

Phil Jackson

King Von

Uh, uh, uh, uh
Uh, uh, uh, uh
Uh, uh, uh, uh
Uh, uh (Von)

I keep callin' plays like I'm Phil Jackson
We got Glock's and K's 'cause the field crackin' (Grrah, grrah)
Goofy better tuck his chain (What?), my lil' vultures will snatch it (Huh? Huh?)
You could die a hundred ways, don't blink 'cause it will happen (Boom, boom)
I ain't in no rush to save (Nah), I drove real fast (Yeah, yeah)
My bitch bad like she will not behave (Huh?), she get real ratchet (Yeah, yeah)
Long nights in the dog pound (Damn), what if I was still trappin'? (What? Huh?)
Baby AR make 'em fall down (Grrah, grrah, grrah, grrah, grrah), hundred shots, he still clappin'

You know Von, I'm known to go in (Go)
Niggas hoes, they be wearin' sew-ins (Yeah, yeah)
I got out, fucked five of her friends (Von)
Bet a bitch won't cheat on me again
I get out my body, I got bodies, this a hobby, nigga (Yeah, yeah, huh?)
I get off that pill, I'm gon' score and Shaq can't stop me, nigga (Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom)
Your main bitch, I probably hit her (Yeah), and your homie's sister (Uh-huh)
Even though that's folk's cousin (Yeah), man, fuck your homie's sister (Boom, boom, boom, boom)
Out here since a shorty, kept a 40, I wasn't never worried (Nah, nah)
Teacher asked me what I want to do, I told her shoot (Huh? What? Huh?)
She think I'm talkin' 'bout some Steph Curry (Boom, boom, boom)
Man, niggas better hurry, hurry (Run)
We throwin' Hail Marys (Grrah), you catch this, you gettin' buried (Boom, boom, boom, boom)
Smokin' on that Terry Berry, they left him Bloody Mary (Ooh)
These niggas play, act like they gay, I pull up with more clips than Tyler Perry (Grrah, grrah)

I keep callin' plays like I'm Phil Jackson (Callin' plays)
We got Glock's and K's (Huh?) 'cause the field crackin' (Go, huh?)
Goofy better tuck his chain, my lil' vultures will snatch it (Von, Von)
You could die a hundred ways, don't blink 'cause it will happen (Damn, damn, damn)
I ain't in no rush to save (Yeah), I drove real fast (Huh?)
My bitch bad like she will not behave, she get real ratchet (I just keep goin')
Long nights in the dog pound, what if I was still trappin'?
Baby AR make 'em fall down, hundred shots, he still clappin'

He think he turned up, he finally seen it, yeah, we been havin' (Who?)
My squad don't give no fuck, we tear shit up just like I'm Bin Laden (Go)
Runnin' to them bucks (Huh?), my Gucci scuffed (Run), now I got rich habits (Run)
I done had enough, might let it bust if they don't quit cappin' (Damn, damn, damn)
Uh (Yeah), now reload
And I can't see straight off the X 'cause I just keep rollin' (I just keep r

ollin')

Sippin' Henny in my cup, I can't keep focus (I be sippin')

He cuffed that bitch, he fell in love, I make her deep throat it (Grrah, grrah)

I keep callin' plays like I'm Phil Jackson (Callin' plays)

We got Glock's and K's (Huh?) 'cause the field crackin' (Grrah, grrah)

Goofy better tuck his chain (What?), my lil' vultures will snatch it (Huh? Huh?)

You could die a hundred ways, don't blink 'cause it will happen (Boom, boom)

I ain't in no rush to save (Von, huh?), I drove real fast (Nah, nah)

My bitch bad like she will not behave (What?), she get real ratchet (Yeah, grrah)

Long nights in the dog pound (Damn), what if I was still trappin'? (Huh? Huh?)

Baby AR make 'em fall down (Grrah), hundred shots, he still clappin' (Grrah, grrah)