

Yukmouth, Still Ballin'

Welcome!
Little boys and girls.
Makaveli!
(For the love of Makaveli!)
Lives forever!
(Outlawz!)
And ever
Come on.

Verse 1 *(E.D.I.)*

I remember the days we used to
ride together
it's goin on boi, I thought we'd
die together
but you left befo' me homie
only if I could talk to you
they ain't know, but you walkin through this life of sin an stuff
two days have passed
since I first heard the shots blast
an I can still picture the scenery
won't be no peace fo' me until I see ya at the crossroads
all of us back together again
eternally "Lost Souls";

Verse 2 *(Napoleon)*

I bet I shake ya world
fo' Pac, I'ma drink til I hurl
an pump the brakes on the hardest whoever thinkin they thurrough
it's young Napoleon
Makaveli gave this soldier his name
an if you claim it the same
you have to prove you insane
betta get ya heart right
in the mist of the warfields
bullets gon' fly by
we Outlawz
an play the street life because it's paid right
it's my life, my life, my life
that's in the sunshine
Kadafi I'ma hold a sign
hopin you run through one time.
We "Still Ballin";!

Chorus *(Yukmouth)*

Don't cry, dry yo eye say, "Pac we Still Ballin";
(We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin) Wha? Wha?
Juss look up in the sky say, "Pac we Still Ballin";
(We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin) Wha?
Pour some liqour on the ground, say "Pac we Still Ballin";
(We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin) Uh.
If he could only see us now, ayo Pac we Still Ballin!

Verse 2 *(Yukmouth)*

Congregate the Bloods and Cuzz
Vice Lords and Disciples
I got love fa thugs

even the hoodrats and scrubs that we ducked in the club
sucka for love
if I introduce a busta to slugs (what?!)
hustled the drugs
we all lust for money and fast cars
the, life of a rap star
floatin in Jaguars
then ball wit a bad broad
learn how to stack tall
money longer then Shaq ya'll (WESTSIDE!!)
Holla back ya'!!! (Yes!)
I smoked out wit Redman
aim an infared at the head of a rappa tryin to make a livin off a dead man
flossin a dead man
I know the drama is reallin
they stole every song ya made and owe yo mama some millions
will God's children please stop wit ya "I can be like Pac!"
raps ya rock
bout, gats and glocks
ya act like Pac
wit all them songs you stole from dude
if Makaveli was alive, WE WOULD A RODE ON YOU FOOLS!!
That's real!!

(Chorus)

(We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin!)
They can bite all they want but Pac we Still Ballin!
(We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin!)
Westside, Southside say, "Pac we Still Ballin!"
(We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin!)
We gon' keep the thuggin alive, eh Pac we Still Ballin!
(We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin!) (We love you nigga)
Rap-A-Lot Mafia Life, eh 'Pac we Still Ballin!

Verse 3 *(Young Noble)*

We still callin
everyday ta ya
we still believe in ya
we still pray ta ya
now e'ry body all on Pac's heels
had to wait til a soldier to die
fo ya'll to give him his
Hell nah!
Outlaw soldiers thug fo life
half a ya'll ain't never knew Pac
Forget the hype!
We used to play box wit him
caulk glocks, an lick shots wit him
that was a crazy soldier
yo I miss him
taught a brotha so much
in "Thugs We Trust"
still as soft as cream puff
Outlawz we "Hit 'Em Up"
an "Bomb First"
so "Hail Mary"
you bail scarry through this "White Manz World"
but I never let it bury me
Kadafi I love ya
an I'll see ya when I die homie
smoke some weed
you an Pac get high fo me.

Ya'll Still Ballin.
Ya'll Still Ballin.
Still Ballin.

(Kastro talking)

We can do this.
Fuck the tricks!
God bless the dead.
Yafi Kadafi we love ya.

(Chorus)

Til the days that I die eh Pac we Still Ballin!
(We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin!)
Wave ya hands in the sky say, "Pac we Still Ballin!"
(We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin!)
Westside, Southside say, "Pac we Still Ballin!"
(We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin!) What?
Eastside, Northside say, "Pac we Still Ballin!"
(We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin!) What?
The Regime, Outlawz an Yuk, we Still Ballin!
(We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin!)
Rap-A-Lot, Lil J an Face, we Still Ballin!
(We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin!) What?
Diggity Daz an Kurupt say, "Pac we Still Ballin!"
(We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin!)
E-40 Fonz an B-Leigt say, "Pac we Still Ballin!"
(We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin!) What?
All my dogs everywhere say, "Pac we Still Ballin!"
(We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin!) Uh.
An all my real ass thugs say, "Pac we Still Ballin!"
(We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin!)

(Yukmouth talking)

A dedication!
To the legendary Makaveli!
God bless his soul!
(Yes!)
It's time for us to ride for my potna.
All these bitin ass characters in the industry!

We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin!
(Ride or die)
(Ride or die)
We Still Ballin.
We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin!
(Ride or die)
We Still Ballin.
(Ride or die)
We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin!
(Ride or die)
(Ride or die)
We Still Ballin.
We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin!
(Ride or die)
We Still Ballin.
(Ride or die)
We Still Ballin.
La, la
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la! (Regime)
We Still Ballin, Ballin, Ballin!

La, la.
Ballin, Ballin, Ballin!
We Still Ballin!
Ballin!
Ballin!
Ballin!