

## 2 Pac "Still Ballin Ft. Trick Daddy"

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Straight muthafuckin' ballin

Part two

Still ballin

Westside

Now ever since a nigga was a seed  
Only thing promised to me was the penitentiary  
Still ballin, ridin' on these niggaz 'cause they're lame  
In a 6-1 Chevy still heavy in this game

Can you feel me?  
Blame it on my mama, I'm a thug nigga  
Up before the sunrise quicker than the drug dealers  
Tell me if it's on, nigga then we first to bomb

Bust on these bitch made niggaz hit em' up  
Westside, ain't nobody love me as a broke nigga  
Finger on the trigger  
Lord forgive me if I smoke niggaz

I love my female strapped, love fuckin' from the back  
I get my currency in stacks, California's where I'm at  
ridin'  
Pass by while niggaz wonder why, I got shot but didn't  
die  
Let 'em see who's next to try, did I cry? Hell nah  
Nigga not a tear shed for all my homies in the pen  
Many peers dead, nigga still ballin

Still ballin until the day I die  
You can bring your crew  
But we remain true  
Muthafuckers still ballin

I be ballin, niggaz wonder why  
You can bring your crew  
But we remain true  
Muthafuckers still ballin

Now if you kneel and pray and hope the Lord  
understand  
When he's gone the father become a dangerous man

Ain't crazy or deranged, I'm sad  
But when these kids go to spray him, boy I don't be  
playin'

With clientele and rhyme sell's  
Question is will you fuckin' niggaz ride for real  
Huh? Bitch nigga this is g rated  
Plus your homeboy won't make your street game  
foogazy

I'm elevated to the top of this shit  
Done fucked around and put me and Tupac on this  
bitch  
And you can tell 'em thug life was the reason for this  
And I'll ride for any nigga who believe in this shit, still  
ballin

Still ballin until the day I die  
You can bring your crew  
But we remain true  
Muthafuckers still ballin

Niggaz wonder why  
You can bring your crew  
But we remain true  
Muthafuckers still ballin

Now everybody wanna see us dead  
Two murdered on the front page shot to death bullet's  
to the head  
Niggaz holla out my name and it's similar to rain  
Muthafuckers know I'm comin' so they runnin' to they  
graves

Watch, swoop down with my nigga from the pound  
'Cause trick don't give a fuck when you coward niggaz  
now  
Blast, keep pumpin' ain't worried 'bout nuttin', bustas  
thought  
We was frontin', so we load and keep dumpin', still  
ballin

Still ballin until the day I die  
You can bring your crew  
But we remain true  
Muthafuckers still ballin

Niggaz wonder why  
You can bring your crew  
But we remain true  
Muthafuckers still ballin

Still ballin until the day I die  
You can bring your crew  
But we remain true  
Muthafuckers still ballin

Niggaz wonder why  
You can bring your crew  
But we remain true  
Muthafuckers still ballin until the day I die

Thug life  
Still ballin  
Muthafuckers still ballin  
Straight muthafuckin' ballin

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