

Yao Ming

Bas

Yao
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Yao, Yao Ming
Yao
Ming

Let's bring it back, though
I know God love me every day, He drop a bag, though
Never chasing money, it's just something I attract, though
Business on the golf course, millions on these back fours
Blame it on my pops 'cause I came for the top, no
I came up off the top rope, elbow to your noggin
She gon' make the block woke, when she get her back broke
I know what to ask for, I'm the one she jockin'
I'm the one she jack, though
I know how that ass slow down then it fast forward
I don't love her back, though
She gon' feel away and tell the city where I'm at, though
Bitches tryna line me, but I'm not a map, though
I am not a flagpole, you not finna climb me
I am not a tadpole, but a nigga slimey
I been getting money since a youngin' with consignment
Niggas take a crib out, they just study the assignment
They say money blinding, bitch, I'm Helen Keller
In a Pelle Pelle leather feeling deader to the better days
Wish we could rewind them
Peanut Butter, '63, I wish that you could sit with me
You played yourself and fade away, damn

Oh, how the mighty have fallen
I thought as I laid on the ground
Made my way back on my own
Fuck would I need from you now?
Zaza, I'm ET, phone home
See you boys on my way down
If you could see how I've grown
Money stacked taller than Yao

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Yeah
Yao, Yao, Yao
Yao Ming
Yao, Yao Ming
Yeah