

## La' Chat

### "Ghetto Ballin'"

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[Intro]

Awe Yeah

Hynotize motherfuckin' Minds in Here and we ghetto  
motherfuckin' ballin

Nigga you know what that means that means you might  
walk up in the projects

In the south and see a 2,500 motherfuckin' benz or a  
motherfuckin' 72

Motherfuckin colors slamed on double duces on some  
motherfuckin 17s

You know what I'm saying dice games going on, no  
crystals

Fifths in the back pocket and it's going down nigga we  
on top

[Chorus]

Drove to my lippa, pass it to my nigga  
Sippin on that liquor, flossin on you niggaz  
Ridin through the hoody, fuckin with that goody  
Flip-floppin pi-zaint, and we on some 20's

[DJ Paul]

Back, Back up Bitch cause we comin through  
In the motherfuckin prowler on the back 20  
motherfuckin' two's  
Skinny nigga with gold's and tattoes a beer belly  
But still I make them ho's say I love you  
From a motherfuckin pretty boy smile them diamonds  
in my mouth

Make them gals go motherfuckin' wow  
Draped in some fuckin' ICE be ERG  
Or jeans with white motherfuckin tees

[Juicy J]

Ridin Heavy Chevy thang foot on the gas  
Sippin on that syrup bout to smoke a pack  
Niggas know I'm bogus cause I ain't got no tags  
Eyes like a China man nothing but laughs  
Bumpin' like a motherfucka I'm bout to flip  
Everywhere I'm ridin niggas know it's a strip  
Phone in my hand two-way on my hip  
Atone in my lap with a blunt to my lip

[Chorus]

[La Chat]

Why you bitches want to hate on La Chat  
Man ya'll don't know  
Cause I'm everythang flexing so mean upon you hoes  
Life is good motherfucka I'm gon live to the fullest  
Got a problem step on up and you be dodging these  
bullets  
I pull up so clean Expedition this beam  
They know what's finna go down once I'm back at the  
scene  
Hit the mall get the rag gotta took up my golds  
Yeah I be gettin my shine on man you already know  
Niggas choosin but you losin  
Gotta chop out your cheese  
Don't need your ass I don't want cha unless you got  
more than me  
Ima real bitch tril bitch Takin no shit  
Bitch dog, bitch nall, bitch ready to ball (trick)  
See I'm that motherfucka breaking you down  
You already see these niggas faudging when La Chat  
come around  
Bitches dissin when I'm flickin, know I'm out for a killing  
You Want your nigga don't be stippin cause I stay by  
my biby (yeah)

[Chorus]

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