

## Still Ballin

Yukmouth

Welcome little boys and girls  
Makaveli... for the luv of Makaveli it's forever... and ever  
Come on... yo

(Yukmouth)

Hey yo 'Pac we still ballin  
Dodgin all these haters and task  
wit Lil J up in jag...makin legal papes and cash  
No mo pullin capers in mask...nothin can save you from that  
Tear up yo place wit the slapz and hit ya safe for the snaps  
No longer waitin in back..I'm jus facin the facts  
Cats fakin ya mak...waitin to jack..soon as the day it will past  
Word..turn through new jersey,swerve..on the wrong side of town you serve  
This for my nicca on the third...for my homeboyz yok (khadifi) and 'Pac  
You got 'em jockin 'Pac, I know ya watchin 'Pac  
Like shots at cops I ride on my set  
and I'm bangin Makaveli 5, people think you never really died  
they try to tell me why and say  
Makaveli was that guy who faked his on death  
Come on champ.. would you fake yo' own death  
wit two to the head, ya jus a stank head  
Now bounce like the bankhead, thuggin ain't dead  
It's sacred, we still ballin...

Chorus:

Don't cry, dry ya eyes and say  
'Pac we still ballin ballin  
Jus look up in the sky and say  
'Pac we still ballin ballin ballin  
Poor some liqour on the ground and say  
'Pac we still ballin ballin ballin  
to think, if he could see us now

(Yukmouth)

Hey 'Pac we still ballin, congregate the bloodz and 'cause  
Vice Lords and Disciples, I got luv for thugs  
Even the hoodrats and scrugs that we duck in the club  
Sucka for luv, I introduce bustin dem slugs  
Hustlas and drugs, we all lust for money and fast cars  
The life of a rap star, floatin in jaguars  
Ball with a rappa,learn how to stack tall  
money longer then Shaq y'all (weeeeeessssttttsiiiiiiiiddddeeeeeee)  
I look back y'all, I smoked out wit redman  
Aim an infared at the head of a rapper tryin to make a livin off a dead man  
Descend a dead man, I know the drama is thrillin  
They stole every song you made and owe yo mama sum millions  
We got children pleadin stop wit cha (I can be like 'Pac)  
Raps and rocks wit gats and glocks ya act like 'Pac  
Wit all them songz you stole from D.U.  
If Makaveli was alive, he would've rolled on you fools  
and that's for real

Chorus:

dey can bite all they want say 'Pac  
we still ballin ballin ballin  
west side..south side say 'Pac  
we still ballin ballin ballin

we gonna keep the thuggin alive say 'Pac  
we still ballin ballin ballin  
rap-a-lot mafia life say 'Pac  
we still ballin

(Yukmouth)

Young nob, Kastro, Edi and Bo  
signed to rap-a-lot get the cash flow its easy to do  
I know its easy in you  
The homies seen Biggie Smallz jockin yo rap and rhymes  
Watch us all become outlaws  
Doggy Dogg signed to no limit  
It's coo' cause before that doggy dogg was gettin no spinach  
And that's no old gimmick  
You know whut a real thug iz...wit the swears and cusses  
it's like comparin a bentley to a cutlass..  
you roll old ass buckets, we roll dutchez...  
ya roll wusses and I'm burnin out dodge viper clutches  
you gotta luv it, how we take this thuggin to the next  
20 geez on my wrist, 90 hundred on my neck  
Jubilees and baguettes, spell tattoees on my belly  
'cause we do this for the luv of my nicca Makaveli  
if i die pour sum brew on the ground  
don't boo-hoo and frown  
just like up in the sky and smile for me now (echoin)

to the day that i die say 'Pac  
we still ballin  
wave ya hands in the sky say 'Pac  
we still ballin  
west side south side say 'Pac  
we still ballin  
east side north side say 'Pac  
we still ballin  
the regime outlawz and yuk  
we still ballin  
rap a lot lil j and face  
we still ballin  
diggity daz and kurupt say 'Pac  
we still ballin  
e 40 fonz and be -leigeezi say 'Pac  
we still ballin  
all my dogz everywhere say 'Pac  
we still ballin  
and all my real ass thugs say 'Pac  
we still ballin

(Yuk)

a dedication to the legendary Makaveli  
god bless his soul  
time to ride for my patna on these bitin ass characters in the industry

ride or die (10x)  
still ballin (20x)