

# NFL

Lil' Wayne

Yeah, back to the squad days  
Sittin' on the corner of Benson (Whoo, whoo)

Yeah, let's take it back to the squad days (Yeah)  
Sittin' on the corner of Benson (Benson)  
Smoke kickin' herb with my henchman (Henchman)  
He tryna play games and we benched him (Blagh, blagh)  
Scramble your egg with a biscuit (Blagh, blagh)  
Pay me, don't pay me attention (Yeah)  
I was 16, did I mention? (Yeah)  
Trans Am was yellow like Simpson (Yo)  
Make the tires spin like a helicopter (Skrrrt)  
Sticks sound like it's a helicopter (Blagh, blagh)  
Get a room at the LaQuinta Inn (Yeah)  
Ball hard with no timeout (Ha)  
Now I'ma show you what the grind 'bout (Juh)  
Wavy baby, I don't wipe off (Yeah)  
All-star, I don't try out (Juh)  
Make the play, I don't strike out (Whoo)  
Let me tell you something you don't know about (Whoo)  
Me and Fee rode to Houston (Fee)  
Came back with some jewelry (Juh)  
And more green than a grower house (Whoo)  
Pull up, meet me at the IHOP (Juh)  
Hell, yeah, (Whoo) why not? (Juh)  
Work stashed in a tight spot (Juh)  
That's how I ball like Cyclops (Whoo, whoo)

(Whoo, whoo, whoo)  
I think I play in the NFL (Baow)  
And you droppin' dimes like a wishing well (Yeah)  
Don't mess with these women, that kiss and tell (Whoo, whoo, whoo)  
I think I play in the NFL (Baow)  
And you droppin' dimes like a wishing well (Yeah)  
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I think I play in the NFL (Baow)  
I think I play in the NFL (Yeah)

Take it back, SQ days  
Mrs. Sharon house, Lex coupe days  
Had red beams for blue rays  
Had 'lotta green for a few greys  
Big heads before blue heads  
Had loose cannons, no loose threads  
Always sharp as number-2 lead  
Number one when it come to new meds  
Tattoo tears, few shed  
Had closed ears for the who said  
Extra, extra, read all about it  
Her legs spread, then the news spread  
Got some goons up in Shrewsbury  
Turn a grape head to a prune head  
A snake head to a wound head  
Some snake heads be two-headed  
Got two guns for that type of shit  
Ballin' like we at the Super Bowl

Scorin' touchdowns and just spike this shit  
You know the other team, they don't like this shit  
Tell 'em kick it off, nigga, here's the tip  
Party 'cause we win it every year  
Players can't respect better players  
Ballin' like we in the NFL

(Whoo, whoo, whoo)  
I think I play in the NFL (Baow)  
And you droppin' dimes like a wishing well (Yeah)  
Don't mess with these women that kiss and tell (Whoo, whoo, whoo)  
I think I play in the NFL (Baow)  
And you droppin' dimes like a wishing well (Yeah)  
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I think I play in the NFL (Baow)  
I think I play in the NFL (Yeah)

I started off with a old Colt girl  
Link up 'cause you so dope  
Doughboy 'cause I sold dough  
No suit, just a gold robe (Hello)  
Nigga, who am I? Am I who?  
All I know, nigga, I ain't you  
I just do what I came to do  
Don't follow me, just follow through  
My main bitch tried to tie the knot  
My side bitch a ringer too  
I can teach you a thing or two  
My full circle drug, ring a fool  
It go left, left, pass (Ayy)  
Automatic cash (Ayy)  
Big booty bitch (Ayy)  
Girl, I'm on your ass (Ayy)  
All my bitches poppin', we pop up and pop a tag (Ayy)  
Call me Hoodybaby, I'm the nigga with the bag  
You got some junk in your trunk  
Bitch, I'm takin' out the trash  
Brr, hello?

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