

# U Ballin

Mike Jones

Playboy You balling  
If you got Sprewell rims, and they crawling  
If you got four five, Clarions balling  
You hit the club on dubs, and your name  
They be calling, calling, calling, calling  
You balling  
If you push a candy color, with butter on cutters  
You got a flock of girls, and they all know each other  
With the command of your voice, they all  
Become lovers, lovers, lovers, lovers

I can catch boppers like Paul Wall, with the wood out my grill  
I can do a girl wrong, and she goin' be by me still  
I can get caught cheating on my feet, maybe she will  
Never leave, cause I be spitting my game so real  
I'm Mike Jones (who), Mike Jones Jones  
That's been a baller, before I even grabbed a microphone  
Swishahouse, Swishablast no more minimum wage  
Independently paid, living lovely and laid  
I never ever cheap talk, cause I got a platinum grill  
I changed the game over, with Sprewells on my fifth wheel  
My album Who Is Mike Jones, coming soon  
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Already, I pull up on Perellis with wood leather and grape jelly  
T.V.'s falling down, watching DMX in Belly  
Swishahouse Swishablast, we come first not last  
Police pull me over, so they could play my Dreamcast  
And my Xbox, I got stubborn rims  
They keep going, even when I say stop (man)  
Mike Jones in your ear, they gave me MVP  
And this is just rookie year (Mike Jones)  
Is a baller baby, shot caller baby  
In the Lex having sex, twenties crawling baby  
I stay balling, T.V.'s stay falling, 23's stay crawling  
I'm the definition of balling playboy (man)

My rims spinning, I swear I got me Sprewell shoes  
I hop out, wearing And 1 Sprewell shoes  
I'm moving slow like freewells move, I chop the block so hard  
Them niggas bopping, like them females do  
It's Magnificent, I'm acting bad with Slim and Mike  
I'm that boy that you see, rolling them rims you like  
I'm pimping dykes, either wearing Tim's or Nike's  
Haters see I'm trying to shine, they want to dim my light  
But can't do it, cause I shine too bright  
(say man what kind of rims you got), whatever kind you like  
And best believe, that twelve be in the trunk  
Yo and if I'm in the Benz, it's a 12 with a V in the front  
Wood grain, leather black seats  
Magno with no cash flow, is like Luke without his gaped teeth  
So forget, what my Porsche cost  
Just realize I got enough do', to pay for R. Kelly's court costs

I played a lot of blocks, so my cash stack fast  
I got a lot of rocks, and I ain't talking bout crack  
Slim Thug's a high roller, and I ain't talking bout dice  
See I got a lot of cars, and they ain't nothing nice

When it come to balling, I'm a vet in this shit  
Every time I get a car, I'm wetting the bitch  
Street rich young stunner, I don't play no games  
I switch cars three times, and stay on swings  
I'm respected, got the cost of a house on my necklace  
That boy reckless, straight out of Texas  
I ain't goin' talk about my Sprewells, why yall know I got em  
I ain't goin' talk about my diamonds, cause I know why yall spot em  
Why yall want to know what I claim, bitch read my piece  
You want to know if we ball, bitch read my teeth  
Ha, I'm Slim Thugger, that name ring bells  
Everything Slim touch, guaranteed to sell, bitch I'm