

# Z-RO, We Ballin

(\*talking\*)

Young Chris, worldwide  
What we doing Ro

[Hook: Z-Ro]

Balling, when you see us in them streets  
We'll be crawling, sipping drank and smoking sweets  
Shot calling, making paper till we die  
U-Hauling, with them chickens that don't fly

[Young Chris]

Pull up in the low-low, everything slow-mo  
The Lex the four do', Perellis the low crow  
If you on nineteens, you need mo' and that's for real  
Diamond in the back, bumper kits and fifth wheel  
When I flip it's a thrill, I give eye by sheers  
Watching out for my paint, cause five coats gon spill  
I sprayed wetter than wetter, from South Coast up to San McGregor  
4's poking trunk open, showing chinese leathers  
From a friend to a pen, standing next to Lick Land  
I be damned if I'm slipping, I got that hot shit in my hand  
Jealous fellas gon knock us, certified show stoppers  
And most boppers they gon bop us, when we pull up on choppas  
I'm screened up tinted mayn, watch me slide fo' lanes  
And I'ma swing and swang, and let the back end hang  
And I still like a tame, young playas we doing thangs  
Just like Z-Ro saying, nigga balling mayn

[Hook: Z-Ro]

[Z-Ro]

When I ball, it be like twenty G's up in my pocket  
When I ball anything I want, I'm able to cop it  
Cause when I ball it's to the point, to where they think that we broke  
But I still be popping up on the scene, on a new set of spokes  
Cause I'm a real ass nigga, in the field ass nigga  
Eagle talons and hollows, up in my steel ass nigga  
S.U.C. for life I love it, wouldn't trade it for nothing  
Creeping and crawling on swangas, or might be blades with buttons  
Gucci from head to toe, I'm looking sharp enough to cut ya  
Gangsta strutting on hatas, cause ain't no love for bustas  
Roll with us or get rolled over, we gon show you how it go  
Young Chris done hooked up with the partna, from Ridgemont 4  
And it's gravy that's how we ball, on cutters that's how we crawl  
And never ever ever ever, that's how we fall  
Check my track record baby, I've been balling a while  
Diamonds all on my pinky and neck, all in my smile

[Hook: Z-Ro]

[Young Chris]

When I ball if you don't like me, it's fa sho you gon knock it  
And when the diamonds get to shining, shit I know you gon want it  
Z-Ro and Young Chris, we ain't balling baby  
Check the track record nigga, we been balling lately  
Coming down on a daily baby, thought we was broke  
Followed behind that Z-Ro, and bo'poking on spokes  
Now you can still knock us, dick riders they still jock us  
Ain't a damn thang changed, switching lanes on choppas  
We dub riders, your ordinary Southsiders  
We balling for real, Southsive and that's for live  
Today is the day we ball, the next time balling out of control  
Crawling 4's up on the scene, valet falling up out the do'  
Driving reckless through Texas, I shine from my wrist and necklace

It's Chris the youngest one, I'm well protected  
We be balling daily, never falling baby  
Check the incoming calls, boppers calling baby

[Hook: Z-Ro]