

Ballin'

Mustard & Roddy Ricch

Mustard on the beat, hoeI put the new Forgis on the JeepI trap until the, bloody bottoms is underneath

'Cause all my niggas got it out the streets

I keep a hundred racks inside my jeans

I remember hittin' the mall with the whole team

Now a nigga can't answer calls 'cause I'm ballin'

I was wakin' up gettin' racks in the mornin'

I was broke, now I'm rich, these niggas salty

All this designer on my body got me drip, drip, ayy

Straight up out the Yajects, I'm a big Crip

If I got a pint of lean, I'ma sip, sip

I run the racks up with my queen like London and Nip

But I got rich on all these niggas, I didn't forget, back

I had to go through the struggle, I didn't forget that

I hop inside of the Maybach and now I can sit back

These bitches know me now 'cause I got them big racks

'Cause I'm gettin' money now, I know you heard that

Young nigga on the corner, bitch, I had to serve crack

Uncle fronted me some P's, had to get them birds back

We came up on dirty money, I gave it a birdbath

Cut off the brain and I give my bitch a new coupe

Either you frontin' y'all gang or you're SuWoop

Got a New Orleans bitch, and man, that pussy voodoo

And I'm that nigga now, who knew?

I put the new Forgis on the Jeep

I trap until the bloody bottoms is underneath

'Cause all my niggas got it out the streets

I keep a hundred racks inside my jeans

I remember hittin' the mall with the whole team

Now a nigga can't answer calls 'cause I'm balin'

I was wakin' up gettin' racks in the mornin'

I was broke, now I'm rich, these niggas saltyI been wakin' up to get the money, woah, woah

Got a bad bitch, her ass tatted, woah, woah

Givenchy to my toes, two twins, I'm fuckin' 'em both

I put in a new AP, the water like a boat

I was down bad on my dick, where was you niggas at?

I know you turned your back on me just to get some racks

I see you swerve back, 'cause I'm in the black 'Bach

New diamonds on me, fuck a flash, this ain't Snapchat

'Cause I been gettin' paid

Yellow diamonds on me look like lemonade

Grab my baby mama that new Bentayga

Tryna get the dojo like a sensei, yeah
Rolls Royce umbrellas when I'm in the rain
I just mind my business
I got brothers that did the time, I ain't kiddin'
All these rappers just talk about it, I live it
Goin' up, I ain't got no sky limit, yeah, yeah, yeah I put the new Forgis on the Jeep
I trap until the bloody bottoms is underneath
'Cause all my niggas got it out the streets
I keep a hundred racks inside my jeans
I remember hittin' the mall with the whole team
Now a nigga can't answer calls 'cause I'm balin'
I was wakin' up gettin' racks in the mornin'
I was broke, now I'm rich, these niggas salty I, ayy, yeah
I've been ballin', lil' nigga
Now watch me ball on these niggas
Yeah, now watch me ball on these niggas, yeah
Now watch me ball on these niggas
Now watch me ball on these niggas, yeah, yeah

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