

# Ballin' (feat. Wiz Khalifa & Teyana Taylor)

## Fat Joe

That Hublot, that king size Hublot  
Ballin', dribble dribble shoot, swish  
Ballin', do it like this, bitch  
Ballin', steppin out of Saks, Fifth  
Ballin', everyday is Christ-mas  
Ballin', cash rules everything around me  
Ballin', cash rules everything around me  
Ballin', cash rules everything around me  
Ballin', if you ain't gettin money get from round me (Ballin')  
Yeah, uh, it's Crack. yeah, uh  
No matter the weather, can't imagine it better  
Got me lookin' for Claire in the Bill Cosby sweater  
Hundred bottles is better and they come in those cases  
I'm talkin' peoples and places, we make it light up like Vegas  
Ugh, I swear this bitch is dumb as shit  
But her ass is even dumber  
Now thats dumber and dumber; how to take off a summer  
Took a flight out to Russia, we even flew out her mother huh  
Fuck you niggas talkin' bout?  
At the Rucker I was about to bring Jordan out  
They want to get Coke wet cause of my fan base  
I used to get coke wet, I had to fan base  
Ballin', dribble dribble shoot, swish  
Ballin', do it like this, bitch  
Ballin', steppin out of Saks, Fifth  
Ballin', everyday is Christ-mas  
Ballin', cash rules everything around me  
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Ballin', cash rules everything around me  
Ballin', if you ain't gettin money get from round me (Ballin')Uhh, T.S. whattup  
(Hahahaha... you know I'm young and rich)  
O Versace shades and some OG J's  
Keep some OG blaze cause that's what got me paid  
Rockin all this Wang, they look at me strange  
Lots of DiamondAir when I'm on the plane  
Ridin' through the city me and Joe Crack  
A pound of what I'm puffin' cost you four stacks  
Niggas get it twisted cause my tour solded  
What the fuck you think a nigga was before rap?  
And my crib is new and I talk shit in my interviews  
And my wife called my interludes, I don't break laws I just bend the rules  
Got racks might spend a few  
Couldn't walk a day in my shoes, got my own day you seen it in the news

Presidential smoke presidential Rolee'  
Porsche 911, picture me rollin'  
Poppin' champagne OG kush-a-holic'  
Put that in your phone, whether you call itBallin', dribble dribble shoot, swish  
Ballin', do it like this, bitch  
Ballin', steppin out of Saks, Fifth  
Ballin', everyday is Christ-mas  
Ballin', cash rules everything around me  
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Ballin', cash rules everything around me  
Ballin', if you ain't gettin money get from round me (Ballin')Yeah, uh...  
Hahahaha, coke up in her bra  
Nerve of you all a crip is a Colliseum  
Olajuwon nigga I just Akeem  
Worry about the bell, my niggas they got to free em  
Champagne dreams and broke pockets  
This why we call em niggas false prophets  
Ballin', bitch I'm fuckin ballin'  
You can call me Spalding or maybe even Rawlings  
Met her at the Esseses over there in New Orleans  
She said she kinda shy but her body keep callin'  
Yeah they keep callin', I ain't even into them  
Niggas jump ship, Pirates of the Carribbean  
Tell Wiz roll and smoke foggin' my glasses  
Niggas is my sons, I should claim em on my taxes  
Look how big her ass is, I think she got the Nicki plan  
(Ballin') but I ain't passin or dribblin'

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>