

Young Chris "We Ballin'"

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Yeah, yanahmean?
Just some for all my niggas in the hood
They always ask me, what I got to say to the youths and
Yanahmean, when I do these interviews

Just wanna let 'em know we ballin'
You gotta strap up 'cause niggas'll test you
Whenever you feel that pressure
You let 'em know everyday of your life is, check it

For real we still killin' 'em and each one of 'em
You know the flow like caine, look it's numbin' 'em
Look what I done to them, they want run wit 'em
I let 'em stay few nights but then I'm done wit 'em

Mami you rollin', get your clothin'
You know one sight of the mansion will get 'em open
I back out my garage wit new Ferrari
'Cause I been pimpin' this game since Atari

You hardly, ever see me loving a hoe
I tell a bitch, I'm in love wit my doe
'Cause I'm pimping and, niggas is bitchin' and
We was the pharmacy, now you want prescriptions

Think I'm slippin', like I don't grip again
Go 'head trip it ain't nothing to drop a clip again
Got my dawgs to catch me when I'm fallin'
Pass the weed and Hennessey, I hear it callin'

Nigga we ballin', ready for war and
Pass the weed and Hennessey, I hear it callin'
We ballin', ready for war and
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Yeah, I take a sip of that Henny, I load that tec up

I hit the block wit the medicine give 'em check ups
You see I'm vest up, I'm ballin' at war
These niggas wanna see me off, they don't wanna see
me on but

Proof I'm ballin', I put a eighth
Of that white down in my hood, I can finish it by the
mornin'
Re-up by noon, re-kick at night
Half these dudes doing bids couldn't live my life

And you youngn's in the hood wanna be like P
'Cause every new gat I cop it begin wit a P
Like, P-89 you niggas', P-92 shit
You know how dudes, "This Proof ain't for that bullshit"
And these hoes wanna roll wit a G
But once I hit 'em wit that G, I have totin' the P 'cause

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Yo, I hear 'em callin' and every city I travel
Hoes get at 'em when they see a nigga ballin'
Keep the steel wit me, couple of killas from the hood
Who blew bail but still they keep it real wit me

We ride out and we find out where
Your little address and blow out your hideout, yeah
Who want war? Hoes, they tellin' me, "E's you ain't
right"
Like this year I'm gon go South Pole

This for them haters think I'm slippin', I ain't
When I find 'em hiding I tie 'em, they be missin' like
weight
But wait, 'lil nigga don't be missin' my point
I don't miss when I point, niggas get killed off point

And you see, I school a little you, forfeit the game
I was young, just like 'em, Jay taught me the same
But I see he hard headed, told 'em stay in his lane
'Cause them OG's home and they layin' wit K's 'cause

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