

Jim Jones feat. Stack Bundles & Mel Matrix, Dips

(Livin' fast and ballin' at Christmas time)

Jim Jones:

It's finna be a good Christmas this year
Santa know when you're good or bad
And we ballin'

Chorus:

The music's tight
The block is stuffed
We here tonight
And that's what's up
Livin' fast and ballin' at Christmas time
Livin' fast, it's a Dipset Christmas time

Verse 1

Stack Bundles:

Look

I'm tryna live everyday like it's Christmas
I shovel yay so everyday a nigga risk this
Blow from the copeyes, feelin' like Popeyes
Cuz I'm in the Coupe with a chicken and a biscuit
My niggaz get the same thing every year
Different view, new year, match the color with they hair
And you know it cost kitty if I wear
A Red Monkey on the jeans, 1100 for the pair
Might show 'em how to ball this year, yeah
The dogs, the fresh London Fog this year
Put the box up, pull out the foxy long hair
Fresh to death might open a mourage this year
That's how I'm feelin' Holiday Season
(Squad Up) That's The Holiday Greeting
Buy a ratchet for the Holiday Heathen
They might be doin' Holiday Squeezin'

Ya Dig

Chorus

Verse 2

Jim Jones:

I want it all, from racetracks to the ball games
Now we race fast in the Porsche thing
I gotta ball, gettin' cash off the raw 'caine (I got it)
And wifey want the super-charged Range (She got it)
I think the Coupe might do the hard thing (For real)
Gotta do 70 and I pops the wing
A little car trivia, every car giddy up
Like a Clidesdale

The mood is right and I'm high as hell
Big trucks through the snow like a one-horse sleigh
The V12 come with 500 horsies
And my whole team ballin' and we all flossy
Now I'm hittin' piff while I'm sippin' the eggnog
Pumpin' my shit and I'm whippin' the best cars
That's cuz we get dough
So this year mommy, Benz with the red bow
You know we gettin' dollars like Preflow
Holiday Season so we sippin' on the XO

Chorus

Verse 3

Mel Matrix:

It's Christmas Time, everybody jolly
Feel it Blood, errbody wanna party
Get ya flag on, red rags out (Sooo-Wooo)
Feeling good, pull the red Jags out (Gettin' money)
We gon' ball at the red lights
Shit, pretty bitches, blind a ho with the headlights
I heard Lotus poppin'
A lotta pretty bitches with the fishnet stockings

Hit the club, buy the bar out
Where the dutches at, get the jars out (Let's get high Blood)
And put the piffy in the air
I ain't that bent, don't skip me, give it here
And we could 1-2 step
Throw ya gang up, what hood you rep (9-Trey)
And everybody spazz out
Get blowed homie 'til you fuckin' pass out
It's Christmas
Chorus 2x