OverseasBaller

Veeze

Yeah
Yeah
Naw
Yeah

I dig, my baby, I know that you should (I know that you should)
You spendin' too petty, how you gon' meet the plug? (How the fu
ck you gon' meet the plug?)
Same nigga sneak dissin', see me, give me a hug (Weird-
ass nigga)
Nigga location cap, why you trollin' the hood? (What the fuck?)
She say "Veeze, you so mean, why I love you so much?" (I don't
know)
Purple line what's in my drink, too much Wock' in my Crush (Shh
)
Where I'm from, you ain't indicted, you ain't ballin' enough (L
il' nigga)
I got nothin' but some money, ain't no game I could run (Frrt,
bee)
Say the word, I'll have my shorty strip you out of your shit (G
ive me that shit, nigga)
Niggas playin' police games with they opps on the 'net (Ah)
Baby, do you want to fuck? You ain't gon' eye me to death (Let
me know)
Me and gang just hit the scene like Bloody Osiris and them (Ooh
)
Bitch, you know that I got class just by the outfit I pick (Wha
t?)
Nigga, that shit you got on trash, crop you out of my pic (Nigg
a)
Boy, you need to get some rest, you just started poppin' that s
hit (Pshh)
Might just crash off a Xan', I gotta count it again (Frrt, bee,
 bee)
Eyes low, on some prayer hands, bowin' my head (Yeah)
Cup dark, had to ask him how much cotton he pick (Ooh)
Bitches cookin', rubbin' feet like it's a wifey audition (Huh?)
Used to move the bag on 12th when Meech and Kash Doll was kissi
ng (Swear to God, nigga)
Right now I'm watchin' calories, no salt in my pimpin' (For rea
l)
I used to have hoop dreams, I end up softball pitchin' (Haha)
I break the law in fashion, Boston George my twin (Yeah)
I crossed that nigga and stepped him just like Iverson did (I c
rossed that nigga and stepped him)
That whip sittin' on a brick, but it ain't cars that we stealin
' (Stupid)
She named her daughter Gang, that's how I know that she miss me

(Haha)
My stash is colored, I edible arrangement the money (Frr)
I'm poppin' painkillers, but my heart still ain't healin' (Ugh)
You see me with that ho, boy, you know that I hit it (Yeah)
It's ice on my chest, got my heart in the frigid (Yeah)
I'm overseas ballin', man, I feel like Nowitzki (What?)
Who shot me in my back? Naw, my outfit just Ricky (Man, shut th
e fuck up)
I cut them bitches short when I find out they pissy (Yeah)
Was raised around Lords, I can't fuck up tradition (Haha)
I do these bitches sad, left 'em right in the trenches
They biggest motivation try to hurt Veeze feelings, hah

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