

Ballin' (feat. Roddy Ricch)

Mustard

Mustard on the beat, hoe I put the new Forgis on the Jeep I trap until the, bloody bottoms is underneath

'Cause all my niggas got it out the streets
I keep a hundred racks inside my jeans
I remember hittin' the mall with the whole team
Now a nigga can't answer calls 'cause I'm ballin'
I was wakin' up gettin' racks in the mornin'
I was broke, now I'm rich, these niggas salty
All this designer on my body got me drip, drip, ayy
Straight up out the Yajects, I'm a big Crip
If I got a pint of lean, I'ma sip, sip
I run the racks up with my queen like London and Nip
But I got rich on all these niggas, I didn't forget, back
I had to go through the struggle, I didn't forget that
I hop inside of the Maybach and now I can sit back
These bitches know me now 'cause I got them big racks
'Cause I'm gettin' money now, I know you heard that
Young nigga on the corner, bitch, I had to serve crack
Uncle fronted me some P's, had to get them birds back
We came up on dirty money, I gave it a birdbath
Cut off the brain and I give my bitch a new coupe
Either you frontin' y'all gang or you're SuWoop
Got a New Orleans bitch, and man, that pussy voodoo
And I'm that nigga now, who knew?
I put the new Forgis on the Jeep

I trap until the bloody bottoms is underneath
'Cause all my niggas got it out the streets
I keep a hundred racks inside my jeans
I remember hittin' the mall with the whole team
Now a nigga can't answer calls 'cause I'm balin'
I was wakin' up gettin' racks in the mornin'
I was broke, now I'm rich, these niggas salty I been wakin' up to get the money, woah, woah

Got a bad bitch, her ass tatted, woah, woah
Givenchy to my toes, two twins, I'm fuckin' 'em both
I put in a new AP, the water like a boat
I was down bad on my dick, where was you niggas at?
I know you turned your back on me just to get some racks
I see you swerve back, 'cause I'm in the black 'Bach
New diamonds on me, fuck a flash, this ain't Snapchat
'Cause I been gettin' paid
Yellow diamonds on me look like lemonade
Grab my baby mama that new Bentayga

Tryna get the dojo like a sensei, yeah
Rolls Royce umbrellas when I'm in the rain
I just mind my business
I got brothers that did the time, I ain't kiddin'
All these rappers just talk about it, I live it
Goin' up, I ain't got no sky limit, yeah, yeah, yeah I put the new Forgis on the Jeep
I trap until the bloody bottoms is underneath
'Cause all my niggas got it out the streets
I keep a hundred racks inside my jeans
I remember hittin' the mall with the whole team
Now a nigga can't answer calls 'cause I'm balin'
I was wakin' up gettin' racks in the mornin'
I was broke, now I'm rich, these niggas salty I, ayy, yeah
I've been ballin', lil' nigga
Now watch me ball on these niggas
Yeah, now watch me ball on these niggas, yeah
Now watch me ball on these niggas
Now watch me ball on these niggas, yeah, yeah

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