

# Ball Player

DC the Don

You know this beat is worth a fucking kilo  
Trademark  
Yeah

I'm a ball player  
Feel like Shaq and Kobe Bean on the Lakers  
It's all fun, baby please, we going major  
Ridin' through LA, feel like I'm the mayor  
Midwest nigga getting motherfucking paper  
In the back of the party with some slayers  
Bro, look at all these hatin' ass niggas, yeah, they haters  
I see you fake, you should come with a disclaimer  
Lil' bruh, get off your ass and go get your ass some paper  
Motherfucker out here, I'm a rager  
Collin Sexton mood, I'm Young Bull, it's gettin' dangerous  
Baby, this shit will never change us  
My new house so big, I can't see the fuckin' neighbors, ah yeah  
Ghetto niggas making me major, ah yeah  
Tell that nigga he gotta pay up, ah yeah  
Shawty said this shit like a layup, ah yeah  
Tell my mama we on the way up (Ooh oh)

Ay, pick up the phone we need to talk already  
Tell my momma we gon' ball already  
Kill my superstitions  
I need some restrictions  
Girl you know that hurt my soul (Yeah, yeah)  
Kill my superstitions  
I need some restrictions  
Girl you know that hurt my soul  
A little bit, but not only a little bit  
I see you in the back of the car, got a smile on some jealous shit  
Got a hole inside of my heart, it's so light that I can't even feel this shit (Yeah)  
Bob the builder, break her back out, girl I'm drillin' it  
Blink 182 AM, so high and girl I'm feeling this  
Girl I've been trying to do no run, no I ain't feeling this  
This world is not my home, it's filled with wickedness  
And I've been so low, where she thinking this  
I can barely use my words, I'm not a lyricist  
Remember aunt called me, aunt called me, and said the realist shit  
She said "Boy if you ain't dead, you better kill this shit  
Just promise if you do it, you do it and keep your diligence  
Your head stay solid, little nigga your family militant."  
Ohh, if I don't go right, then imma go left  
I swear I never change, I'm Lil Daij I'm unimpressed  
You don't like the way I move and shit, I wish that was expressed  
Should've called back on my phone when I wish I was addressed  
Hard body, smooth moves, hypnotized now she possessed  
Tryna go back to that fire in the wild wild west  
Good morning, wake up you've been sleeping in a fucking mess  
I get that, can't feel, they're moving all around they can't seem to stay still  
They're movin' all around I can't kill, I can't kill  
It's not true what they say, pain kills, pain kills  
If I go out today, at least I'm going out real  
Take you out, take you out, take you out, take you out

Try me, try me  
They top of my blood, hope a nigga try me  
And everybody to see 'em they mean the world to save me (Don't tell 'em, don  
't tell 'em)  
Lil' bro need a way, he finna go and hold something  
I told him to use a plan B, but he don't know, I can't tell 'em  
He said get rich or die trying, I can't even blame an old fella  
He can't even hang with the guys, so he had to propel 'em  
They can't even open they eyes to these streets, compel 'em  
They been out trappin' for days, working hard, you gon' smell 'em  
Mhmm, mhmm, mhmm, who the fuck gon' tell 'em  
That ain't the way to live my nigga, move right and stay melo  
Wait, I can't trust a soul, you couldn't save me  
My family did me dirty how the fuck you finna fake me  
And beat his ass for talking put his ass on "Say Cheese"  
Your heart is split in two, my took off, come and change me  
Bless me, I'm messy yeah, you can never blame me  
I feel it's sentimental, ain't nobody try to save me  
Now I'm swerving in that lambo wait, this shit getting spacey  
And my choppa gettin' nasty, lemme take this bitch off safety  
How I wake up in the morning, how I wake up in the morning  
Do you feel me, I know you gotta feel me  
Banana clip, GG, my shades on like they don't feel me  
I've been drippin for the last three years, this ain't the real me  
I've been talkin' multi-million dollar deals, since the little me  
Gotta shoot me with a god gun, my complex been feelin' me  
Cause I don't think that man make a fucking gun that can kill me

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Hi baby, it's your mommy calling  
Calling to see what you were doing  
I know probably  
At the studio, or still sweeping  
Just wanted to let you know baby that I'm so very very proud of you  
And all that you're doing  
You are a great inspiration to many people  
And you know, I just wanted to let you know that I love you  
I was thinking about you  
And um  
Mom, let me speak to my brother  
Hold on, I'm on this voice-mail, he's not answering  
Call me when you get up  
Do not be