

Ballin Out (feat. Jeremih & Diddy)

French Montana

French Montana] + (Diddy)

Montana

That untouchable empire, baby, Coke Boy

(Bad Boy) They say careful what you ask for

Cause when you get it, you know what you gon' tell 'em right?

(We're baaa-aack)What you say? I do this err'day, wh-what you say? I do this err'day

Do this err day, do this err day, do this err day, do this err day

What you say? I do this, wh-wh-what you say? I do this err'day

Do this err'day, do this err'day, do this err'day, do this err'day

[Interlude: Diddy] + (French Montana)

(Jeremih) French Montana!

(Hah... what they talkin 'bout, Puff?)

They ain't talkin 'bout, nothin

This the moment they feel ya

Let's get back when I get there

They've seen what it is

So look it down, Bad Boy, Blood Line

Get up, talk to 'emI got tats all on my arm, racks on racks in the bank

Forgiato and paint, Pepsi blue my paint

All these girls be choosy, can't find a bitch who ain't

Haters they are ballin' like fishes in a tank

Stuntin' with my whole crew, hangin' out the window when we roll up

You know when we come through, make it rain we don't give a fuck

Bout what you say, I do this every day; don't buy bottles, buy by the case

Seem like every night my birthday I can't help but get the cake

Feel like I was born for ballin' out

Live it up and just for fallin' outMONTANA!

Tattoos on my neck, half a mill in my car

Dream team I rap, just me and my dogs

Stray cash in that haircut, sea bass, no lamb chops

Met her at the bar, tryin' to get some head shots

62 that Maybach, fake jewels don't play that

Take off like Blake Griff, money tall like A6

Never hit that red zone, baby I was airborne

Hoppin' out that Ghost sippin' red dot with that red bone

Trunk up in the back, drop the population

And I'm never fakin' Jacks, you know I'm poppin' Aces

I'mma ball, illuminati bank rolls

Suicidal Orlan' doors until we tyin' tan hoes[Hook] + [Bridge]Yeah, yeah, my mic sounds nice
right now

1-2, ayo, pure Blood Line baby, check it out...

I'm flyin' around and I'm gettin' it like 90 Thou in my denim

Told a bitch I just met, write your problems down and I'll end 'em
I'm creepin' on a billi, got these niggas buyin' largely
Bout to take my LA crib and drop that bitch on Wall Street
Peep my watch and hand game, like Peach Ciroc and Champagne
You buyin' jets, I could buy the Jets, I ain't speakin' 'bout no damn planes
This passion and pain fashion, matchin' my things catchin'
Action from things mackin', then flashin' my rings captain
Twin V's, entire, envy my attire
Catalogue, but don't have the heart cause real kings build empires
Everything that I said nigga was everything that you saw
I did everything that I claim, you ain't like us cause we ball[Hook] + [Bridge][Outro: French
Montana] + (Diddy)
(Ayo, this the way it lives, this what it is)
(You see it) I was born to ball, bitch! HAH! (Bad Boy)
If you ain't heard you live under a motherfuckin' rock (Coke Boyz)
Montana (We baaa-aack!)
We was born to fly baby, still do the same thing nigga
Shit sound like I just sold nigga
Untouchable Empire, Bad Boy, Coke Boy
Diddy what up? Ya heard?

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>