

Peep that, feel this, I'm in here with my, ah, Herschelwood Click
You know what I'm sayin', we ain't nuttin' but some, uh, ballers
Steady ballin' in the mix, know what I'm talking 'bout?

Ballin'...ballin' in the mix, everything gotten broke,
Lil' Keke gon' fix

I keep ballin', ballin' in the mix
I'm a pimp, not a trick, hittin' licks for my fricks
Sweets and sticks, equal platinum hits
Ridin' in the Benz, screens on, watching flicks
Can't forget, Herschelwood Click is so damn thick
Hoes on dick, that ain't shit, I hit the pussy and split
Peep this game of a real-live baller
Down in Texas watch the flexin' young shot-caller
Now how many playas get to live they dream
Come up in the game and get to start some of that green
Know what I mean, if you's a hustler, of course you do
And if you ain't a baller I ain't talkin' to you, cause uh

Ballers...ballin' in the mix, everything gotten broke,
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I keep ballin', ballin' in the mix
Herschelwood Click and we are so fucking thick

Well I'm a baller, deuce-deuce the represent
I can't count the kilos, the cheese I sent
From the corners and the clerks, for blocks and blocks
I used to cut up rocks, now I pop them tops
I gotta watch the cops, I got hoes by the flocks
And the Duke won't stop, until I'm sittin' on top of the world
On stacks, and old as a fact
Herschelwood do the front to side and the back

Well I'm a baller, sippin' server alcohol uh, Corona
Slangin' keys to the Seoul, uh
Rode deep, Socci down with the fat sweep
10 g's in the back of my Benz C
Playa thing like mary jane when I come around
Meal tickets bein' made in this H-Town
Low ratin' niggas hatin' cause I'm pushin' bricks
Can't stand cause I'm rollin' with them ballin' niggas SHIT

Ballin' in the mix, everything gotten broke,
Lil' Keke gon' fix
I keep ballin', ballin' in the mix
Herschelwood Click and you hoes can't forget that we ballin'
Ballin' in the mix, everything gotten broke,
Lil' Keke gon' fix
I keep ballin', ballin' in the mix
Herschelwood Click and you niggas can't forget

Me mugs get slugs when you fuckin' with thugs
I pushed and shoved for ghetto love, affiliated with drugs
And uh, marsh shit don't thrill me, haters wanna kill me
Don't mess wit' Texas make the whole world feel me
Now how many ballers wanna ball like me
And how many hoes wanna fuck Lil' Ke
2 or 3 now black it should be more than that
I'm sittin' low sittin' phat creemats in the cat
I grab my gat blugs back while I'm blowin' up bustas
Recent cut, fourset, bezentine, and gloccer
Herschelwood it ain't over, mix the serve with the soda
A 600 Benz with the V-12 motor
South Dakota to Carolina, a nationwide drug smuggler
Rap game got me fame, low key, undercover
Yo brother and their other, whoever stand taller
Southside representin' as a baller, yeah

Ballin' in the mix, everything gotten broke,
Lil' Keke gon' fix
I keep ballin', ballin' in the mix
I'm a pimp, not a trick, hittin' licks for my fricks
Ballin', Ballin' in the mix
Herschelwood click and you niggas can't forget that we
Ballin', Ballin' in the mix
If you don't like my style, straight up suck my dick