

NBA

Lil Keed

Rok on the track, yeah
Oh yeah, let's go, Kay9
Yes supply

I can ball like NBA but I don't fuck with NBA
I can stick slimeballs on you, and I ain't puttin' fire on your waist
I pay a ten just for a hit, extra just for your face
I pray to God after I did it, yeah, it was a closed case
Yeah, and I'm flossin' on a bitch, I drive a Range in the rain
I put a good one on the dick, yeah, she gon' fuck on my name
No, I don't care 'bout buildin' some' up, I'm endurin' the pain
Tryna stay the same playin' with Lil Gotit and I go insane, yeah

Ridin' round with two Glocks, Maybach got no top
Crack rocks in my Gucci socks, runnin' money up on the opp
Came a long way, I'm on my way
Couple thousand for these Cartier, these fake love in my face
F&N for a fuck nigga, get the fuck niggas out the way
Pretty bitches at the penthouse gon' fuck whoever I say
Still ain't been sleepin', been days
Thick lil' foreign bitch look Asian
Kick, Liu Kang, bitch, she basic
Got the bitch comin' back like Js
Never play Madden but I got plays
Work your bitch like she my slave
Adderal hit y'all like the bass
Lost my brother, tatted my face
Came from the bottom, somethin' like Ace
Standin' on couches, only pour Ace
Screamin', "Fuck the crackers," took 'em on a chase
They can't stop up, we the wave, yeah, yeah

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I go insane with ya main bitch
I go insane with a flooded wrist
Go insane with the drippin'
I ain't die young like Roddy Ricch
I drink Hennessy all day, long as I still get profit
I'm in trap like all day long, ain't no denyin' me
I whip that white like Santana
I give these lil' bitty hoes some manners, heh
I give these hoes some leeway, then they Instagram me
I don't even know why, I don't want yo wife dawg
Calm down, please be quiet
I could been fucked her jaw, nah, this money ain't lyin'
Nah, I won't tell you the truth, know Lil Keed be lyin'
I protect the truth, shit, even when I'm dyin'
I told my lil' girl, "Don't cry, shit, I get millions, tryna get the billion
s"

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