

Ying Yang Twins, Ballin' G's

Chorus: (d-roc)

be ballin g's we get buck
all ballin g's just get crunk
bitches let me see you ride that dick
nigga you got ice than rock that shit
real niggas they dont hide they shit
we live and die for niggas we ride wit
f**k tha fame you can have that shit
imma slang an hustlin an try to break me a bitch

Verse 1: (kaine)

I been many places
niggas pimpin an niggas playin
niggas hustlin niggas lyin an niggas prayin
for that allmighty
I ride them twenty inch yokohamas
in this game nigga I broke ya momma
smokin some-a
that tropical potent thunder
slangin dick knockin hoes down like lumber
chancin of u seein this nigga, Stevie Wonder
the pope said he wanna come smoke leave ya number

(d-roc)

one of the realest niggas you looked at trick
imma slang an hustle an try an break me a bitch
soft ass niggas dont bust like this
eightball f**k up all yall when I spit
blows like snows in Ohio thats thick
catch this come up short like bushwick
trick we be known at the slap ridas click
we dont chase hoes an hate niggas that ride dick

(Chorus)

Verse 2: (kaine)

give me the mic an ill give you songs
when the beats bumpin
give you something
for yo streo
an benz-o
chockin the f**k off endo
then go
splurgin off something in some over sized excursions
livin with a bitch you do nothin but blow herbs

when we tally hoe
daddy go
thats when my niggas say boom boom crack boom boom
thats what the trigger say

(d-roc)

what I deliever
make you civil
like you was ???
break the skeleton outta mothaf**kas who sellin them
shoot legs shootin heads necks an chests first
physically hurtin me
but nigga the stress hurts
I got a red shirt
spreadin over this bullshit
sometimes I wanna put down this pen and pull this
firearm

how come you think ??? with my pistol and
think I got no killin utensils

(kaine)
pistol play
playin wit me a get ya kidnapped
evidence show im just a hustla that know how to rap
post up an im gone bleed yo block
make it hot til it burn like a nigga sellin rocks
dd or one d nigga what the f**k
my room of 45's got my back in the cuts
??? join the club
I bust all day
just as long as a mothaf**ka pay me what I weight
hate in my bloodstream
smoked out dreams
shoot raps through my vein like a nigga was a fiend
I told yall niggas we was hard from the start
keep enough shit yo blow ya block apart
just to say I did that
you know who did that
that nigga everybody know
he in the fat pack
moet if it was fly nigga I said it
you might regret it if you wet it
and you need a medic

(Chorus)

(d-roc and kaine talkin)