

TEAM

Andy Mineo

Everybody! Everybody!

Hey!

Team solid we nuh in a hurry
We nuh need nuh name 'pon we jersey
Di numba 'pon back should be thirty
Ca more shot a Fyia like Curry
We nuh need no nuh judge, we a jury
I man nuh Green bruh, we no play dirty
We have a high shotta and him name Birdie
We have Magic and him cream like McFlurry
Will the flame that yuh rich in light a fire in ya kitchen?
Try stay firm inna ya walk no matter di prison
Still work hard if me know have nuh pot fi piss in
Aim like Jordan, but ya still need a Pippen

Nobody can't do it dem self
It don't work
Mi try dat already, eh
Two put ten thousand to flight, eh
No man a island in life
Nobody can't do it dem self
It don't work
Mi done dat already, eh
Two put ten thousand to flight, eh
A three stranded cord holds its blind

Look, I was battle rappin' in them bars, ay
Fifteen couldn't drive a car, no way
Momma drove me, waiting in the back like, hey
Walk out wit the prize money like, yay
Uh, suit up
How I went from screw up
Rappin' on the school bus to now they wrap the tour bus
Then we executed all the plays that we drew up
Got the jewelry in me so why would I need a jeweler
Runnin' that court like wooh
Follow my boys they knew
I don't say what I think
Only say what I know
Let 'em all run they mouth
Then I run up the score
When you game lads, you don't gotta talk at all
Look I don't want no business unless its win, win, win
How ya air ball, blame the rim, rim, rim
When you drop thirty they all wanna wear your jersey
But I tell you right now, they ain't your friend, friend, friend
And shooting all shot, playing no D
You two game pop, how you shoot three huh?
Win the chip, then we cut the net
One thing you don't forget, huh?

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Back then, had the music so loud that the cops came
Told them I am not equipped but they still gang, gang
Wade, Bosh, James
All aboard the ship, we just want the chip, chip
That's the way we ball, it's that little flip, flip
Last supper man, I'ma need a sip, sip
UberXL, rollin' with the clique, clique
Two three, with the three three in the nine six
Pete Miller, no limits sitting on the gold tank
Aquemini, ATL Fam, do or die
Still black on both sides like its '99
Bobby Boucher since the 2K
In the kitchen all day with the soufflé
Next tour we gonna Parlez-vous français?
Magic game never put the chain on Ye
All hustle, no huddle that's reckless
All macho, no muscle that's headless
Your Cuban got a weak link
Even Jesus saw the twelve shrink

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