

Lil' Romeo

"Ghetto Ballin"

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[Chorus x4]

Girls jock me
You cant knock me
We ghetto ballin
My real thugs got me

UNNGGHHHHHHHHH!

[Verse 1: Master P]

Love money, hate haters
10 years later, still gettin paper
Put 20's on the big wheel
It's Univeral now
Just signed a big deal
Party at the spot, come ball wit me
And if you aint a real Don
Stop calling me
It aint about what you got
Its who you are
My only bad habits are icy cars
Open up my mouth, didnt mean to blind ya
Take you to (?) just to wine and dine ya
You wanna make music girl look me up
And if your girlfriends cute boo
Hook me up, get your drank on
I got the tab, we dont speak on nuttin
That we really dont have
I told you it was a bentley
That was pickin you up
Moet and Cristal, we be mixin it up
Cuz, I'm the player made it cool to be cunt
Only run with the realest
Thats just business and money
Call me the big dog, yall the little cats
You aint a true hustler unless you lose it
And get it back

[Chorus 4x]

[Verse 2: Lil Romeo]

Ok, we dont rent or lease

We do cars(Ya heard?)
Compare us to yall whodi, dont try
I got nine houses, eight cars
Take my little sister to Mattel to get toys
I bet we have how much? Thats only mine
And that frank limo cost sixty-five
Geeez, Oooh Wee, now why little boys
wanna hate on me?
We rock Grade A (?) to cubian stones
The only thing glowing is the ice on my arm
When I hit the playground, its time to go in
I made my first million at the age of ten
I love the girls, cuz the girls love me
You cant pick up a magazine without seein me
Six Flags, or the mall where you find me at
I could buy what I want
I need a whodi ch

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