

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 (Skrtrt)
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)
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I think I play in the NFL (Baow)
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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

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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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