

## **Lil' Head**

### **"We Ballin"**

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[Hook - 2x]

We balling, screens falling  
We crawling, shot calling

[Lil' Head]

Everytime I hit the block, I convert my top  
In J8 with Palamene, on Bravin's with dots  
Bitches flock, just like they flies on shit  
Lil' Head I been legit, and plus my screens stay lit  
Now picture this, everywhere it seems that I go  
Niggaz mad and kinda jealous, cause I'm taking they  
hoe  
Face the fact that I'm a hustler, plus I got mo' do'  
Than Cover recieved signing, for his first year pro  
I know, these bitches out here loving the name  
I'm quick to fuck they head up, like they tooting the  
caine  
I'm choking and Gucci loc'ing, while I'm gripping the  
grain  
What I'm puffing on fool, shit pounds of the Jane  
From Austin Texas San Anton', I'ma floss my chrome  
U-turn through Rosewood, back through Acres Home  
Backdo' to Southwest, to bout Cobblestone  
Fuck the laws I'm looking good, plus I'm in my zone I'm  
on chrome

[Hook - 2x]

[Lil' Head]

I said I'm balling baby, twenty twen-twen's begin to spin  
When I'm crawling baby, tipping slow stopping traffic  
Cause I'm stalling baby, my screens fall a lot  
Invisible in my mouth, I got all the rocks  
I'm looking hot, hotter than that Iceberg Slim  
I got another glass set, I'm bout to crack the rim  
I'ma swang on these 'Vards, and bang on these boys  
Balling out of control, and maintain on these boys  
See around here, we ride 4's or 3's  
I hustle and selling drank, strack bottles of cheese  
Head rest with TV's, keep the vision on clear  
A-4's on stretched Seville, yeah that's slab of the year

I ain't riding dick, but that's hood affiliated  
Even though I'm hated by many, my skills they can't  
fade it  
Where I'm from, I'ma state it represent the Dirty Dirty  
If it ain't Jag or slab, it's Benz 4-30 huh

[Hook - 2x]

[Lil' Head]

I say the Southside, that's the only set I claim  
Screw tapes up in the deck, that's the only thing I bang  
Lil' Head's about his change, cause I'm top of the line  
Quick to bust a nigga ass, at the drop of a dime  
See my niggaz, known for big balling and shit  
Cause my niggaz, known for shot calling and shit  
And my niggaz, known to spit game at your bitch  
And quick to blow a couple thee's, like it ain't bout shit  
See I plan to see my fantasy, balling on yachts  
Throw a party for the hood, invite the whole block  
Get served by top notch, hoes walking around  
And the ones that's steady hating, they gon wanna  
know how  
Did I get it, the fame the change and all that  
I don't believe in driving fast, I creep and crawl Lac  
My money in tall stacks, that's only way accepted  
Anything less than fifty, the money is for neglected  
nigga

[Hook - 2x]

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