

Master P, Ghetto Ballin'

(feat. Lil' Romeo, Silkk the Shocker)

[Chorus x4]

Girls jock me
You cant knock me
We ghetto ballin
My real thugs got me

UNNGGHHHHHHHHH!

[Verse 1: Master P]

Love money, hate haters
10 years later, still gettin paper
Put 20's on the big wheel
It's Univeral now
Just signed a big deal
Party at the spot, come ball wit me
And if you aint a real Don
Stop calling me
It aint about what you got
Its who you are
My only bad habits are icey cars
Open up my mouth, didnt mean to blind ya
Take you to (?) just to wine and dine ya
You wanna make music girl look me up
And if your girlfriends cute boo
Hook me up, get your drank on
I got the tab, we dont speak on nuttin
That we really dont have
I told you it was a bentley
That was pickin you up
Moet and Cristal, we be mixin it up
Cuz, I'm the player made it cool to be cunt
Only run with the realest
Thats just business and money
Call me the big dog, yall the little cats
You aint a true hustler unless you lose it
And get it back

[Chorus 4x]

[Verse 2: Lil Romeo]

Ok, we dont rent or lease
We do cars(Ya heard?)
Compare us to yall whodi, dont try
I got nine houses, eight cars
Take my little sister to Mattel to get toys
I bet we have how much? Thats only mine
And that frank limo cost sixty-five
Geeez, Oooh Wee, now why little boys
wanna hate on me?
We rock Grade A (?) to cubian stones
The only thing glowing is the ice on my arm
When I hit the playground, its time to go in
I made my first million at the age of ten
I love the girls, cuz the girls love me
You cant pick up a magazine without seein me
Six Flags, or the mall where you find me at
I could buy what I want
I need a whodi check, Uh!

[Chorus 4x]

[Verse 3: Silkk]

We keep it real, we dont lie
We comin at you, look look
We dont try
So they heard I was the best in the south
She said I dont wanna be with you
I just wanna test you out"
I said Ma you gotta know fast
Look, I dont have to touch you
But tomorrow you gon' have to bail like Usher
She said, what I'm gon' do after this
I said nothin, cuz there aint nothin after sex
Look, Ma, I'm the best there aint nothin after me
TRU player for real, ask Master P
I can get you the finer things
Designer names, designer things
Talkin bout diamond rings
Hit the mall up, to armonte exchange
You with that climb the range
Look, I'm a baller Ma, just my extra game
Doctor feelgood, minus the pain
If you married, you aint gotta hide your ring
I know you get boys sometimes
Come on, try some things
If we get high in New Orleans
We can fly to Maine
Learn some new languages
We can fly to Spain
Look at what my ring say
Now thats a hell of a ring
I said, no V-P in Rome
Thats a hell of a team
And yo, I'll do us, thats a hell of a dream
And if I say so my self, No Limit
Thats a hell of a thing, Holla!

[Chorus 4x]