

## Mike Jones "U Ballin'"

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You balling, if you got Sprewell rims and they crawling  
If you got four five, Clarions balling  
You hit the club on dubs and your name  
They be calling, calling, calling, calling

You balling, if you push a candy color with butter on  
cutters  
You got a flock of girls and they all know each other  
With the command of your voice, they all  
Become lovers, lovers, lovers, lovers

I can catch boppers like Paul Wall with the wood out my  
grill  
I can do a girl wrong and she gon' be by me still  
I can get caught cheating on my feet, maybe she will  
Never leave, 'cause I be spitting my game so real

I'm Mike Jones, Mike Jones, Jones  
That's been a baller, before I even grabbed a  
microphone  
Swishahouse, Swishablast no more minimum wage  
Independently paid, living lovely and laid

I never ever cheap talk, 'cause I got a platinum grill  
I changed the game over with Sprewells on my fifth  
wheel  
My album 'Who Is Mike Jones', coming soon  
My album 'Who Is Mike Jones', coming soon

Already, I pull up on Perellis with wood leather and  
grape jelly  
T.V.'s falling down, watching DMX in Belly  
Swishahouse Swishablast, we come first not last  
Police pull me over, so they could play my Dream cast

And my XBox, I got stubborn rims  
They keep going, even when I say stop  
Mike Jones in your ear, they gave me MVP  
And this is just rookie year

Is a baller baby, shot caller baby  
In the Lex having sex, twenties crawling baby

I stay balling, T.V.'s stay falling, 23's stay crawling  
I'm the definition of balling playboy

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