

The Lowz

"Ballin Is Da Code"

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(Feat. Lucky L)

[Intro:]

I'm the money bag boy, I'm the money bag boy

[Chorus: x2]

Ballin is the code, ballin, ballin is the code
Ballin is the code, ballin, ballin is the code
I'm the money bag boy, I'm the money bag boy
I'm the money bag boy, I'm the money bag boy

[Yung Bam:]

Check
Gettin money, that's all a nigga know
I was raised in the city where ballin is the code
Ridin on 6's, some ridin on 4's
We some ballers over here, you could tell by our
clothes
Money on my mind, no waste of time
Same clothes as last night, still on the grind
Ain't nobody givin shit so, I'm a take mine
I ain't tryna be like them niggas with the fake shines
I spend money like it's nothin, lose bills like buttons
I'm a baller, I ain't even frontin
Saggin down the ave in a candy red lac
And my sound system by itself, costed a stack
Got money in the bank, got money on me
Don't nobody on the block got nothin on me
Heres a couple stacks homie, you could have that
You ain't even gotta give it back, just know that

[Chorus x2]

[Too Much:]

Too Much
I am
Who the man, rhetoric question hoe
If it's less than a stack, it's unacceptable
Pluto reptable
And the fact that I stay iced, just adds the spice like
oregano
Just thought I'd let you know

I'm a straight trooper
Only cat hangin with me is mr. cooper
I got money bags, and my honey bad
In a race for that paper, ain't tryna come in last
So interfere while I'm tryna get dough
Then I'm in your spot like bruh man from the 5th floor
Ridin with my ken folk, chillin where them thugs at
In the hood, where I'm looked up to by them young cats
It's them paper stacks, what they dyin for
Niggas pitchin, tryna win the cy award
And that's what it be
I'm a money bag b, and I come from that street where

[Chorus x2]

[Lucky L:]

Boss to the bone, young and thuggin like bizzy
Don't stare at the stones, cause the shine will make you
dizzy
Talk real slick, get spins like frisbees
New 100 bills, man my cream so crispy
Hoes tuggin on me, sheesh, just beggin for the d
I could make it rain a sea, til they drown in this beach
Ballin is the code, money, power and brauds
Place your up on my fresh, disregard the odds
Took my fly to a level, that defied the gods
It go chain, watch, bracelet just threw it a lob
Earrings yellow like corn on the cob
My lap met her face, she responded with nods
I shuffle these bitches like giant ipods
Never pay for her drinks, I'm a ballin tigthwad
Just be floatin on these hoes, they call me elroy
Get your money up baby, I'm the money bag boy

[Chorus x2]

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