

Quarterback

Key Glock

(Dun Deal, hey)
(Oh lala, Shaz)
Ayy (Yo, Mannie)

I'm straight up off the block, hopped in a foreign, push the to
p back

I've been hustlin' for a long time, and I can't stop that
Big Glock, I'm that nigga, best believe, yeah, them all facts
I can't trust these niggas or these bitches 'cause they all rat
s

All that lyin' in your rhymes, boy, you know it's all cap
Kenny kill playin' ass, hit your ass with all of that
I hit your bitch from the side, then I had her crawlin' back, y
eah

I be ballin' all the time, I'm point guard and the quarterback

Beat the case and got my .40 back, they like, "Glock, where tha
t lawyer at?"

I've been broke, and ain't goin' back, I just ran up them racks
again

Yeah, I just made a bag again, Benjamin Franklin my best friend
And Nina she gon' always be my bitch, she ride until the end, y
eah

I've been a hustlin' since a little (Yeah)

Eight-figure deal 'cause I'm still independent (Yeah)

And ain't nobody fuckin' with the kid, that's for real, son

And ain't nobody fuckin' with the kid, yeah, gang can't wait to
kill some (Yeah)

I've been a hustlin' since a little (Yeah)

Eight-figure deal 'cause I'm still independent (Yeah)

And ain't nobody fuckin' with the kid, that's for real, son

And ain't nobody fuckin' with the kid, yeah, gang can't wait to
kill some (Yeah)

Still money hungry, right now on a mill' run

Told the majors, "Give me ten or more and then the deal done",
yeah

Bitch, I be ballin', ballin', Spalding and Wilson

I took the diamonds out my mouth and put some mobile on my arm,
yeah

Choppas 'round the house, we chop shit up where I come from, ye
ah

I live up in a mansion but I still be in the slums, yeah

When you really gettin' money, it's some pros and it's some con
s

Yep I'm in the streets not industry, these niggas nothin' but p
unks

I'm straight up off the block, hopped in a foreign, push the to
p back (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
I've been hustlin' for a long time, and I can't stop that
Big Glock, I'm that nigga, best believe, yeah, that them all fa
cts
I can't trust these niggas or these bitches 'cause they all rat
s (Uh-huh)
All that lyin' in your rhymes, boy, you know it's all cap
Kenny kill playin' ass, hit your ass with all of that (Bah)
I hit your bitch from the side, then I had her crawlin' back, y
eah
I be ballin' all the time, I'm point guard and the quarterback