

Mase Mase

"We Ballin"

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(*talking*)

Young Chris, worldwide

What we doing Ro

[Hook: Z-Ro]

Balling, when you see us in them streets

We'll be crawling, sipping drank and smoking sweets

Shot calling, making paper till we die

U-Hauling, with them chickens that don't fly

[Young Chris]

Pull up in the low-low, everything slow-mo

The Lex the four do', Perellis the low crow

If you on nineteens, you need mo' and that's for real

Diamond in the back, bumper kits and fifth wheel

When I flip it's a thrill, I give eye by sheers

Watching out for my paint, cause five coats gon spill

I sprayed wetter than wetter, from South Coast up to

San McGregor

4's poking trunk open, showing chinese leathers

From a friend to a pen, standing next to Lick Land

I be damned if I'm slipping, I got that hot shit in my
hand

Jealous fellas gon knock us, certified show stoppers

And most boppers they gon bop us, when we pull up on
choppas

I'm screened up tinted mayn, watch me slide fo' lanes

And I'ma swing and swang, and let the back end hang

And I still like a tame, young playas we doing thangs

Just like Z-Ro saying, nigga balling mayn

[Hook: Z-Ro]

[Z-Ro]

When I ball, it be like twenty G's up in my pocket

When I ball anything I want, I'm able to cop it

Cause when I ball it's to the point, to where they think
that we broke

But I still be popping up on the scene, on a new set of
spokes

Cause I'm a real ass nigga, in the field ass nigga

Eagle talons and hollows, up in my steel ass nigga
S.U.C. for life I love it, wouldn't trade it for nothing
Creeping and crawling on swangas, or might be blades
with buttons
Gucci from head to toe, I'm looking sharp enough to
cut ya
Gangsta strutting on hatas, cause ain't no love for
bustas
Roll with us or get rolled over, we gon show you how it
go
Young Chris done hooked up with the partna, from
Ridgemont 4
And it's gravy that's how we ball, on cutters that's how
we crawl
And never ever ever ever, that's how we fall
Check my track record baby, I've been balling a while
Diamonds all on my pinky and neck, all in my smile

[Hook: Z-Ro]

[Young Chris]

When I ball if you don't like me, it's fa sho you gon
knock it
And when the diamonds get to shining, shit I know you
gon want it
Z-Ro and Young Chris, we ain't balling baby
Check the track record nigga, we been balling lately
Coming down on a daily baby, thought we was broke
Followed behind that Z-Ro, and bo'poking on spokes
Now you can still knock us, dick riders they still jock us
Ain't a damn thang changed, switching lanes on
choppas
We dub riders, your ordinary Southsiders
We balling for real, Southsive and that's for live
Today is the day we ball, the next time balling out of
control
Crawling 4's up on the scene, valet falling up out the
do'
Driving reckless through Texas, I shine from my wrist
and necklace
It's Chris the youngest one, I'm well protected
We be balling daily, never falling baby
Check the incoming calls, boppers calling baby

[Hook: Z-Ro]

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