

## Master Ace

### "Ghetto Ballin'"

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[Chorus x4]

Girls jock me  
You can't 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, didn't 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 don't speak on nuttin  
That we really don't 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  
That's 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 don't rent or lease

We do cars(Ya heard?)  
Compare us to yall whodi, don't try  
I got nine houses, eight cars  
Take my little sister to Mattel to get toys  
I bet we have how much? that's 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, it's time to go in  
I made my first million at the age of ten  
I love the girls, cuz the girls love me  
You can't 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 check, Uh!

[Chorus 4x]

[Verse 3: Silkk]

We keep it real, we don't lie  
We comin at you, look look  
We don't try  
So they heard I was the best in the south  
She said I don't wanna be with you  
I just wanna test you out"  
I said Ma you gotta know fast  
Look, I don't have to touch you  
But tomorrow you gon' have to bail like Usher  
She said, what I'm gon' do after this  
I said nothin, cuz there aint nothin after sex  
Look, Ma, I'm the best there aint nothin after me  
TRU player for real, ask Master P  
I can get you the finer things  
Designer names, designer things  
Talkin bout diamond rings  
Hit the mall up, to armonte exchange  
You with that climb the range  
Look, I'm a baller Ma, just my extra game  
Doctor feelgood, minus the pain  
If you married, you aint gotta hide your ring  
I know you get boys sometimes  
Come on, try some things  
If we get high in New Orleans  
We can fly to Maine  
Learn some new languages  
We can fly to Spain  
Look at what my ring say  
Now that's a hell of a ring  
I said, no V-P in Rome

That's a hell of a team  
And yo, I'll do us, that's a hell of a dream  
And if I say so my self, No Limit  
That's a hell of a thing, Holla!

[Chorus 4x]

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