

Bun B Feat. Jazze Pha "I'm Ballin'"

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Alright, alright, alright, okay, okay
Okay, okay, okay, alright, alright
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It's Bun B and Jazze Phizzle Phizzle
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Bun B, UGK, sho nuff, ladies and gentlemen

Got me some bread, made some paper
Costly fabrics, minks and gators, bitch, I'm ballin'
(Diamonds on my chest, keep me looking good)
(Got diamonds on my chest, keep me looking good)

Said, I got me some bread, made some paper
Costly fabrics, minks and gators, bitch, I'm ballin'
(Diamonds on my chest, keep me looking good)
(Got diamonds on my chest, keep me looking good)

Before I jump up out my silk sheets and hop off in the
shower
It's already understood, I got the money and the power
I grab the baby powder under shirt and white tee
My Dickies fitted cap and white one's that's me

A hundred karats worth of rocks, courtesy of Johnny
I roll a couple blunts and load up the Tommy
Ready to get my stunt on, my pocket's on swell
Now, all I gotta do is see which car I'm finna roll
Now, I can take the Benz or I can take the Rover
And if I pull the Bentley Coupe out then it's over

But I'ma keep it O-G and pull out the slab
So I can sit on buck and have some wood grain to grab
Last but not least, before I pull out on the scene
You know I gotta po' me up, my oily cup of lean

I've been stacking all this green
Now, it's time for some spending
I've been cool about this grinding
But ain't no mo' pretending

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Now, if you see me in the shopping center walking
down the hall
It's already understood that I'm buying out the mall
I got six homies with me and at least two freaks
Man, we looking for the Louis and the Gucci boutiques

I keep the flyest footwear and the newest Locs
And if I get something for me, I'm getting something
for my folks
'Cause we all gon' be fitted up, we all popping tags
We all walking out of this mall with big bags

And I ain't gotta brag, you can see it for yourself
I got ballers on my right side and ballers on my left
We ain't from the same hoods but it's all to the good
We 'bout getting this money like some real G's should

And we ain't knocking nobody's hustle, why plex, man?
You only hate on yourself when you hating on the next
man
You can't be like Bun B so why try to
Get your own bread and you can ball just like I do

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Before I pull up to the valet and hop out of the car
It's already understood that we buying out the bar
It's a line around the corner, people trying to get inside
But a playa like myself is finna walk right by

Now, move the velvet rope and keep the scanner
You don't wanna see us angry, like we David Banner

2000 and 5, Tony Montana, haters
Ain't no need for you to knock us, just congratulate us

We done made it out the ghetto by staying on the grind
We focused on the paper chase with money on our
mind
Now, we just wanna shine, buy some bottles and pop
'em
So if you see niggaz out there playa hating then stop'
em

'Cause we don't really wanna have, to bust a
motherfucker's head
We just wanna holla at bad bitches and spend this
bread
We buying everybody drinks and making it rain
'Cause I'ma rep like a motherfucking underground king

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