

**Martin Keith****"Still Ballin"**

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Welcome!  
Little boys and girls.  
Makaveli!  
(For the love of Makaveli!)  
Lives forever!  
(Outlawz!)  
And ever  
Come on.

**Verse 1 \*(E.D.I.)\***

I remember the days we used to  
ride together  
it's goin on boi, I thought we'd  
die together  
but you left befo' me homie  
only if I could talk to you  
they ain't know, but you walkin through this life of sin  
an stuff  
two days have passed  
since I first heard the shots blast  
an I can still picture the scenery  
won't be no peace fo' me until I see ya at the  
crossroads  
all of us back together again  
eternally "Lost Souls".

**Verse 2 \*(Napoleon)\***

I bet I shake ya world  
fo' Pac, I'ma drink til I hurl  
an pump the brakes on the hardest whoever thinkin  
they thurrough  
it's young Napoleon  
Makaveli gave this soldier his name  
an if you claim it the same  
you have to prove you insane  
betta get ya heart right  
in the mist of the warfields  
bullets gon' fly by  
we Outlawz

an play the street life because it's paid right  
it's my life, my life, my life  
that's in the sunshine  
Kadafi I'ma hold a sign  
hopin you run through one time.  
We "Still Ballin"!

Chorus \*(Yukmouth)\*

Don't cry, dry yo eye say, "Pac we Still Ballin"  
(We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin) Wha? Wha?  
Juss look up in the sky say, "Pac we Still Ballin"  
(We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin) Wha?  
Pour some liquour on the ground, say "Pac we Still  
Ballin"  
(We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin) Uh.  
If he could only see us now, ayo Pac we Still Ballin!

Verse 2 \*(Yukmouth)\*

Congregate the Bloods and Cuzz  
Vice Lords and Disciples  
I got love fa thugs  
even the hoodrats and scrubs that we ducked in the  
club  
sucka for love  
if I introduce a busta to slugs (what?!)  
hustled the drugs  
we all lust for money and fast cars  
the, life of a rap star  
floatin in Jaguars  
then ball wit a bad broad  
learn how to stack tall  
money longer then Shaq ya'll (WESTSIDE!!)  
Holla back ya'll!! (Yes!)  
I smoked out wit Redman  
aim an infared at the head of a rappa tryin to make a  
livin off a dead man  
flossin a dead man  
I know the drama is reallin  
they stole every song ya made and owe yo mama  
some millions  
will God's children plese stop wit ya "I can be like Pac!"  
raps ya rock  
bout, gats and glocks  
ya act like Pac  
wit all them songs you stole from dude  
if Makaveli was alive, WE WOULD A RODE ON YOU  
FOOLS!!  
That's real!!

\*(Chorus)\*

(We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin!)  
They can bite all they want but Pac we Still Ballin!  
(We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin!)  
Westside, Southside say, "Pac we Still Ballin!"  
(We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin!)  
We gon' keep the thuggin alive, eh Pac we Still Ballin!  
(We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin!) (We love you nigga)  
Rap-A-Lot Mafia Life, eh 'Pac we Still Ballin!

Verse 3 \*(Young Noble)\*

We still callin  
everyday ta ya  
we still believe in ya  
we still pray ta ya  
now e'ry body all on Pac's heels  
had to wait til a soldier to die  
fo ya'll to give him his  
Hell nah!  
Outlaw soldiers thug fo life  
half a ya'll ain't never knew Pac  
Forget the hype!  
We used to play box wit him  
caulk glocks, an lick shots wit him  
that was a crazy soldier  
yo I miss him  
taught a brotha so much  
in "Thugs We Trust"  
still as soft as cream puff  
Outlawz we "Hit 'Em Up"  
an "Bomb First"  
so "Hail Mary"  
you bail scarry through this "White Manz World"  
but I never let it bury me  
Kadafi I love ya  
an I'll see ya when I die homie  
smoke some weed  
you an Pac get high fo me.  
Ya'll Still Ballin.  
Ya'll Still Ballin.  
Still Ballin.

\*(Kastro talking)\*

We can do this.  
Fuck the tricks!  
God bless the dead.  
Yafi Kadafi we love ya.

\*(Chorus)\*

Til the days that I die eh Pac we Still Ballin!  
(We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin!)  
Wave ya hands in the sky say, "Pac we Still Ballin!"  
(We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin!)  
Westside, Southside say, "Pac we Still Ballin!"  
(We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin!) What?  
Eastside, Northside say, "Pac we Still Ballin!"  
(We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin!) What?  
The Regime, Outlawz an Yuk, we Still Ballin!  
(We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin!)  
Rap-A-Lot, Lil J an Face, we Still Ballin!  
(We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin!) What?  
Diggity Daz an Krupt say, "Pac we Still Ballin!"  
(We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin!)  
E-40 Fonz an B-Leigt say, "Pac we Still Ballin!"  
(We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin!) What?  
All my dogs everywhere say, "Pac we Still Ballin!"  
(We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin!) Uh.  
An all my real ass thugs say, "Pac we Still Ballin!"  
(We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin!)

\*(Yukmouth talking)\*

A dedication!  
To the legendary Makaveli!  
God bless his soul!  
(Yes!)  
It's time for us to ride for my potna.  
All these bitin ass characters in the industry!

We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin!  
(Ride or die)  
(Ride or die)  
We Still Ballin.  
We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin!  
(Ride or die)  
We Still Ballin.  
(Ride or die)  
We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin!  
(Ride or die)  
(Ride or die)  
We Still Ballin.  
We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin!  
(Ride or die)  
We Still Ballin.  
(Ride or die)  
We Still Ballin.  
La, la  
La, la, la, la, la, la, la! (Regime)

We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin!  
La, la.  
Ballin, Ballin, Ballin!  
We Still Ballin!  
Ballin!  
Ballin!  
Ballin!

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