

# Ballin' Out

French Montana

That untouchable empire, baby, Coke Boy  
(Bad Boy) They say careful what you ask for  
Cause when you get it, you know what you gon' tell 'em right?  
(We're baaa-aack)

What you say? I do this err'day, wh-what you say? I do this err'day  
Do this err day, do this err day, do this err day, do this err day  
What you say? I do this, wh-wh-what you say? I do this err'day  
Do this err'day, do this err'day, do this err'day, do this err'day

French Montana!

(Hah... what they talkin 'bout, Puff?)  
They ain't talkin 'bout, nothin  
This the moment they feel ya  
Let's get back when I get there  
They've seen what it is  
So look it down, Bad Boy, Blood Line  
Get up, talk to 'em

I got tats all on my arm, racks on racks in the bank  
Forgiato and paint, Pepsi blue my paint  
All these girls be choosy, can't find a bitch who ain't  
Haters they are ballin' like fishes in a tank  
Stuntin' with my whole crew, hangin' out the window when we roll up  
You know when we come through, make it rain we don't give a fuck  
Bout what you say, I do this every day; don't buy bottles, buy by the case  
Seem like every night my birthday I can't help but get the cake

Feel like I was born for ballin' out  
Live it up and just for fallin' out

MONTANA!

Tattoos on my neck, half a mill in my car  
Dream team I rap, just me and my dogs  
Stray cash in that haircut, sea bass, no lamb chops  
Met her at the bar, tryin' to get some head shots  
62 that Maybach, fake jewels don't play that  
Take off like Blake Griff, money tall like A6  
Never hit that red zone, baby I was airborne  
Hoppin' out that Ghost sippin' red dot with that red bone  
Trunk up in the back, drop the population  
And I'm never fakin' Jacks, you know I'm poppin' Aces  
I'mma ball, illuminati bank rolls  
Suicidal Orlan' doors until we tyin' tan hoes

Yeah, yeah, my mic sounds nice right now  
1-2, ayo, pure Blood Line baby, check it out...  
I'm flyin' around and I'm gettin' it like 90 Thou in my denim  
Told a bitch I just met, write your problems down and I'll end 'em  
I'm creepin' on a billi, got these niggas buyin' largely  
Bout to take my LA crib and drop that bitch on Wall Street  
Peep my watch and hand game, like Peach Ciroc and Champagne  
You buyin' jets, I could buy the Jets, I ain't speakin' 'bout no damn planes  
This passion and pain fashion, matchin' my things catchin'  
Action from things mackin', then flashin' my rings captain  
Twin V's, entire, envy my attire  
Catalogue, but don't have the heart cause real kings build empires

Everything that I said nigga was everything that you saw  
I did everything that I claim, you ain't like us cause we ball

+ (Diddy)

(Ayo, this the way it lives, this what it is)

(You see it) I was born to ball, bitch! HAH! (Bad Boy)

If you ain't heard you live under a motherfuckin' rock (Coke Boyz)

Montana (We baaa-aack!)

We was born to fly baby, still do the same thing nigga

Shit sound like I just sold nigga

Untouchable Empire, Bad Boy, Coke Boy

Diddy what up? Ya heard?