

**Frank Stallone****"U Ballin"**

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Playboy..

[Hook]

You balling

If you got Sprewell rims, and they crawling

If you got four five, Clarions balling

You hit the club on dubs, and your name

They be calling, calling, calling, calling

You balling

If you push a candy color, with butter on cutters

You got a flock of girls, and they all know eachother

With the command of your voice, they all

Become lovers, lovers, lovers, lovers

[Mike Jones]

I can catch boppers like Paul Wall, with the wood out my grill

I can do a girl wrong, and she gon be by me still

I can get caught cheating on my feet, maybe she will

Never leave, cause I be spitting my game so real

I'm Mike Jones (who), Mike Jones Jones

That's been a baller, before I even grabbed a microphone

Swishahouse, Swishablast no more minimum wage

Independently paid, living lovely and laid

I never ever cheap talk, cause I got a platinum grill

I changed the game over, with Sprewells on my fifth wheel

My album Who Is Mike Jones, coming soon

My album Who Is Mike Jones, coming soon

Already, I pull up on Perellis with wood leather and grape jelly

T.V.'s falling down, watching DMX in Belly

Swishahouse Swishablast, we come first not last

Police pull me over, so they could play my Dreamcast

And my XBox, I got stubborn rims

They keep going, even when I say stop (maaaan)

Mike Jones in your ear, they gave me MVP

And this is just rookie year (Mike Jones)

Is a baller baby, shot caller baby

In the Lex having sex, twenties crawling baby

I stay balling, T.V.'s stay falling, 23's stay crawling  
I'm the definition of balling playboy (maaan)

[Hook]

[Magno]

My rims spinning, I swear I got me Sprewell shoes  
I hop out, wearing And 1 Sprewell shoes  
I'm moving slow like freewells move, I chop the block  
so hard  
Them niggaz bopping, like them females do  
It's Magnificent, I'm acting bad with Slim and Mike  
I'm that boy that you see, rolling them rims you like  
I'm pimping dykes, either wearing Tim's or Nike's  
Haters see I'm trying to shine, they wanna dim my light  
But can't do it, cause I shine too bright  
(say man what kind of rims you got), whatever kind you  
like  
And best believe, that twelve be in the trunk  
Yo and if I'm in the Benz, it's a 12 with a V in the front  
Wood grain, leather black seats  
Magno with no cash flow, is like Luke without his  
gapped teeth  
So forget, what my Porsche cost  
Just realize I got enough do', to pay for R. Kelly's court  
costs

[Hook]

[Slim Thug]

I played a lot of blocks, so my cash stack fast  
I got a lot of rocks, and I ain't talking bout crack  
Slim Thug's a high roller, and I ain't talking bout dice  
See I got a lot of cars, and they ain't nothing nice  
When it come to balling, I'm a vet in this shit  
Everytime I get a car, I'm wetting the bitch  
Street rich young stunner, I don't play no games  
I switch cars three times, and stay on swangs  
I'm respected, got the cost of a house on my necklace  
That boy reckless, straight out of Texas  
I ain't gon talk about my Sprewells, y'all know I got em  
I ain't gon talk about my diamonds, cause I know y'all  
spot em  
Y'all wanna know what I claim, bitch read my piece  
You wanna know if we ball, bitch read my teeth  
Ha, I'm Slim Thugger, that name ring bells  
Everything Slim touch, guaranteed to sell, bitch I'm

[Hook]

