

King Tee f/ RC**"Big Ballin'"**

Visit "[Big Ballin'](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: King Tee] ha, on the lay back [Verse 1: King Tee]
Straight hustlin' going on, now, let's begin The master
of the ceremony just walked in With his little homies
and the fifth of Hin' No hatin' in my game cause I'm
playin' to win Now, niggaz need to know I've been a G
since six Breakin' fools off when they step up in my mix
Catch a young nigga with some brand new kids Many
comin' up out of him, holdin' his lips Just a real young
nigga but I threw them like spinks Blew them black Gulf
hats and turned to your slings Moved up the Leather
Coat got my bitch wearin' wings Sittin' in the Coupe' -
smokin' pounds a day Just because I got chips I
remained the same Niggaz recognize the real when I'm
shootin' my game A bullet in your chest won't be no
strange But if I put it in your brain it won't be no pain
Ballin' out of control and I can never get choked I got a
loaded Chrome .45 that I tote Asked any hustler: T be
goin' for broke? Undercover with the locs and them
luxury spoke But, when it's time to floss I hit the safe
for some ends Choose between the Caddi' or the Lexus
or the Benz I told you at the top, now, I tell you again
Straight hustlin' going on, let games begin Let's get
down [Chorus: RC] It's that's how'd you can't deny
Everything we do is fly I'm big ballin'- playin to Win Just
the players stayin' true Blowin' Chronic smoke at you
Everything is ballin' [Verse 2: King Tee] Soon as I pull
the Lex-o out the garage Player haters run to get the
fuck out of the Dodge I tried to shoot to gain but they
tried to act hard They chose is live small while I got to
live large Don't tell these hoes that I'm broke, nigga
please I never leave my crib without at least three Gs
Lookin' like a nigga just shift twenty ki's Keep myself
distant from tics and flees Keep type of tire bald head
like Shenay Fuck tellin, Condo Rolex is parvay King Tee
is the nigga that them punks can't fade They're tryin'
change each hood as I'm tryin' to stay paid (*female
laughter*) I treat the Benz like the old girl friend Hook
that hoe up and let my niggaz take a spin You said you
got the chronic, I break out the skin Hustlin' going on
and I'm playin' to win Get down [Chorus: RC w/
variations] Got my whole crew comin' down Sippin' Mo'

and dodgin' clowns I'm big ballin' Awww yeah, just a
hustler playin' true Blowin' Chronic smoke at you
Everything is ballin' [Verse 3: King Tee] Straight fact, I
push up on the mic with more heat Warning
mothafuckers that we can't be beat From Compton, on
up to east Long Beach That nigga King Tee makes the
drive-by complete (*Gun Shot*) I know you've been
told, we got the Westcoast sold I know you've been
taught, we can't be caught So if you're lookin' for them
T's on the westside trippin' Probably in the Rag '64 just
dippin' The ave is so hot, the CD keep skippin' While the
little homies on the block checkin' the grip So come on
by, and throw your set real high Niggaz get smoked
tryin' to fuck with my supply And I supply, what you
can't go by That westcoast gangster funk, it won't die
Niggaz might lyin' but I tell you the truth The Hup City is
in the house, settin' fire to the roof Let's get down
[Chorus: RC w/ minor variations] Yes, that true, you
can't deny Everything we do is fly I'm big ballin'- yeah,
oooh Just the players stayin' true Real with Chronic
smoke and you Everything is ballin' Everything is been
ballin' [Outro: RC] Nah, nah, nah nah nah, We're big
ballin' Nah, nah, nah nah nah, We're big ballin' Nah,
nah, nah nah nah, We're big ballin' Nah, nah, nah nah
nah, We're big ballin' Nah, nah, nah nah nah, We're big
ballin' nah, nah, nah nah nah, We're big ballin'

Visit [King Tee f/ RC](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.