

Rob Base F/ DJ Ez Rock

"Keep Ballin'"

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--talking--

No linen, just thugged out in denim ugh

Nigga

Yo, nigga

[Hollow Tip]

I gotta get my money on everyday of the week

Ridin' super clean old school drops on gold feet

Roll sweets wit the bomb in it

Smokin' on bomb spinach

Ride by you wit the 100 spokes spinnin'

No linen, I'm just thugged out in denim

Make 'em call me Nelsiano when I'm in 'em

Nigga, I'm on a mission

Wit this real shit that I write

Late night flights in and outta Cali tryna get it right

I got it tight now I'm papered up

Paid as fuck, hard time stains, drops and Blazer trucks

Hollow tear shit up

Come through set shit down

Snatch a bitch out the club

Hop in the drop and let it pound

Just to clown

Cuz nigga I been down so long

Stop lyin' in your songs

How you ridin' on chrome

I got zones and I'm dumpin' them cheap

So holla back and we can make some dolla stacks

And we can all live fat cuz I...

[Chorus] x 2

Keep ballin', keep ballin'

Keep ballin', keep ballin'

[Hollow Tip]

I keep the gold thangs spinnin' all day and night

My mommy always said it'll be alright

I shot a kite to my folks locked down in Korkrin

Then I flew to Portland, flipped new Jordan's

It's important to get your money on right now

Or watch a bitch jock when my top go down

It's like "Wow, that young nigga doin his thing"
Pinky ring, chain swingin' while I'm pullin' these strings
Sacramento King like J. Will, get paid skril
Nigga try to cross me, get sprayed for real
Fuck a house on a hill
I'm in the ghetto livin' plush
Everything rimmed up
Jean suit, Timmed up
Come and get trimmed up
Lights get dimmed up
Open fire from the cuts and bloody your brim up
I had enough
I gotta get my paper on steady
Overflowin' like the levy
And still tryna wet me

[Chorus] x 2

[Hollow Tip]

I gotta get my money on wit the heart of a souljah
Fuckin' off money
Throwin' motors in Chevy Nova's
When I turned 17, I was ridin' on 17's
Hustlin' all night, big ballin', and sellin' cream
Everything , I never had, I'm tryna get it
Bitch I'm tryna fuck
Bounce if you ain't wit it
I got paper to get
Major paper to split
Plus a hard top stain on 17 's that twist
Fuck a bitch
I got major weight to flip, gettin' these chips
Nigga we can all be rich
I got paper on my mind
And I'm chasin' it all the time
Fuck them soft niggas
I'm livin' the life of crime
Gettin' mine, fuck y'all
Everybody can't ball
So I hustle all night 'til my pockets is tall
So I can crawl on 100's and vogues
Fuckin' your hoes, now you wanna start a riot at my
show

[Chorus] x 2

I'm gonna get my money on
And it won't be long before it's gone
Me and baby gonna do this today
We gonna sit back and get paid
Ballin', ballin', ballin', ballin', ballin'

Gettin' it on when the doe is gone, oh

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