

Free Throw

Rob Stone

I play these women like a keyboard
Singing like sweet song
When I get in them cheeks tho
Yeah

I got no love for all these weak hoes
My Pockets like brinks truck
I'm on the brink of beast mode
Aye

Ballin from the 3
Don't need a free throw
And nigga don't you try me
Tuck the tommy in the pea coat

And you know where to find me
Chasing gwalla blowin weed smoke
I'm itching for some time to take your wife
Where we can be alone. Yeah

We at home fuckin
She don't her phone
Told her I won't touch her
Til she suck it baby deep throat. Yeah

And Baby love me like a weed song
Feeling like I'm King Kong
And I could never be wrong. Aye

But if I fuck the first night
I maybe call her bae
I Put her on her first flight
I took her outta state
Aye, I need a crib right by the lake
I need her bussin' out her heels
And her lingerie

If she let me get behind it
Fuck her spine up
Lil bih just ask me who I am
I ain't remind her
She just want me cause
Her friend co-signed my name
I Get to ballin', got the Benz parked by the gate

If lil baby kind bad
Then ima fuck her face
Can't make no baby witchu baby
I got kids, I'm straight

Aye,
Damn my Lil bebe
Look like Dani Leigh

Shit, she said Lil daddy
We can run a play

Aye

Watch your face
My chain the Greatest Lake
My pain made better days
My mama pray I'm straight

I'm never giving up no answers
Snitchin ain't for gang
Don't fuck with niggas who got jammed up
And forget their ways

Man I stay in the bank
I stay in a race
You stay in the house
You prolly think it's safe

You prolly think you gang
You probably getting paid
But we run in ya' house
And then we hit safe

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