

Spice 1 "Ballin"

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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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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

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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 [unverified]

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 I take so many penitentiary chances, to
make

Scrilla scratch niggas must have more stack in the safe
I mean [unverified], 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'

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It's the motherfucking East Bay G with
The hundred clipper, savage thug nigga

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

Balling till I die, until I die I'll be a baller
Let my riders do the dirt and I'll be the shot caller
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

[Unverified]

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