

Still Ballin'

Master P

(2x)

We some No Limit Soldiers
(We still ballin' so fuck what you think
You broke niggaz keep hatin' you can't stop the tank)
You see No Limit is an army

Nigga what what bitches callin' my name
Homies hut hut No Limit still in the game
See I'm a money making nigga like Bill Gates
Me and my lil cousin toss bitches from state to state
Lil' Beezy he off the heezy
He in the threezy smoking weezy
I don't give a fuck about you hatin' I'm chasin' fortune and fame
I got every ghetto bitch screamin my name
Nigga rap in the South I started that
It wasn't cool to be country til' I brought it back
Now y'all boys know y'all can't mess with me
Cause No Limit is a part of history

I seen a nigga catch 30 rounds and live through it
You could tell he was a soldier and he knew it
Fuckin' wit me, my niggaz ???
Fuckin' wit me you better not leave the club
All it takes is some hennessy and I'm gone
Dressed in all back bitch I'm bout to follow you home
With my chopper
I release anger
Runnin' off in the dark like strangers
I don't give a fuck nigga if you like me
I told the same thing ???
Its easy
To bust a niggas skull plate
Half of you haters go to jail quick and to the state
You ain't ready

Out of control ever since I got out the hold
Fuck a P.O. I ain't got time for parole
My nine it explodes every time its exposed
Once you see it you get it that's how No Limit rolls
Fold in your doors and hit you while you dead on the floor
Excuse me miss but we gotta take him straight to the morgue
Talkin' the talk knowin' he ain't walkin' the walk
Fuckin' with him is like me fuckin' with pork
I'm holdin' the fort for every person reppin' New York
Niggas front on No Limit ya ass is out when you caught
Fuck what you thought they'll find you lying dead on the porch
Clothes soiled your body red as your heart

[Chorus 4x]