

Lay Up

Andy Mineo

What time, is it?

Gametime

[Marv Albert:] 1.3 seconds left in regulation and right now you're not think in' jump shot, all you need is a layup

[Mineo:] That's right Marv, nothin' fancy

[Marv Albert:] No cosmetics

[Mineo:] They've got a chance to win it here tonight at Dyckman courts. He throws it in, he's wide open

(Don't miss, don't miss)

[Marv Albert:] Ooh, he missed it at the horn

Wavin' my American flag

Even though it got "Made in China" on the tag

Used to have the GT with the mags now my face in the mags

I ain't gotta brag, Momma said, "Let other people do that"

White man still can't jump

If I catch a fast break then I'm slappin' the glass

Ask my man Sequae, "should I marry my girl"? He said, "Wait up, hold up

She fly, love God, and she got a good mind

Oh boy, that's a layup!

Gotta take it when it come

Please don't miss it

What you bouta do with the rock?

When it's game time for the wedding save me a ticket"

What time is it?

Game time

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Game time

Young boy, don't quit

One thing that you don't miss

That's a layup

That's easy boy

That's a lay up

That's a free-bee boy (fundamentals)

That's a lay up

Don't blow it

That's a lay up

That's easy buckets (Eazy-E)

That's a lay up

Told Alex I don't want no more trap beats

Man, why you had to send this?

You know I couldn't resist

This is a finger roll, look at the flicka da wrist

That's an assist, no I insist

Throw me the alley, I'll oop it

Spanish girl up in my hood

Look me in the face said, "Don't be estupid", I got it

Look, shawty I'm the professor, get the lab coat

I speak two languages, Spanglish and infact-os

Coach told me no lollygaggin'

Still dunk with my pants saggin'

One sixteen, yeah, it's tatted

Cause I been ridin', no bandwagon
Look, I done came down
Nate told me that's H-Town
But I'm Boenheim, when it's game time
That's a lay up, but I never lay it down
You ain't even pray for the dinner
How you got the prayin' hands on the 'gram for the picture?
Shots on Twitter they ain't nothing but net
And we already won, we the pros, got next

Goin' down, NY
City don't sleep, let me close one eye
City don't weep, grown boys don't cry
Four wings with the pork fried, oh my
I'm schemin' up, teamin' up, lay it up
Screamin' out buckets, buckets
They don't even know me but swear that I did it for duckets, my Lord
We brought Sosa back to the minors
Lord help me, the money look major
She only love things that are finer
And she lookin' fine, boy, I tell you
That's two doors with the ceiling gone
That's five-four with the silicone
I guess Mr. Right still choosin' wrong
Colored folks still can't swim
But Mike Phelps couldn't walk the water
Pastor said that we need Jesus
Big state was his alma mater
Shouts to Alex, that's my brother
Shoutin' Dyckman over Rucker
Look at grace, I think I love her

[Marv Albert:] Aw, you shoulda taken the stairs young fella
[Andy:] You can't win 'em all Marv
[Marv Albert:] I can't believe he blew it
[Andy:] Unbelievable
[Marv Albert:] That's a ball game here in New York