

Ballin' (feat. Wiz Khalifa & Teyana Taylor)

Fat Joe

That Hublot, that king size Hublot Ballin', dribble dribble shoot, swish
Ballin', do it like this, bitch
Ballin', steppin out of Saks, Fifth
Ballin', everyday is Christ-mas
Ballin', cash rules everything around me
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Ballin', if you ain't gettin money get from round me (Ballin')
Yeah, uh, it's Crack. yeah, uh
No matter the weather, can't imagine it better
Got me lookin' for Claire in the Bill Cosby sweater
Hundred bottles is better and they come in those cases
I'm talkin' peoples and places, we make it light up like Vegas
Ugh, I swear this bitch is dumb as shit
But her ass is even dumber
Now thats dumber and dumber; how to take off a summer
Took a flight out to Russia, we even flew out her mother huh
Fuck you niggas talkin' bout?
At the Rucker I was about to bring Jordan out
They want to get Coke wet cause of my fan base
I used to get coke wet, I had to fan base
Ballin', dribble dribble shoot, swish
Ballin', do it like this, bitch
Ballin', steppin out of Saks, Fifth
Ballin', everyday is Christ-mas
Ballin', cash rules everything around me
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Ballin', if you ain't gettin money get from round me (Ballin') Uhh, T.S. whattup
(Hahahaha... you know I'm young and rich)
O Versace shades and some OG J's
Keep some OG blaze cause that's what got me paid
Rockin all this Wang, they look at me strange
Lots of Diamond Air when I'm on the plane
Ridin' through the city me and Joe Crack
A pound of what I'm puffin' cost you four stacks
Niggas get it twisted cause my tour solded
What the fuck you think a nigga was before rap?
And my crib is new and I talk shit in my interviews
And my wife called my interludes, I don't break laws I just bend the rules
Got racks might spend a few
Couldn't walk a day in my shoes, got my own day you seen it in the news

Presidential smoke presidential Rolee'
Porsche 911, picture me rollin'
Poppin' champagne OG kush-a-holic'
Put that in your phone, whether you call itBallin', dribble dribble shoot, swish
Ballin', do it like this, bitch
Ballin', steppin out of Saks, Fifth
Ballin', everyday is Christ-mas
Ballin', cash rules everything around me
Ballin', cash rules everything around me
Ballin', cash rules everything around me
Ballin', if you ain't gettin money get from round me (Ballin')Yeah, uh...
Hahahaha, coke up in her bra
Nerve of you all a crip is a Colliseum
Olajuwon nigga I just Akeem
Worry about the bell, my niggas they got to free em
Champagne dreams and broke pockets
This why we call em niggas false prophets
Ballin', bitch I'm fuckin ballin'
You can call me Spalding or maybe even Rawlings
Met her at the Esseses over there in New Orleans
She said she kinda shy but her body keep callin'
Yeah they keep callin', I ain't even into them
Niggas jump ship, Pirates of the Carribean
Tell Wiz roll and smoke foggin' my glasses
Niggas is my sons, I should claim em on my taxes
Look how big her ass is, I think she got the Nicki plan
(Ballin') but I ain't passin or dribblin'

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>