

# Ballin' (feat. Kevin Gates & Juicy J)

## Starlito

I'm ballin ballin ballin bitch, don't know what else to call it, shit.  
All these dollars I brought with me.  
I fuck around spend all this shit.  
I fuck around spend all this shit.  
I fuck around spend all this shit. I started off fucked up, finally got my weight up.  
Still trying to figure out, what the fuck you hating for?  
When I come around it feel just like an appraisal.  
Independent nigga gettin it in just like the majors.  
Counting through the check feel like a nigga turning pages.  
If you were cool you ain't no more, you've done us both a favor.  
Eighties baby, grew up on a pistol and a pager.  
Got a free quarter ounce, I bet a hundred on the Lakers.  
I should say against them, you know I'm riding with the heat.  
With the karma stole my box Chevy.  
Box of rubbers, box of swisha sweets.  
Still got a bitch that'll get your bitch to leave.  
Switch up freaks like I swap my whips, that shit ain't real as shit to me.  
I'm ballin ballin ballin bitch, don't know what else to call it, shit.  
All these dollars I brought with me.  
I fuck around spend all this shit.  
I fuck around spend all this shit.  
I fuck around spend all this shit. Screech for no reason, saved by the bell.  
This bitch to the right, pretty face, tall, white, with a smile like lisa, big booty diva.  
Broke a brick down, meet a banda there and three hundred for the oz of reefer.  
Twenty five bags of the og kush and the granddaddy perco weakon.  
Zansa tabs in the air, no slab, but thank god for my peep.  
On the road doing show after show after show and I still eat good all features.  
Clunking, gold, and tweaking if the streets ain't got no lean.  
Say they bought like nine fifty for the seal I say I need.  
Took time, this crooks fine.  
Had bad karma, I shook mine.  
Jab good, slip excellent.  
Uppercut, my hook's fine.  
Refrigeration, illustration, ice on got niggas hating.  
Foreign whip, foreign bitch.  
What that is?  
Immigration.  
Overcooked dope bags cocaine if it cook too long then they may complain.  
Dope game both lays won't say no names, dope made propane, won't make no change.  
From the ghetto us I heard that's why I'm ballin, I'm ballin.  
If you've got a problem with it I ain't sorry, I ain't sorry.  
I'm ballin ballin ballin bitch, don't know what else to call it, shit.

All these dollars I brought with me.  
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Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>