

Memphis Bleek, We Ballin'

(feat. Proof, Young Chris)

[Intro - Memphis Bleek (w/ ab-libs in background)]

Yeah, yanahmean?

Just something for all my niggas in the hood
They always ask me, what I got to say to the youths and
Yanahmean when I do these interviews
Just wanna let em know (we ballin)
You gotta strap up cause niggas'll test you
Whenever you feel that pressure
You let em know everyday of your life is, check it

[Verse 1 - Memphis Bleek]

For real we still killin 'em and, each one of 'em
You know the flow like caine, look it's numb in 'em
Look what I done to them, they want run wit 'em
I let 'em stay few nights but then I'm done wit 'em
Mami you rollin, get your clothin
You know one sight of the mansion will get 'em open
I back out my garage wit, new Ferrari
Cause I been pimpin this game since Atari
You hardly, ever see me loving a hoe
I tell a bitch, I'm in love wit my doe
Cause I'm pimping and, niggas is bitchin and
We was the pharmacy now you want prescriptions
Think I'm slippin, like I don't grip again
Go 'head trip it ain't nothing to drop a clip again
Got my dawgs to catch me when I'm fallin
Pass the weed and hennesy, I hear it callin

[Chorus - Young Chris (2x)]

Nigga we ballin - ready for war and
Pass the weed and hennesy, I hear it callin
We ballin - ready for war and
Pass the weed and hennesy, I hear it callin

[Verse 2 - Proof]

Yeah, I take a sip of that henny I load that tec up
I hit the block wit the medicine give 'em check ups
You see I'm vest up, I'm ballin at war
These niggas wanna see me off, they don't wanna see me on but
Proof I'm ballin; I put a eighth
Of that white down in my hood, I can finish it by the mornin
Re-up by noon, re-kick at night
Half these dudes doing bids couldn't live my life
And you youngn's in the hood wanna be like P
Cause every new gat I cop it begin wit a P
Like, P-89 you niggas' P-92 shit
You know how dudes "This Proof ain't for that bullshit"
And these hoes wanna roll wit a G
But once I hit 'em wit that G, I have totin the P, cause!

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Memphis Bleek]

Yo I hear 'em callin, and every city I travel
Hoes get at 'em when they see a nigga ballin
Keep the steel wit me, couple of killas from the hood
Who blew bail, but still they keep it real wit me
We ride out (and?) we find out (where?)
Your little address (and?) blow out your hideout (yeah)
Who want war? hoes they tellin me "E's you ain't right"
Like this year I'm gon go South Pole
This for them haters think I'm slippin, I ain't

When I find 'em hiding I tie 'em, they be missin like weight
But wait, lil nigga don't be missin my point
I don't miss when I point, niggas get killed off point
And you see, I school a little you, forfeit the game
I was young, just like 'em, Jay taught me the same
But I see he hard headed, told em stay in his lane
Cause them OG's home and they layin wit K's cause

[Chorus]

[Outro - Young Chris]

Nigga.. pass the weed and hennessy I hear it callin
Pass the weed and hennessy, I hear it callin
We ballin - ready for war and
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