

# Spice 1, Ballin

Chorus:

I'll be a baller 'til I die  
I'll be ballin' to my grave nigga, I die a paid nigga  
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Spice 1:

Some niggas be all up in my shit, you need to quit  
Sprinkle a motherf\*\*ker that will leave you split  
Tore back ass out bringing you your hat  
Flat broke, talking about f\*\*k that nigga s-p-i  
But you can't go one on one spice 1 because I'm born  
To die  
I gets even up on they ass like punk bitches in ditches  
The gangsterism resulting in murderism  
Bailing up in your hooptie at the gas station  
You facing the killer for real-a punk ass nigga  
Where the scrilla  
Jacking you for your shit, taking your ends pull off  
My mask  
Hitting the corner, hopping up in my benz with your  
Cash  
Mobbing I mash out, you ass out  
Left you shot up in your seven-trey glasshouse  
Because you don't know me like you think you do, i'm  
Down for thefetty  
Ready to die for them presidents, high powered and  
Deadly  
I ask to ball or not to ball, partner answer the  
Question  
I meet a nigga running up on my hooptie with smith  
And wesson

Chorus

Yukmouth:

One time for your mind  
Here to represent the pimps, playas, hustlas, ballers  
All my niggas on the grind, packing nine millimeters  
Nine lives like cheetahs, but your still in ? ? ?  
Drug dealers peep the shit that I kick  
Hustling, busting down zips making chips  
If we ain't making it we taking shit  
To the extreme hit the scenery with machine  
Gun, get the creamery and ice cream, nobody scream

Nobody run, I come like point blank  
Mobbing the motherf\*\*king bank, looking like benjamin  
Frank and itake  
So many penitentiary chances, to make  
Scrilla scratch niggas must have more stack in the safe  
I mean ? ? ? , nigga your safe is my safe  
And I'm gonna make sure that my safe ain't your safe  
By putting a .38 up in your face  
For running up in my place and shake the spot  
And not expect to get your ass shot  
Yeah, another one bites the dust, the shyster busts  
Caps at your house  
Matter fact, niggas don't like the yukmouth

About to l-u, didn't they tell you  
I'm a youngster trying to have something like my  
Nigga l-q  
Ballin'

Chorus

Spice 1:

It's the motherf\*\*king east bay g with the hundred  
Clipper, savage thugnigga  
See I was born with the lust for money, chrome plated  
Triggers  
Mob style haulering 187 up in your face  
Put a gauge between your throat and tell you that  
Your out of place  
Motherf\*\*kers don't be knowing we vicious and vicious  
To get the cheese  
More tickets to g's, cruises overseas  
Can't be no punk about the shit that we're in  
Got to be a soldier to the game or nigga you'll never  
Get your dividends  
Ballin' til I die, until I die I'll be a baller  
Let my riders do the dirt and I'll be the shotcaller  
Whatever I got to do for the lifestyle that'll pay  
Them forever  
Never slip stay on my toes nigga walk with the yellow  
Stripe  
But pull me back, because they cowards and shit  
I be the nigga that take your drama and put a twist  
In your the shit  
Caps get slapped with steel, hot slugs will be your  
Meal  
F\*\*king around with my money is just going to get  
Your ass killed

Interlude