

## Max Q

### "Steady Ballin'"

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(\*talking\*)

It's going down, straight up  
I'm steady balling, shot calling  
I'm clowning em baby

[Hook]

Steady balling, tonight  
We gon ride while we sipping and smoking  
Steady balling, outta control  
We gon swang, with the trunk open glowing

[Z-Ro]

Nothing but things I'm seeing, nigga be chasing divid-ends  
Pimping the pen, and I gotta keep a thermostat on my skin  
And catch a cold, with the motherfucking ice I'm in  
Big bubble lenses, at the front of the car  
We in the club, running up a fat run at the bar  
Puffing plex, anybody get a punch to the jaw  
No soda water, got a pint doing it raw  
And everyday, I put new shoes on my feet  
Sugar brown ladies or red bones on my meat  
I'ma skip with the rub or not, on my sheets  
And ride with a big fo'-five, on my seat  
Pulling out the yard, as I drop the top  
Ready for the jackers, still gon cock the glock  
Pulling up at the club, everybody still show love  
But I'm still not gonna stop for bops  
But I'ma stop for the drank, man po' me up  
Hoping to nine seven point nine, blow me up  
But these fellas be in it for the competition  
Seem like, everybody wanna show me up  
But nigga fuck the fame, cause I want the change  
Like Lil' James, leaving stains on niggaz brain  
I smoke and I lean, but still I maintain balling mayn

[Hook]

[H.A.W.K.]

When the top down, I'ma drop the rest

On 8-3's, and bumper kit  
Candy paint, looking wet to spit  
Piece on my neck, read Screwed Up Click  
Album silver, bubble head lights  
Trunk gon knock, like lights of fire  
At the intersection, I run the red lights  
All my jewelry, is draped in ice  
Crazy chain, piece and medallion  
Pass the seat, or yellow stallion  
Pretty brown eyes, and thick thighs  
Half Chinese, mixed with Italian  
Paid for, everything cash  
My rear view, is in my dash  
Got a pop spot, to hide my stash  
Hide my trunk, see the baby gash  
Mild dog, is super meals  
Drop my top, feel the atmosphere  
Tweety singing, loud and clear  
In my cup, is Belvedere  
Pockets full, of big face bills  
Three story pad, in Beverly Hills  
So much ice, you get the chills  
In the studio, I shred the reals

[Z-Ro]

Man no more struggling we bubbling, collecting with  
Breadwood  
White golf against the click, we drop bullets and I'm  
ahead them  
We ride on top of the ridge, like a wide stallion  
Bezeltine around me neck, with the diamond medallion

[Hook]

[Z-Ro]

Barley moving on swangas, and knocking off the side  
rolling  
Gotta give it up to the Fat Pat, nigga cause we  
Southside holding  
Rolling in luxury cars, sipping on bar, talking on  
cellulars  
Receiving messages from Mars, nothing but rap stars  
Anybody wanna fuck with us, fuck around and get  
flipped up and zipped up  
In a six foot ziploc, cause I got a glock in my right hand  
And I'ma flip, when I can't even act like he wanna trip  
I said it like that and I'll say it again, matter fact push  
record and play  
it again  
With a bop digger then, Trae and Den in a Benz  
And accepting all the dope trafficking

Got the dope in the trunk, and we backing in  
So much money, gotta back track my ends  
I got the glut opium, black cause I'm African  
American, Guerilla Maab gon shine for life  
But our motherfuckers, are dull like a butter knife  
I put it on my balls and on my life, Z-Ro never been  
shife  
Cat don't come around me, just let me ball  
If I fall off my note, then let me fall  
Needed help from God, did he get my call  
Pulling out the lot, and he let me crawl  
Like Mafio, by the year two triple O  
I'ma come down, in a six double O  
With green flow, mats on the flo'  
Candy paint on my do', it's bout for the hook and it go

[Hook - 2x]

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