

Basketball

Baby Smoove

I got big money if I stand on it, I'm not, aye
One world with my bitches, my way or the highway
I bet you when I hit the gas the back can gets me sideways
A hunnid k to build this car, I gotta have it my way
Just diamonds and diors, I wear a montage
She want me to herself, that drink is all mine
I'm a young rich bastard of speed ignorin' stop signs
You be like 'why the basketball?' I said bitch, I'm franchise

Boy you ain't that stupid
Use your head before you shoot
Ain't no cable at grandma's
I was watchin' judge judy

I don't like bitches with that fake hard booty
My shoes be dior, gucci, or I'm wearin' newbie's
I don't carry change, I never change
Got a pistol in this chopper, in this car I'm still the same
I stil'll flip the clip around... with the k
Hit that boy from half the block
Long range like I'm dane

I wonder why she sayin' she don't look at me the same
It's prolly cause I'm rich and [?] ain't my name
When that nigga know he wrong, he always tryna explain
I don't really give a fuck about you or what you say
I'll fucking leave, I ain't tryna get acquainted
I was cheatin' on her way before I got famous
I was a kid shootin' free-throws, now I'm long rangin'
Boy I know you broke as hell, you ain't dealin' with nathan

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