

## John Madden 2

ALLBLACK

I know better  
Three red, 36 power on one, center out  
2 Minute Drills  
Kenny, thank you  
36 power on one  
I'm John Madden in this  
(Woah, Kenny)

Beast mode tights with a G like the color of midnight (Locker room)  
This .45 love to say "Bless you", his name is Gesundheit (Achoo, achoo)  
And roll up with that Floyd shit, he love to ace fights (What's happenin'?)  
Don't make a dumbass nigga famous on Worldstar tonight (Worldstar!)  
Why do bro with a mean mug don't even got a gun? (Why? Why?)  
Why do bruh with that bottle don't have no funds? (Why? Why?)  
Tommy-ass niggas got no job but always in the club  
Got all the bitches like Hugh Hefner but never gon' fuck (Never)  
Them foe niggas be the same ones watchin' my jeans (Why?)  
Song come on around these hoes, playin' like they know me (Fuck with it)  
Throwin' salt, pillow talkin' just to eat the monkey (Pillow talkin' ass nig  
gas)  
Pussy-ass niggas keep on talkin', I'ma turn into Kobe (Boom, boom)  
You better pray and wear that good luck bracelet, you wimp  
Act like your baby moms, start terrorzizin' your whip (Fuck you, nigga)  
I'm in Detroit, they thought Ben Wallace was back in this bitch  
'Fore I head home, I'ma get bleu like a 6-0 Crip

If I can't run that bitch, I'm gon' pass it (Hail Mary)  
Fuck bein' humble, I'll run the score up on you bastards (Run it, run it, go  
)  
Fourth and long, we don't punt, we got cannons (Throw it)  
I'm a vet at runnin' plays, John Madden (John, John, John, John, John)  
If I can't run that bitch, I'm gon' pass it (Hail Mary)  
Fuck bein' humble, I'll run the score up on you bastards (Bust it)  
Fourth and long, we don't punt, we got cannons (Never)  
I'm a vet at runnin' plays, John Madden (John, John, John, John)

Flag on the play, your ho so out of pocket  
How the fuck you runnin' plays with them snatched pockets? (Boy, stop)  
Yes, I'm the pastor, your coach, and your real father (Yes, I am)  
Niggas be tougher than King Kong 'til I up this Glock  
Breakin' her neck, it's only right that I break her ride  
I'm Max Julien, Jim Wilde, ass like Richard Pryor  
You should put that free pussy on niggas that need it  
I get the -itis when she pay me, not fuckin' her either (I'm tired)  
Tackle gang, body Kwame gon' hold you for reachin'  
Moschino speakin', summer set with GT and Peezy  
Cig bowl, Detroit bitches love niggas from Oakland  
Bitch, I'm loaded, that dog with pad is the potion  
Play online just to win, get rich, I die tryin'  
I'm a vet at breakin' pockets, I'm lyin', I'm dyin'  
Eat up miles in that rental, I'm scopin' or flyin'  
Me and D Realia spent clean money in Mastro's, dinin'

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Ooh, who the fuck you think gon' kick the field goal?  
I'ma go for six on your ass  
I'ma go for six on fourth and long (Bow)  
Hit stick, uh, uh, uh, pick, pick  
I was on the team with niggas  
Fumble  
I'll cut they ass