

Ghetto Ballin'

La Chat

Awe Yeah

Hynotize motherf**kin' Minds in Here and we ghetto motherf**kin' ballin
Nigga you know what that means that means you might walk up in the projects
In the south and see a 2,500 motherf**kin' benz or a motherf**kin' 72
Motherf**kin colors slamed on double duces on some motherf**kin 17s
You know what I'm saying dice games going on, no crystals
Fifths in the back pocket and it's going down nigga we on top

Drove to my lippa, pass it to my nigga
Sippin on that liquor, flossin on you niggaz
Ridin through the hoody, f**kin with that goody
Flip-floppin pi-zaint, and we on some 20's

Back, Back up Bitch cause we comin through
In the motherf**kin prowler on the back 20 motherf**kin' two's
Skinny nigga with gold's and tattoes a beer belly
But still I make them ho's say I love you
From a motherf**kin pretty boy smile them diamonds in my mouth
Make them gals go motherf**kin' wow
Draped in some f**kin' ICE be ERG
Or jeans with white motherf**kin tees

Ridin Heavy Chevy thang foot on the gas
Sippin on that syrup bout to smoke a pack
Niggas know I'm bogus cause I ain't got no tags
Eyes like a China man nothing but laughs
Bumpin' like a motherf**ka I'm bout to flip
Everywhere I'm ridin niggas know it's a strip
Phone in my hand two-way on my hip
Atone in my lap with a blunt to my lip

Why you bitches want to hate on La Chat
Man ya'll don't know
Cause I'm everythang flexing so mean upon you hoes
Life is good motherf**ka I'm gon live to the fullest
Got a problem step on up and you be dodging these bullets
I pull up so clean Expedition this beam
They know what's finna go down once I'm back at the scene
Hit the mall get the rag gotta took up my golds
Yeah I be gettin my shine on man you already know
Niggas choosin but you losin
Gotta chop out your cheese
Don't need your ass I don't want cha unless you got more than me
Ima real bitch tril bitch Takin no shit
Bitch dog, bitch nall, bitch ready to ball (trick)
See I'm that motherf**ka breaking you down
You already see these niggas faudging when La Chat come around
Bitches dissin when I'm flickin, know I'm out for a killing
You Want your nigga don't be stippin cause I stay by my biby (yeah)

[Chorus]