

Lil Wayne "Ballin'"

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(feat. Fresh, Roney, & Mac Maine)

Raj Smoove, ooo boy
Raj Smoove the Greatest DJ in the world

[Intro:]

I Wear a mean dark pair of shades
And you cant see my eyes unless my head is bent

[Lil Wayne:]

We stay high on that 5 0 4 shit (New Orleans)
Some day I all the time and you know this
We stay high on that 5 0 4 shit (New Orleans)
Some day I all the time and you know this

[Verse 1:]

Look straight out of the garage on a hog and you know
i redo the insides like the morgue (x3)
The coup blue like that dude on mars
Ridin with the bitch prettier than the da barge
Mommy want a soldier baby im a sarge if you cant have
me but cant have a menarge
Now rub me wrong and fuck up my massage and these
flowers for the dead better get them a cizarge
Yea, head nigga enlarge and every thing i do i San
Deigo charge
While you niggas just starve, im eating so much imma
fuck around and barf
And red is the color of my scarf, and understand to a
giant your a dwarf
My flows goin off, im so sick all i gotta do is cough

[Chorus:]

We stay high on that 5 0 4 shit (New Orleans)
Some day I all the time and you know this
We stay high on that 5 0 4 shit (New Orleans)
Some day I all the time and you know this

[Verse 2: Raw D.I.]

Bitch I come from the bottum of the map, New Orleans,
Louisana we love to pack gats, we love to count stacks,
we love pump pack, love killin the track, Me, Wayne,

Roney, and Mack

This some Hollygrove shit here and imma bang it in
your ear till you get it clear

Ya heard that, thats my word and i meant that, dont
tempt me i leave your bitch up in your bentley, believe
me

(Roney)

Its Roney nigga back in the game, straight off the block
baggin the game

Now run till you heard me rappin wit Wayne, Run tell
you heard me rappin insane

Yea, im off in this bitch, puffin dro guards in this bitch,
im leanin in this bitch, we got freaks in the bitch, and
we deep in this bitch

[Chorus:]

We stay high on that 5 0 4 shit (New Orleans)

Some day I all the time and you know this

We stay high on that 5 0 4 shit (New Orleans)

Some day I all the time and you know this

[Verse 3: Mack Maine]

I got a thing for them big trucks, big fine bitches with
good jug and big butts

5'4" mommies with nice head and fake tits

That dont get loose off goose and proly act up

5'7" bitches with bow legs that take dick

All they really need is 2 pills and 6 blunts

Wake up in the morning, and count money, and make
grits, she dont really know no English so we dont say
shit

Chea, Wayne said let it rain on em, mother nature with
the paper doin the mack maine on them

Yeah, like their one thousand like whoosh, like there go
two thousand, BALLIN

Now shake that ass like you came, pay your cable bill
and your tryin to watch the saints on your sixty inch
hitachi, livin like Liberachi, sportin the latest versace,
shotty and mazaradi, dodgin the paparazzi, A.C. Cole
like the heart of nazis, this years classic like old school
herachees, you get your grill cooked like it was hibachi,
word the cousin rod need us

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