

## Gorilla Biscuits

### "Ballin'"

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[Christ Bearer]

I gotta have it in the mic booth, bad it  
Meko, The Abbott and Christ flow chromatic  
We let the session break day  
Relax while the Pro Tools, wax, CD and tape play  
Bump it in ya six fo', bump it in ya Jeep  
The motif brief from chief green leaf thief  
I just tell 'em how I do it in the rap  
Plus I'm cubic on the track, put the rubic in the map  
I come most lucid and off the meat rack  
I just let the beat freak it then I freak it right back  
With the, cognac and the eighth and brandy  
Or the dirt, when I'm hurt from Paramount and Andy  
Smokin' Lex Luthor in the Landy  
Throwin' up the N.L., represent the Northside family  
The I was born off the Lewis and Hill  
I still crack with Mac and Mill for the truest appeal  
It's a Long Beach thang, the North is in the yang  
With torched flame, the Wu-Tang bringin' the pain  
That ol' hood, four corner, twenty crib, insane  
Look at how we game ain't a damn thing changed

[Chorus: Solomon Childs]

When we Ballin', we loved by few  
Hated by many, respected by all  
And all is fair in love and war  
When we Ballin'  
From L.B.C. to N.Y.C., shit we Ballin'  
When we Ballin', we loved by few  
Hated by many, respected by all  
And all is fair in love and war  
When we Ballin'  
From L.B.C. to N.Y.C., when we Ballin'

[Meko the Pharaoh]

Yeah, huh, yeah  
Hennessy and pineapple juice, condoms and chronic  
I Dutch Master situations 'til they poppin'  
Smokin' on that tropic, relieves the third optic  
Floatin' through the city or heavy posted in the projects  
Where my people got a lot of love

And Friday niggaz usually throw a party, hit the club  
Unless they pockets tore up  
Then we parkin' lot pimpin', drinkin' smokin' a dub  
And that's just the life on the West Coast  
Where niggaz stay poppin' them bottles, doin' the most  
(yeah)  
Pourin' out liquor from my niggaz R.I.P

While listen to the sound of 'Pac and B.I.G

NorthStar's in the place to be (yeah)  
Shockin' all you funny ass niggaz scared to see  
L.B. is where we put it down consciously  
Constantly, stompin' fleas

[Chorus]

[Solomon Childs]

I see guys and girls dancin' (yeah)  
NorthStar, million dollar thong party in the mansion  
Headin' to Hamptons (uh-huh), Cadillac trucks filled wit  
ducks  
But still a thug so the heat'll be tucked (come on)  
Solomon Childs, at the bottom of the pool in diamonds  
Big chain swingin', rocks as big as almonds  
And this is dedicated to the ho's in the front rows  
Broads in leotards at the Killa Bee shows (word?)  
And we Ballin', heavyweight Sammy Davis Jr. length  
Somethin' like a pimp, V.S.O.P. wit the jumbo shrimp  
And the money'll change who? Shit, I'm still hittin' them  
ratchets (come on)  
Got the God's yellin' how I'm a classic (that's right)  
Broads yellin' how I'm a bastard (yeah)  
Stand back motherfuckers, while the game get  
mastered (you know?)

[Chorus]

[Outro: Sugar Bang Bang]

Ballin', bangin', hangin'  
It's a G thang to me, a G thang to me  
Ballin', bangin', hangin'  
It's a G thang to me, a G thang to me

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