

La Onda Vaselina

"Ballin' *"

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Chorus:

I'll be a baller 'til I die
I'll be ballin' to my grave nigga, I die a paid nigga
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Spice 1:

Some niggas be all up in my shit, you need to quit
Sprinkle a motherfucker that will leave you split
Tore back ass out bringing you your hat
Flat broke, talking about fuck that nigga S-P-I
But you can't go one on one Spice 1 because I'm born
to die
I gets even up on they ass like punk bitches in ditches
The gangsterism resulting in murderism
Bailing up in your hooptie at the gas station
You facing the killer for real-a punk ass nigga
Where the scrilla
Jacking you for your shit, taking your ends pull off
my mask
Hitting the corner, hopping up in my Benz with your
cash
Mobbing I mash out, you ass out
Left you shot up in your seven-trey glasshouse
Because you don't know me like you think you do, I'm
down for thefetty
Ready to die for them presidents, high powered and
deadly
I ask to ball or not to ball, partner answer the
question
I meet a nigga running up on my hooptie with Smith
and Wesson

Chorus

Yukmouth:

One time for your mind

Here to represent the pimps, playas, hustlas, ballers
All my niggas on the grind, packing nine millimeters
Nine lives like cheetahs, but your still in ???
Drug dealers peep the shit that I kick
Hustling, busting down zips making chips
If we ain't making it we taking shit
To the extreme hit the scenery with machine
Gun, get the creamery and ice cream, nobody scream
Nobody run, I come like point blank
Mobbing the motherfucking bank, looking like
Benjamin
Frank and Itake
So many penitentiary chances, to make
Scrilla scratch niggas must have more stack in the safe
I mean ???, nigga your safe is my safe
And I'm gonna make sure that my safe ain't your safe
By putting a .38 up in your face
For running up in my place and shake the spot
And not expect to get your ass shot
Yeah, another one bites the dust, the shyster busts
caps at your house
Matter fact, niggas don't like the Yukmouth
About to L-U, didn't they tell you
I'm a youngster trying to have something like my
nigga L-Q
Ballin'

Chorus

Spice 1:

It's the motherfucking East Bay G with the hundred
clipper, savage thugnigga
See I was born with the lust for money, chrome plated
triggers
Mob style hauling 187 up in your face
Put a gauge between your throat and tell you that
your out of place
Motherfuckers don't be knowing we vicious and vicious
to get the cheese
More tickets to G's, cruises overseas
Can't be no punk about the shit that we're in
Got to be a soldier to the game or nigga you'll never
get your dividends
Ballin' til I die, until I die I'll be a baller
Let my riders do the dirt and I'll be the shotcaller
Whatever I got to do for the lifestyle that'll pay
them forever
Never slip stay on my toes nigga walk with the yellow
stripe
But pull me back, because they cowards and shit
I be the nigga that take your drama and put a twist

in your the shit
Caps get slapped with steel, hot slugs will be your
meal
Fucking around with my money is just going to get
your ass killed

Interlude

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