

# **Jermaine Dupri Feat. Nate Dogg**

## **"Ballin' Out Of Control"**

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Chiti-chiti-bang-bang  
Don chi chi  
(That's me)  
Rollin wit'cha nigga Nate D  
You know these niggas straight bang  
Big game D, ballin' with the 21st Street

Chiti-chiti-bang-bang  
Don chi chi  
(That's me)  
Still makin' tight-ass beats  
I'm rollin' in my brome, I stay sweet  
Ain't nobody ballin' like me

It goes, mirror mirror on the wall  
Who's the biggest baller of all  
I got a 700, a Bentley and a Magine  
The girls just die when I'm ridin' past

Live life like I'm sellin' pies  
Ah-rabian with two or three wives  
Two or three houses to hide, ten cars that's parked  
outside  
And they all got bodies that's wide, follow me

As the Leer jet flies, over Crimson Tides  
Four bedroom duplex in the sky  
Nicknamed Lottery 'cuz I don't stop spendin'  
When the wheels stop, the chrome keep spinnin'

Like the six moon-walkin', shit I ain't talkin'  
I'm straight livin' it, it's a wonder I ain't shiverin'  
I'm so frozen and you've been chosen  
To roll with me and Nate D O double G, sing

It's five o'clock in the mornin'  
I've already downed five, I've already downed five Mo's  
See ya around my block on the weekend  
All we do is chase bad, all we do is chase bad hoes

Ask me, what we did was crime  
If not then I just say no, then I just say no

Three girls a date, that's my limit  
We ballin' outta control, we ballin' outta control

Now whether you like me or not whenever I drop  
You know, I give you number one hits platinum hot  
It's so much clarity in my rocks, I'm thinkin' like  
It's gotta be somebody greater, maybe it's not

'Cuz I flow for those, that get that dough  
Hits for every chick with a size C tits  
See it's like this, I don't mind wavin' at you kids  
But I can't manage to raise my wrist

Jewels so heavy, y'all fools ain't ready  
My twenty-two shot the streets into confetti  
Move like Andretti, redlinin'  
Whatever city I'm in, headlinin'

At five a.m. I'm still lookin' for mo'  
Still gettin' crunk, still lettin' it flow  
Bar outta Cris' now I'm drinkin' Mo'  
Stomach upset, I feel like I'm about to let it go

It's five o'clock in the mornin'  
Got my pedal to the flo', got my pedal to the flo'  
It's time I test my 600  
Wonder how fast this bitch go, wonder how fast this  
bitch go

Three girls and two of 'em sleepin'  
One got her hands on my bow, one got her hands on  
my bow  
Sun's comin' up, we still drinkin'  
We ballin' outta control, really ballin' outta control

Dance, everybody  
And everybody just clap ya hands  
Lemme see y'all dance, everybody  
Everybody just clap ya hands

Lemme see y'all dance, everybody  
And everybody just clap ya hands  
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