

ICIBILLET

Paroles de chanson

03/05/2026

Str8 Ballin'

Par 2Pac

Album : Resurrection

I would share the definition of ballin' with you white folks

But now

The game is to be sold and not told

So eh, fuck me

I'm up before the sunrise, first to hit the block.

Little bad mothafucka with a pocket full of rocks

Learn to throw them thangs, get my skinny little ass kicked

And niggas laugh, til' tha first mothafucka got blasted

I put the nigga in his casket

Now they coverin' the basket with plastic

I smoke blunts on a regular buck when it counts

I'm tryin' to make a million dollars outta quarter ounce

And gettin' ghost on the five-o, fuck them hos

Got a 45 screamin' about survival

Hey nigga can I lay low, cook some yay-yo

Hollar one time when I say so

Don't want to go to the pen, I'm hittin' fences

Narcs on a nigga's back, missin' me by inches

And they say how do you survive weighin' 165

In a city where the skinny niggas die

Tell mama don't cry

Even when they kill me

They can never take the game from a young G

I'm street ballin'

Street ballin'

Still on parole and I'm the first nigga servin'

Pour some liquor on the curb for my niggas that deserve it

But if I want to make a million, gotta stay dealin'

It's kinda boomin' round the way and today I'll make a killin'

Dressin' down like a villian', but only on the block

It's a clever disguise to keep me runnin' from the cops

Ha, I'm gettin' high. I think I'll die if I don't get no ends

I'm in a bucket with 'em ridin' it like it's a Benz

I hate to strip let my music bump

Drinkin' liquor, and I'm lookin' for some hoes to fuck

Rather die makin' money than live poor and legal

As I slang another ounce, I wish it was a kilo

A need money in a major way

Time to fuck my bitch, hey, and gettin' paid

You other motherfuckers callin'

But me and my motherfuckin' thug niggas

We street ballin'

Street ballin'

Damned if I don't, and damned if a nigga do

So watch a young mothafucka pull a trigga just to raise up

But don't let them see you cry, dry your eyes

Young nigga time to do or die

I keep a pistol in my pocket

Ready on my block

Ain't no time for a nigga to even cock shit

And now they see that motherfucker beat pain

At point blank range 'cause he slept on the game

Ain't a damned thing changed

Shakin' the dice, now roll 'em

If you can't stand pain better hold 'em

'Cause ain't no tellin' what you might roll

You might go catch AIDS from a slight cold, nigga

Better live your life to the fullest

You 'bout to kill a fool, got a pistol mothafucka better pull it

'Cause even when they kill me

They can never take the game from a young G

We street ballin'

We street ballin'

To my niggas in the penitentiary
Loked up like a mothafucka when they mention me
'Cause you fuckin' with the realest motha fucka ever born
And once again it's on
I'm bustin' on these bitches till they gone
Who the hell can you get to stop me
I'm in the projects, parlaying with my posse
I keep my glock cocked
I need it cause they're all shady
I finally made it

Now these jealous bitches tryin' to fade me
I ain't goin' out I'd rather blast back
I'm on the corner with my niggas watchin' cash stack
And I came up a long way from food stamps
And takin' shit from the low-life ghetto tramps
Could you blame me if they sweat me I'm gonna open fire
What could I do pull my trigga or watch my nigga die
I'm representin' to the fullest givin' devil slugs
I'm on the block slangin' drugs with the young thugs
And motherfucker, we be ballin'
All motherfuckin' day long, stay strong

We street ballin'