

Z-RO, Steady Ballin'

(*talking*)

It's going down, straight up
I'm steady balling, shot calling
I'm clowning em baby

[Hook]

Steady balling, tonight
We gon ride while we sipping and smoking
Steady balling, outta control
We gon swang, with the trunk open glowing

[Z-Ro]

Nothing but things I'm seeing, nigga be chasing divid-ends
Pimping the pen, and I gotta keep a thermostat on my skin
And catch a cold, with the motherfucking ice I'm in
Big bubble lenses, at the front of the car
We in the club, running up a fat run at the bar
Puffing plex, anybody get a punch to the jaw
No soda water, got a pint doing it raw
And everyday, I put new shoes on my feet
Sugar brown ladies or red bones on my meat
I'ma skip with the rub or not, on my sheets
And ride with a big fo'-five, on my seat
Pulling out the yard, as I drop the top
Ready for the jackers, still gon cock the glock
Pulling up at the club, everybody still show love
But I'm still not gonna stop for bops
But I'ma stop for the drank, man po' me up
Hoping to nine seven point nine, blow me up
But these fellas be in it for the competition
Seem like, everybody wanna show me up
But nigga fuck the fame, cause I want the change
Like Lil' James, leaving stains on niggaz brain
I smoke and I lean, but still I maintain balling mayn

[Hook]

[H.A.W.K.]

When the top down, I'ma drop the rest
On 8-3's, and bumper kit
Candy paint, looking wet to spit
Piece on my neck, read Screwed Up Click
Album silver, bubble head lights
Trunk gon knock, like lights of fire
At the intersection, I run the red lights
All my jewelry, is draped in ice
Crazy chain, piece and medallion
Pass the seat, or yellow stallion
Pretty brown eyes, and thick thighs
Half Chinese, mixed with Italian
Paid for, everything cash
My rear view, is in my dash
Got a pop spot, to hide my stash
Hide my trunk, see the baby gash
Mild dog, is super meals
Drop my top, feel the atmosphere
Tweety singing, loud and clear
In my cup, is Belvedere
Pockets full, of big face bills
Three story pad, in Beverly Hills
So much ice, you get the chills
In the studio, I shred the reals

[Z-Ro]

Man no more struggling we bubbling, collecting with Breadwood
White golf against the click, we drop bullets and I'm ahead them
We ride on top of the ridge, like a wide stallion
Bezeltine around me neck, with the diamond medallion

[Hook]

[Z-Ro]

Barley moving on swangas, and knocking off the side rolling
Gotta give it up to the Fat Pat, nigga cause we Southside holding
Rolling in luxury cars, sipping on bar, talking on cellulars
Receiving messages from Mars, nothing but rap stars
Anybody wanna fuck with us, fuck around and get flipped up and zipped up
In a six foot ziploc, cause I got a glock in my right hand
And I'ma flip, when I can't even act like he wanna trip
I said it like that and I'll say it again, matter fact push record and play
it again
With a bop digger then, Trae and Den in a Benz
And accepting all the dope trafficking
Got the dope in the trunk, and we backing in
So much money, gotta back track my ends
I got the glut opium, black cause I'm African
American, Guerilla Maab gon shine for life
But our motherfuckers, are dull like a butter knife
I put it on my balls and on my life, Z-Ro never been shife
Cat don't come around me, just let me ball
If I fall off my note, then let me fall
Needed help from God, did he get my call
Pulling out the lot, and he let me crawl
Like Mafio, by the year two triple O
I'ma come down, in a six double O
With green flow, mats on the flo'
Candy paint on my do', it's bout for the hook and it go

[Hook - 2x]