

# Stay Ballin'

Lil' Flip

Ay man, I'ma tell you one thing man  
Ay we stay ballin now (for real)  
Lil' Flip is in the buildin (Clover Geez)  
Yukmouth is in the buildin (Rap-A-Lot)  
So all y'all rappers pretendin like you got money  
We gon put y'all in y'all place

We stay ballin  
(You know my homies down to ride  
I represent the Southside with pride) (Southside)  
We stay ballin  
{You know my homies down to ride  
I represent the Westside with pride} (Westside)

Now he'll make a old lady feel like a virgin  
We in the back of the Maybach, dude close the curtains  
The paparazzi tryin to get another flick of me  
Police muggin like I got a couple bricks on me  
They hate when rappers come in town and have they club crunk  
Cause we get e'rybody high and leave the club drunk  
Poppin bottles, coppin tiles, puttin rims on it  
I got mo' paper than you, I put my gems on it  
How many rappers walk around rockin three clovers  
A German car but I got a Portuguese chauffeur  
No penny loafers, I ain't Mike But I'm Bad nigga  
And for that paper I'll get up in yo ass nigga  
You too commercial, I'll hurt you and let that nine squirt you  
Yeah, I know you got a H2, but mine purple  
I buy that shit you never knew existed  
I hit the road and get paid, you come back home evicted, we stay ballin

Now can you, picture me roamin, high in my lowrider  
I only wear t-shirts, so fuck Prada  
I used to have to win battles rhymin on my turf  
But now I'm walkin around with diamonds in my shirt  
Wrist glitted, car kitted, I'm so gutter  
Even when it's Winter time I got fo' hustlers  
But when you get rich that's when the snakes come  
I had to figure out the real niggas from the fake ones  
This rap shit got a nigga goin overseas  
But from Houston to Zurich we all smokin weed  
Them Clover Geez makin moves while y'all standin still  
Nigga my fuckin swimmin pool cost a quarter mil'  
Cause I'm a big mack, ridin in my big 'Lac  
Like 3-57 with a little kick back  
We miss you 2Pac, we miss you Biggie Smalls  
Until we meet again, me and Yuk' gon ball, oh boy, oh boy

All my potnas got loot too, yeah  
(Hell yeah we got loot too man, what you think?)  
Said I'd rather ball with you  
(You know we ballin man, rose gold and platinu, what?)  
And we flippin new Benz Coupes, yeah  
(Just bought that new Coupe off the lot, no miles)  
And we ridin on 22's  
(Deuce-deuce's baby)

Geah, geah, Yukmouth I'm Godzilla, ridin with Lil' Flippa  
Y'all rappers buyin adapters we ridin on real spinners  
With goons and gorillas we ridin with real killers  
Cancun and the Villa, we playin with real scrilla, nigga  
I'm still ballin, flossin and shot callin  
Yuk' and Lil' Flip gon show you who boss hoggin  
Y'all stompin artist, all of my rocks flawless  
Still get the whole club jumpin like hydraulics  
I spit the hottest flows, overseas rockin shows  
Still keep a flock of hoes at Roscoe's and Pappadeux  
Rose gold and black diamonds is Rocky Road  
Still aim, lock, and load, they'll kill you for some stop-n-go's  
I rep the Westcoast, Flip represent the South  
Shine with the down payment for a house in my mouth  
I rock chains like Slick Rick in '82  
Bentley Coupe navy blue, and still ball for DJ Screw

What, what, what, what  
Yeah, we still ball for DJ Screw