

# I'm A Baller

Lil' Flip

Ok (believe that) we broadcasting live  
From Redd's showroom ya heard me (off top)  
We still balling, we still doing this shit ya heard me  
We still in it (believe that) it's that flame shit

The wheels on my truck, go round and round  
I'm sitting 24 inches, off of the ground  
How that sound, mama said do what you'd like  
Hold it rocking flights, red, white and blue stripes  
But hold up, down South still on nonstop  
Cause we been representing down here, for a while  
With no solo album, I was still amazing  
Stayed full of them trees, I was purple hazing  
Look at me now, Redd ain't playing around  
Two skinny, but my stacks keep weighing me down  
They say balling is a habit no, I can't help it  
Now I got more green, than a Boston Celtic  
So I'm going all out, on a money route  
Now I think these niggas, really know what I'm about  
I don't know where you been, I don't know where you from  
But around these parts, we get it how it come

See I'm a flosser, balling like you see it  
Recognize me as a balla, legend in the streets  
Best believe I did it all but, that will never stop me  
From feeling like a flosser, cause I'm a balla

I'm still in the game, y'all catch my drift  
I got that work cheap dog, peep my flip  
When I hop out the truck, y'all catch my drift  
The rolly's so icy, bitch get off my dick  
We ride the finest cars, you know we stay stunting  
Rims so big on the six, they sit funny  
If it ain't broke don't fix it, blunt it and blist it  
In a all blue something, with the plates unlisted  
Like Nike, keeping you bitch niggas in check  
Yeah whodi you know me, they boy is back  
With two bricks, two chicks and two platinum Macks  
I stay grinding, so you know I stay shining

See I'm like a value meal, my doe supersized  
Copping a brand new Bentley, Coupe to ride  
With mo' cake than a bakery, we got cream  
Candy truck radio up, like Raheim  
7-1-3 nigga, that's the name of my team  
We still get full of that syrup, and gangsta lean  
I still be ghetto fab, if I drove a yellow cab  
Yung Redd enough said, my niggas got cash  
Don't get it twisted up, my wrist lit up  
You gotta show me something, for me to get up  
Just call me a rough neck, but I cash enough checks  
To put me in a Vet, and roll off with a set  
The streets give me respect, for everything that I did  
As a kid I always kept a strap, close to my ribs  
But I don't know where you been, and I don't know where you from  
But around these parts, we get it how it come