

Northstar, Ballin'

(feat. Suga Bang Bang & Solomon Childs)

(Christ Bearer)

I gotta have it in the mic booth, bad it
Meko, The Abbott and Christ flow chromatic
We let the session break day
Relax while the Pro Tools, wax, CD and tape play
Bump it in ya six fo', bump it in ya Jeep
The motif brief from chief green leaf thief
I just tell 'em how I do it in the rap
Plus I'm cubic on the track, put the rubic in the map
I come most lucid and off the meat rack
I just let the beat freak it then I freak it right back
With the, cognac and the eighth and brandy
Or the dirt, when I'm hurt from Paramount and Andy
Smokin' Lex Luthor in the Landy
Throwin' up the N.L., represent the Northside family
The I was born off the Lewis and Hill
I still crack with Mac and Mill for the truest appeal
It's a Long Beach thang, the North is in the yang
With torched flame, the Wu-Tang bringin' the pain
That ol' hood, four corner, twenty crib, insane
Look at how we game ain't a damn thing changed

(Chorus: Solomon Childs)

When we Ballin', we loved by few
Hated by many, respected by all
And all is fair in love and war
When we Ballin'
From L.B.C. to N.Y.C., shit we Ballin'
When we Ballin', we loved by few
Hated by many, respected by all
And all is fair in love and war
When we Ballin'
From L.B.C. to N.Y.C., when we Ballin'

(Meko the Pharaoh)

Yeah, huh, yeah
Hennessy and pineapple juice, condoms and chronic
I Dutch Master situations 'til they poppin'
Smokin' on that tropic, relieves the third optic
Floatin' through the city or heavy posted in the projects
Where my people got a lot of love
And Friday niggaz usually throw a party, hit the club
Unless they pockets tore up
Then we parkin' lot pimpin', drinkin' smokin' a dub
And that's just the life on the West Coast
Where niggaz stay poppin' them bottles, doin' the most (yeah)
Pourin' out liquor from my niggaz R.I.P

While listen to the sound of 'Pac and B.I.G

NorthStar's in the place to be (yeah)
Shockin' all you funny ass niggaz scared to see
L.B. is where we put it down consciously
Constantly, stompin' fleas

(Chorus)

(Solomon Childs)

I see guys and girls dancin' (yeah)
NorthStar, million dollar thong party in the mansion
Headin' to Hamptons (uh-huh), Cadillac trucks filled wit ducks
But still a thug so the heat'll be tucked (come on)

Solomon Childs, at the bottom of the pool in diamonds
Big chain swingin', rocks as big as almonds
And this is dedicated to the ho's in the front rows
Broads in leotards at the Killa Bee shows (word?)
And we Ballin', heavyweight Sammy Davis Jr. length
Somethin' like a pimp, V.S.O.P. wit the jumbo shrimp
And the money'll change who? Shit, I'm still hittin' them ratchets (come on)
Got the God's yellin' how I'm a classic (that's right)
Broads yellin' how I'm a bastard (yeah)
Stand back motherfuckers, while the game get mastered (you know?)

(Chorus)

(Outro: Sugar Bang Bang)
Ballin', bangin', hangin'
It's a G thang to me, a G thang to me
Ballin', bangin', hangin'
It's a G thang to me, a G thang to me