

Ballin'

Fat Joe

That you blow
That king size you blow

Ballin', dribble dribble shoot swish
Ballin', do it like this, bitch
Ballin', steppin out of Saks Fifth
Ballin', Everyday is Christmas

Ballin', Cash rules everything around me
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Ballin', If you aint gettin money you from round me (Ballin')

No matter the weather, can't imagine it better
Got me lookin' for clear in the Bill Cosby sweater
Hundred bottles is better and they come in those cases
I'm talkin' peoples and places, we make it light up like Vegas
Ugh, I swear this bitch is dumb as shit
But her ass is even dumber now thats dumber and dumber
How to take off a summer
Took a flight out to Russia, we even flew out her mother huh
Fuck you niggas talkin' bout?
At the Rucker house about to bring Jordan out
They want to get coke wet cause of my fan base
I used to get caught wet, I had to fan base

O Versace shades and some OG J's
Keep some OG blaze cause that's what got me paid
Rockin all this Wang, they look at me strange
Lots of Diamondair when Im on the plane
Ridin' through the city me and Joe crack
A pound of what I'm puffin' cost you four stacks
Niggas get it twisted cause my tour solded
What the fuck you think a nigga was before rap?
And my crib is new and I talk shit in my interviews
and my wife called my interludes I dont break laws I just bend the rules
Got racks might spend a few
Couldn't walk a day in my shoes
Got my own day you seen it in the news
Presidential smoke presidential rollie
Porsche 911, picture me rollin'
Poppin' champagne OG kush haulin'
Put that in your phone, whether you call it

Hahahaha, coke up in her bra
Nerve of you all a crip is a Colliseum
Olajuwon nigga I just Akeem
Worry about the bell, my niggas they got to free em
Champagne dreams and broke pockets
This why we call em niggas false prophets
Ballin', bitch Im fuckin ballin'
You can call me Spalding
Or maybe even Rawlings
Met her at the Esseses over there in New Orleans
She said she kinda shy but her body keep callin'
Yeah they keep callin', I aint even into them
Niggas jump ship, Pirates of the Carribean

Tell Wiz roll and smoke foggin' my glasses
Niggas is my sons, I acclaim em on my taxes
Look how big her ass is, I think she got the Nicki plan
Ballin', but I aint passin or dribblin'