## **Ball for Me**

**Post Malone** 

Yeah Uh Yeah Woah Baby could you? I got too much on my mind right now I ain't got the time to get you Saint Laurent down Could you? I got too much on my mind right now Time to hit Rodeo, give my baby 30 thou' Ball for me B-ball for me, yeah Ball for me B-ball for me, yeah I'm on the road, I'm gettin' paid, like what you want, baby? (What you want, babv?) You're bougie, baby, but I love you, baby, give you the world, baby (you the world, baby) Paid five grand for a handbag, that's Saint Laurent (Saint Laurent, baby) Damn, you love that money, baby (oh-oh-oh) Hunnid thousand plus hunnid thousand, my whip (my whip, my whip) 30 thousand plus 30 thousand, my wrist (my wrist, my wrist) We got alcohol plus bad bitches, that's lit (that's lit, that's lit) I swear baby, we was just kissin', that's it (that's it, that's it) How could I forget the shit that you done done for me? (For me) Baby gonna take the charge and take the fall for me (for me) Would love to take you shoppin', but girl, I'll be on tour Sorry, lil' mama, I can't give you more Baby could you? I got too much on my mind right now I ain't got the time to get you Saint Laurent down Could you? I got too much on my mind right now Time to hit Rodeo, give my baby 30 thou' Ball for me B-ball for me, yeah Ball for me B-ball for me, yeah Yo, gotta hit him on the jack When you comin' back? Where is you at on the map? Everything is intact Could have been a seamstress, still wouldn't cut him slack Pretty much, ain't got a clue Itty bitty piggyback off everything I do But I'm still droppin' jaws Got 'em lookin' like James Harden at the awards Back to you, I'm so into you For real, bread like I'm kin to you If you a 10, I add 10 to you They be mad when I tend to you That's what the bae like Call me Buffy 'cause that's what I slay like These bitches, I son 'em like it's daylight These niggas wanna know what it tastes like What it tastes like, yo, what it tastes like, yo

They wanna know what it tastes like, yo All this ice, it should taste like snow Get kimonos and let's fly to Tokyo Pretty, pretty please baby, won't you cop this for me?

Baby could you? I got too much on my mind right now I ain't got the time to get you Saint Laurent down Could you? I got too much on my mind right now Time to hit Rodeo, give my baby 30 thou'

Ball for me B-ball for me, yeah Ball for me B-ball for me, yeah Ball for me (What it tastes like) B-ball for me (What it tastes like) B-ball for me, yeah