like a dead person
Crib look like a mansion compared to your house
Focus on money you focus on me like what ya all about
She's back woods type I live in a log house
Yea I been to your house sperming ya broads up
Ain't even going lie she showed me a dope time
Paper view, showtime, charged her like my phone died
Entourage clothes line homies stay on your grind
Could be where I was at 2 years ago with no time
Backwards feeling it we dark silhouette
My name nicotine and cane but nah I don't smoke cigarettes
But I smoke niggas I'm addicted to gettin' them bitches wet
I got a joke for ya money ya all don't get it yet

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