

Bun-B ft. Jazze Pha, I'm Ballin

[Intro]

Oooooohweeee

Alright-alright-alright, (ok-ok)

Ok-ok-ok, (alright-alright-alright)

Alright-alright-alright, (ok-ok)

Ok-ok-ok, (alright-alright-alright)

It's Bun B and (Jazze Phizzle-Phizzle)

It's Bun B and (Phizzle-Phizzle-Phizzle)

It's Bun B and (Jazze Phizzle-Phizzle)

Bun B, UGK sho nuff ladies and gentlemen

[Hook: Jazze Pha - 2x]

Got me some bread, made some paper

Costly fabrics, minks and gators bitch I'm balling

(diamonds on my chest, keep me looking good

Got diamonds on my chest, keep me looking good)

[Bun B]

Before I jump up out my silk sheets, and hop off in the shower

It's already understood, I got the money and the power

I grab the baby powder, under shirt and white tee

My Dickies, fitted cap and white one's that's me

A hundred karats worth of rocks, courtesy of Johnny

I roll a couple blunts, and load up the Tommy

Ready to get my stunt on, my pockets on swoll

Now all I gotta do, is see which car I'm finna roll

Now I can take the Benz, or I can take the Rover

And if I pull the Bentley Coupe out, then it's over

But I'ma keep it O-G, and pull out the slab

So I can sit on buck, and have some wood grain to grab

Last but not least, before I pull out on the scene

You know I gotta po' me up, my oily cup of lean

I've been stacking all this green, now it's time for some spending

I've been cool about this grinding, but ain't no mo' pretending

[Hook - 2x]

[Bun B]

Now if you see me in the shopping center, walking down the hall

It's already understood, that I'm buying out the mall

I got six homies with me, and at least two freaks

Man we looking for the Louis, and the Gucci boutiques

I keep the flyest footwear, and the newest Locs

And if I get some'ing for me, I'm getting some'ing for my folks

Cause we all gon be fitted up, we all popping tags

We all walking out of this mall, with big bags

And I ain't gotta brag, you can see it for yourself

I got ballers on my right side, and ballers on my left

We ain't from the same hoods, but it's all to the good

We bout getting this money, like some real G's should

And we ain't knocking nobody's hustle, why plex man

You only hate on yourself, when you hating on the next man

You can't be like Bun B, so why try to

Get your own bread, and you can ball just like I do

[Hook - 2x]

[Bun B]

Before I pull up to the valet, and hop out of the car

It's already understood, that we buying out the bar

It's a line around the corner, people trying to get inside

But a playa like myself, is finna walk right by it

Now move the velvet rope, and keep the scanner

You don't wanna see us angry, like we David Banner

2000 and 5, Tony Montana haters

Ain't no need for you to knock us, just congratulate us

We done made it out the ghetto, by staying on the grind

We focused on the paper chase, with money on our mind

Now we just wanna shine, buy some bottles and pop em

So if you see niggaz out there, playa hating then stop em

Cause we don't really wanna have, to bust a motherfucker's head
We just wanna holla at bad bitches, and spend this bread
We buying everybody drinks, and making it rain
Cause I'ma rep, like a motherfucking underground king
[Hook - 2x]