

Ballin-A Boogie Wit Da Hoodie Lyrics

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“Ballin”

[Intro]

(Wheezy outta here)

I'm ballin'

Yeah, yeah

[Chorus]

I'm ballin' like LeBron's son

Heartless, don't you start nothin'

Oh, baby, just install this on me (On me)

Got features like RiRi

And this water on my wrist (My wrist)

Yeah, like Fiji (Hm)

I'm ballin' (Ballin')

Drop thirty on my fit (Ballin')

Uh, don't worry, I won't miss

[Verse 1]

Got my hoodie on like Melo in the Garden (Yeah)

Got my money up, I'm ballin' like LeBron's son, look

They want me to lose my breath (Hm)

So I gotta watch my step (Hm)

Two thirties on my hip (Mhm)

I call 'em Steph and Seth (Mhm)

Richie Rich my wrist (Mhm)

Particular with my drip (Mhm)

Chrome Hearts on my chest, I'm ballin' (Yeah, woo)
Look, I feel like the last one left (Hm)
I put the X in flex (Mhm)
I'm shootin' with my left like Harden (Like Harden)
So much water on my wrist it make my arm numb (Arm numb)
All this money, bitch, I'm ballin' like LeBron's son (Yeah)
And you can tell by the way I dress, Louis V my garments (Louis V my
garments)
So much fly shit I can take you shoppin' in my closet (In my closet)
And nowadays, most of these artists sound like Artist (Sound like me)
Uh, trust me, they can't ball the way I'm ballin'

[Chorus]

I'm ballin' like LeBron's son
Heartless, don't you start nothin'
Oh, baby, just install this on me (On me)
Got features like RiRi
And this water on my wrist (My wrist)
Yeah, like Fiji (Hm)
I'm ballin' (Ballin')
Drop thirty on my fit (Ballin')
Uh, don't worry, I won't miss
Look, I'm ballin', ballin' (Yeah)
Ballin'

[Verse 2]

Demon on the left of me, the opps wanna leave me
I don't get left, I do the leavin'
A thirty on me 'cause I know that they talkin' behind my back
But it ain't shit when they see me
R.I.P. Beasty
Nowadays, I don't even be sleep
Drink champagne every day like a week
And a lot of models, I be takin' it easy
Model after model, I know you see me

Go bottle after bottle like a genie
Shakin' up the bottle like it's graffiti
I'm never cappin', I pulled up with a beanie
Lifestyle, livin' life like The Beatles
Balmain, treat 'em like True Religions
Don't judge me, I'm not too religious
Rockin' Mikes, used to be Tavernitis
They don't even know about Tavernitis
Rest in peace my nigga Quado and Beasty
Twenty-four in a double-R luxury
Really paid in full, don't call me lucky
Tried showin' love, they didn't fuck with me
Now I'm goin' up, ain't with the fuckery
Doin' irregular shit on the regular
Bitches only wanna fuck for my revenue

[Chorus]

I'm ballin' like LeBron's son
Heartless, don't you start nothin'
Oh, baby, just install this on me (On me)
Got features like RiRi
And this water on my wrist (My wrist)
Yeah, like Fiji (Hm)
I'm ballin' (Ballin')
Drop thirty on my fit (Ballin')
Uh, don't worry, I won't miss
Look, I'm ballin', ballin' (Yeah)
Ballin'
