

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?