

Yukmouth

"Still ballin remix"

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Welcome!

Little boys and girls.

Makaveli!

(For the love of Makaveli!)

Lives forever!

(Outlawz!)

And ever

Come on.

Verse 1 *(E.D.I.)*

I remember the days we used to

ride together

it's goin on boi, I thought we'd

die together

but you left befo' me homie

only if I could talk to you

they ain't know, but you walkin through this life of sin
an stuff

two days have passed

since I first heard the shots blast

an I can still picture the scenery

won't be no peace fo' me until I see ya at the
crossroads

all of us back together again

eternally "Lost Souls".

Verse 2 *(Napoleon)*

I bet I shake ya world

fo' Pac, I'ma drink til I hurl

an pump the brakes on the hardest whoever thinkin
they thurrough

it's young Napoleon

Makaveli gave this soldier his name

an if you claim it the same

you have to prove you insane

betta get ya heart right

in the mist of the warfields

bullets gon' fly by

we Outlawz

an play the street life because it's paid right

it's my life, my life, my life

that's in the sunshine

Kadafi I'ma hold a sign

hopin you run through one time.

We "Still Ballin"!

Chorus *(Yukmouth)*

Don't cry, dry yo eye say, "Pac we Still Ballin"

(We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin) Wha? Wha?

Juss look up in the sky say, "Pac we Still Ballin"

(We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin) Wha?

Pour some liquor on the ground, say "Pac we Still Ballin"

(We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin) Uh.

If he could only see us now, ayo Pac we Still Ballin!

Verse 2 *(Yukmouth)*

Congregate the Bloods and Cuzz

Vice Lords and Disciples

I got love for thugs

even the hoodrats and scrubs that we ducked in the club

sucka for love

if I introduce a busta to slugs (what?!)

hustled the drugs

we all lust for money and fast cars

the, life of a rap star

floatin in Jaguars

then ball wit a bad broad

learn how to stack tall

money longer than Shaq ya'll (WESTSIDE!!)

Holla back ya'll!! (Yes!)

I smoked out wit Redman

aim an infrared at the head of a rappa tryin to make a livin off a dead man

flossin a dead man

I know the drama is reallin

they stole every song ya made and owe yo mama some millions

will God's children please stop with ya "I can be like Pac!"

raps ya rock

bout, gats and glocks

ya act like Pac

wit all them songs you stole from dude

if Makaveli was alive, WE WOULD A RODE ON YOU
FOOLS!!

That's real!!

(Chorus)

(We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin!)

They can bite all they want but Pac we Still Ballin!

(We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin!)

Westside, Southside say, "Pac we Still Ballin!"

(We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin!)

We gon' keep the thuggin alive, eh Pac we Still Ballin!

(We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin!) (We love you nigga)

Rap-A-Lot Mafia Life, eh 'Pac we Still Ballin!

Verse 3 *(Young Noble)*

We still callin

everyday ta ya

we still believe in ya

we still pray ta ya

now e'ry body all on Pac's heels

had to wait til a soldier to die

fo ya'll to give him his

Hell nah!

Outlaw soldiers thug fo life
half a ya'll ain't never knew Pac
Forget the hype!
We used to play box wit him
caulk glocks, an lick shots wit him
that was a crazy soldier
yo I miss him
taught a brotha so much
in "Thugs We Trust"
still as soft as cream puff
Outlawz we "Hit 'Em Up"
an "Bomb First"
so "Hail Mary"
you bail scarry through this "White Manz World"
but I never let it bury me
Kadafi I love ya
an I'll see ya when I die homie
smoke some weed
you an Pac get high fo me.
Ya'll Still Ballin.
Ya'll Still Ballin.
Still Ballin.
(Kastro talking)
We can do this.
Fuck the tricks!
God bless the dead.

Yafi Kadafi we love ya.

(Chorus)

Til the days that I die eh Pac we Still Ballin!

(We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin!)

Wave ya hands in the sky say, "Pac we Still Ballin!"

(We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin!)

Westside, Southside say, "Pac we Still Ballin!"

(We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin!) What?

Eastside, Northside say, "Pac we Still Ballin!"

(We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin!) What?

The Regime, Outlawz an Yuk, we Still Ballin!

(We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin!)

Rap-A-Lot, Lil J an Face, we Still Ballin!

(We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin!) What?

Diggity Daz an Kurupt say, "Pac we Still Ballin!"

(We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin!)

E-40 Fonz an B-Leigt say, "Pac we Still Ballin!"

(We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin!) What?

All my dogs everywhere say, "Pac we Still Ballin!"

(We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin!) Uh.

An all my real ass thugs say, "Pac we Still Ballin!"

(We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin!)

(Yukmouth talking)

A dedication!

To the legendary Makaveli!

God bless his soul!

(Yes!)

It's time for us to ride for my potna.

All these bitin ass characters in the industry!

We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin!

(Ride or die)

(Ride or die)

We Still Ballin.

We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin!

(Ride or die)

We Still Ballin.

(Ride or die)

We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin!

(Ride or die)

(Ride or die)

We Still Ballin.

We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin!

(Ride or die)

We Still Ballin.

(Ride or die)

We Still Ballin.

La, la

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la! (Regime)

We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin!

La, la.

Ballin, Ballin, Ballin!

We Still Ballin!

Ballin!

Ballin!

Ballin

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