

Phil Jackson

BossMan Dlow

Big Za
The biggest, nigga
I be makin' plays like Phil Jackson, baby
Come and fuck with Mr. Make It Happen, baby, yeah
Yeah
Fuck they talkin' 'bout?
Look

I be makin' plays like Phil Jackson, baby (Brrt)
Come and fuck with Mr. Make It Happen, baby (Come here, baby)
I'll call you later, get up with me, I'm in traffic, baby (Traffic, baby)
And we ain't gotta get on Facebook to get active, baby (Facts, nigga)
I was in the trap when they was screamin' trappin' dead, nigga (Trap ain't dead, nigga)
The type of nigga if I ain't make no bread, I ain't goin' to bed, nigga (I ain't goin' to bed, nigga)
I ain't doin' all that talkin', I know how to play it, nigga (Know how to play it, nigga)
Watermelon Runtz got me feelin' like I'm on meds, nigga

I can serve a nigga some lows like eight a P (Like eight)
He better go play with them hoes 'fore he play with me (Pussy-ass nigga)
I could turn a three-five to seven like I'm KD, nigga (Brrt)
Went to the trap, walked off the field like I'm AB, nigga (Facts)
These bitches wanna fuck a nigga, I ain't never need no clout
Tyreek Hill in the trenches, know a nigga seen a route (Skrrt, skrrt, skrrt, skrrt)
We was breakin' into houses before your mama let you leave the house (Facts)
They trippin' 'bout some hoes and I still got all this cheese to count
I'll call you back in a lil' minute, I'm real busy
Solid nigga from the trenches, this shit in me, uh (Merk City, boy)
In my city, we run up tickets and move swiftly, uh
Cracker thought he had me, I switched lanes and kept shiftin', uh (Skrrt)
Bad bitch got the perfect ass and titties, uh (Yeah)
She throwin' that ass like she play for Kansas City, uh (Yeah)
Bad bitch got the perfect ass and titties, uh (Yeah)
She throwin' that ass like she play for Kansas City (Come here, bae)

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Yeah (Phil Jackson, baby)
Yeah (Like eight)
Come and fuck with Mr. Make It Happen, baby (Pussy-ass nigga)
Get up with me, I'm in traffic, baby (Brrt)
Get on Facebook to get active, baby (Facts)
Trappin' dead, nigga
If I ain't make no bread, I ain't goin' to bed, nigga (Skrrt, skrrt, skrrt,

skrrt)
I know how to play it, nigga (Facts)
Got me feelin' like I'm on meds, nigga