

# Ballin'

## Mustard & Roddy Ricch

Mustard on the beat, hoe 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 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 salty I 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

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>