

# Tupac "Still Ballin"

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Straight motherfuckin ballin  
Part two, still ballin  
Westside

[Verse One: 2Pac]

Now ever since a nigga was a seed  
Only thing promised to me was the penitentiary, still  
ballin  
Ridin on these niggaz cause they lame  
In a six-one Chevy, still heavy in this game, can you  
feel me?  
Blame it on my momma I'm a thug nigga  
Up befo' the sun rise, quicker than the drug dealers  
Tell me if it's on, nigga then we first to bomb  
Bust on these bitch-made niggaz hit 'em up, WESTSIDE  
Ain't nobody love me as a broke nigga  
Finger on the trigger Lord forgive me if I smoke niggaz  
I love my females strapped, no fuckin from the back  
I get my currency in stacks, California's where I'm at -  
right?  
Passed by while these niggaz wonder why  
I got shot but didn't die, let 'em see who's next to try  
Did I cry, hell nah, nigga tear I shed  
For all my homies in the pen, many peers dead  
Niggaz still ballin

[Chorus: dominated by Trick Daddy]

Still ballin, until I die  
You can bring your crew motherfucker  
I be ballin, they wonder why  
(You can bring your crew but we remain true  
motherfuckers still)

[Verse Two: Trick Daddy]

Now as I kneel and pray I hope the Lord understand  
When he's gone, devolve, I become a dangerous man  
Ain't crazy or deranged, I'm sayin (I'm sayin)  
But when these kids go to spray 'em boy I don't be  
playin  
With clientele, any rhyme sales  
Question is, will you fuck-niggaz ride for real, huh?  
Bitch nigga this is G rated

Plus your homeboy won't make it, street game Fugazi  
I'm elevated to the top of this shit  
Done fucked around and put me and 2Pac on the bitch  
And you can tell 'em THUG LIFE was the reason for this  
And I ride for any nigga who believe in the shit  
I'm still ballin

[Chorus: 2Pac]  
Still ballin, 'til the day I die  
You can bring your crew but we remain true  
motherfuckers  
Still ballin, niggaz wonder why  
You can bring your crew but we remain true  
motherfuckers  
Still ballin

[Verse Three: 2Pac]  
Now everybody wanna see us dead  
Two murdered on the front page, shot to death, bullets  
to the head  
Niggaz holla out my name and it's similar to rape  
Motherfuckers know I'm comin, so they runnin to they  
graves, watch  
Swoop down with my nigga from the Pound  
Cause {Trick} don't give a fuck, where you coward  
niggaz now, blast  
Keep pumpin, ain't worried bout nuttin  
Busters thought we was frontin, so reload and keep  
dumpin

[Chorus - Trick Daddy version]  
[Chorus - 2Pac version]

[2Pac] 'Til the day I die  
[T.D.] THUG LIFE!  
[2Pac] Still ballin.. motherfuckers still ballin  
[2Pac] Straight motherfuckin ballin  
[fades out]

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