

Doris D. & The Pins

"The Way We Ball"

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Heyyy, Ho (This is the way we ball)
This ain't the regular version
You know what (This is the remix y'all)
Ha ha, this for Lafayette, Arkansas
Alabama, Streetport, Louisville, Baton Rouge
Austin, Corpus Christi (This is the way we ball)

(Chorus - 2x)
And we like to floss, all my diamonds gloss
I represent the dirty, dirty, dirty, dirty South
(This is the way we ball)
And we riding blaze, Jags and Escalades
We Third Coast born but we all Texas paid
(This is the way we ball)

[Lil' Flip]
Uh I'm Lil' Flip, I'm back on this track, I'm still pushing
Lacs
But this time around, H.S.E. got my back
Now we got paper stacks, cause we keep making tracks
My pockets like Oprah, they getting so fat (fat)
Cause I can do that, you know we been balling
We got Playstation 3, and four DVD's falling
My engine never stalling, so I'm speeding like flash
I changed my name to ATM, cause I've been having
cash
I've been blowing hash, I been driving Jags
With Burberry paint, and now I make your gal faint
When she touch my car, and if she
Give head, she can't puff my 'gar
But now a nigga grown, so I need grown money
I don't wanna split shit, cause I need my own money
Then I'ma see Johnny, and buy another chain
And since I'm in a big body nigga get out my lane

(Chorus - 2x)

[Lil' Ron]
Our life is great now, everyday we ball out
This purple stuff all day, until we all out
We ride black drops, sitting on twenty two's

And blow dro all night, back through the afternoon
I keep it coming, cause Lil' Ron's a bread winner
Better remember, chain froze up like it's December
Get your mind right, we playas of the decade
We ride blades on Jaguars and Escalades

[Young Redd]

This year, I'm riding blades wherever I go
We repre-sent for the South, where the music's slow
And this is, sipping purple and blowing hays
This is, grinding and getting paid
And you can keep your six hundred, give me a drop top
Plus a iced out watch, the size of a shop cart
This the, boy from the block wait but that ain't all
This here is the remix, and Redd and Ron gone ball,
y'all

(Chorus - 2x)

[Lil' Flip]

I'm swinging, about to rip the kizzerp, sipping on my
syzzerp
And on the back of my throwback, it say Larry Bizzerd
Cause all we do is shop, all we do is drink
I'm the only one who went, to the prom in a mink
So how you love that, or do you really hate it
Or do you love the rims, on my drop top Mercedes
I pack a 3-80, cause I got to watch my back
I'm still jamming Screw, I'm still jamming Pat
I represent the South, and you know we keep it crunk
We been having paper, you can ask my nigga Hump
And if you ever come to my town, just holla
Cause Lil' Flip and Sucka Free, all about they dollas

(Chorus - 2x)

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