

Okay it's RattPack til my pulse flat
We keep it real, no false rap
I got 4 cars and they all black
Got 4 broads and they all that
(What) we call that?
Ballin', doing this since my calling
Flow is so appallin
My phone off and she calling, I'm like
"Yeah, what it do? ", Penthouse man what a view
Fall back because I'm coming through with my whole team they coming too
That's real, too real
Mothafucka tell me how you feel
I'm too good for my own good, I won't leak the album I'll let it spill
Number 1 bitch I bet it will, do the numbers I said it will
I play the game and I'm still the same and I'll never change
Just to get a deal

Bitch I'm ballin', ballin',
I came from nothing to something like it's nothing
Yeah you know I done it now there's no discussion
Bitch I'm ballin', ballin',
I made a promise to my mama I'm a turn these zeros into tons of commas
Bitch I'm ballin', ballin',
Closing million dollar deals catch me swervin', burning 100 dollar bills
How it feel when you
Ballin', ballin', going places they never go
It ain't all about the money but I stack it cause you never know

I'm a live life 'til I overdose
While they sleepin on me, that's comatose
I went mainstream with my main team you just mad as fuck you ain't come close
And yo next girl is my ex girl she fine as hell but she a mess girl
All I do is rhyme I got no time so I can't reply to yo text girl
Bitch I'm back again and I run it
Always gotta keep it one hundred
All of y'all know y'all want it
Turn it up and get blunted
I'm like fuck the money, fuck the fame
I came here to fuck up the game
Gon' get it... I'm feeling myself
Fresh to death, bitch I'm killing myself
I'm gone
We burning it up, step in the building we turning it up
Talking that shit but they never end it, when I step to the mic I be murdering it
And we living
Real good, mainstream but it's still good
I got raw shit, I got real shit but right now it's time for that feel good
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Yeah, you know that we ballin' we be going all in hold on

Let me slow it down so y'all get the shit
These haters talk but I don't give a shit
Got models, bottles and the piff is lit
But we ballin, kinda like Spauldin and ballin
On the road to riches never stallin
Got yo girl all up all on my nuts
But she do it with joy, no almonds, ugh
Living life to perfection
VIP that's the section
Presidential watch, presidential suites
You would think we had an election
It go Logic first then I'm up next
I do not converse I just cut checks
I do not rehearse I just drop the verse
I need to cop a hearse cause I'm fresh to death
I bet you never seen so much designer
Never seen a nigga with a bitch that's finer
Boy I stunt but I ain't even tryna
Swaggin is nice but first I'm a rhymer
And I rep Maryland home of the Terrapins
Say you spit crack homie we spit that heroin
Bring it right to your front door like I'm caroling
Standing right next to me would be embarrassing yeah we ballin'!