

French Montana "Ballin"

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[Rick Ross]

My cocaina, come manana
So I could blow a couple dollars
She see these diamonds on my collar
She wanna fuck a fuckin baller

[Hook]

Ballin, She wanna fuck a fuckin baller [3x]
Ballin, Kilos in the attic chico

[Verse 1: French Montana]

But of course shorty sore for like 8 weeks
You know I beat the pussy up like them Dre beats
Its only right shorty fuckin with a fuckin baller
If its black card baby gon fuck tomorrow
Here's 10 stacks, feel like I bought her
But fuck it, me and Cafe' just left the border
5 million dollar house and I ain't talkin slaughter
Talkin paid in full bitch and I ain't talkin Porter
And that ghost got a stash box in it
200 on the dash fly by cops with her (Like ayye)
I be ghost ridin, got them hoes smilin
Bought that bitch a smart car now we both ridin

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Charlie Hustle]

I get it from me prima
Yall niggas might have seen her
The cokin cowboys, they goin la marina
You fuck up her money, Oooh mama mia
Rather be burnt with gonorrhea
Than cursed with santeria
These my nina for that white girl like Chritsina's nina
Oops I mean nino, all the white boys
You know gardio, or like Rozay say that cocaina
Whip it back in the cocina (now we)

[Hook]

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