

# Trick Daddy, Still Ballin (Feat. 2pac)

Straight motherfuckin ballin

Part two, still ballin

Westside

[Verse One: 2Pac]

Now ever since a nigga was a seed

Only thing promised to me was the penitentiary, still ballin

Ridin on these niggaz cause they lame

In a six-one Chevy, still heavy in this game, can you feel me?

Blame it on my momma I'm a thug nigga

Up befo' the sun rise, quicker than the drug dealers

Tell me if it's on, nigga then we first to bomb

Bust on these bitch-made niggaz hit 'em up, WESTSIDE

Ain't nobody love me as a broke nigga

Finger on the trigger Lord forgive me if I smoke niggaz

I love my females strapped, no fuckin from the back

I get my currency in stacks, California's where I'm at - right?

Passed by while these niggaz wonder by

I got shot but didn't die, let 'em see who's next to try

Did I cry, hell nah, nigga tear I shed

for all my homies in the pen, many peers dead

Niggaz still ballin

[Chorus: dominated by Trick Daddy]

Still ballin, until I die

You can bring your crew motherfucker

I be ballin, they wonder why

(You can bring your crew but we remain true motherfuckers still)

[Verse Two: Trick Daddy]

Now as I kneel and pray I hope the Lord understand

When he's gone, devolve, I become a dangerous man

Ain't crazy or deranged, I'm sayin (I'm sayin)

But when these kids go to spray 'em boy I don't be playin

With clientele, any rhyme sales

Question is, will you fuck-niggaz ride for real, huh?

Bitch nigga this is G rated

Plus your homeboy won't make it, street game Fugazi

I'm elevated to the top of this shit

Done fucked around and put me and 2Pac on the bitch

And you can tell 'em THUG LIFE was the reason for this

And I ride for any nigga who believe in the shit

I'm still ballin

[Chorus: 2Pac]

Still ballin, 'til the day I die

You can bring your crew but we remain true motherfuckers

Still ballin, niggaz wonder why

You can bring your crew but we remain true motherfuckers

Still ballin

[Verse Three: 2Pac]

Now everybody wanna see us dead

Two murdered on the front page, shot to death, bullets to the head

Niggaz holla out my name and it's similar to rape

Motherfuckers know I'm comin, so they runnin to they graves, watch

Swoop down with my nigga from the Pound

Cause {Trick} don't give a fuck, where you coward niggaz now, blast

Keep pumpin, ain't worried bout nuttin

Busters thought we was frontin, so reload and keep dumpin

[Chorus] - Trick Daddy version

[Chorus] - 2Pac version

[2Pac] 'Til the day I die

[T.D.] THUG LIFE!

[2Pac] Still ballin.. motherfuckers still ballin

[2Pac] Straight motherfuckin ballin {\*fades out\*}

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Artist Info |  
Letras