

Stick Ball

Wiki

The label say that they want me
Tell me that they can sell me
I ain't a product
I produce honest shit
Using wise guy talk and ebonics
Using some chronic
To get me to the level where I only settle for the rawest
The flaws what makes it flawless
What I see what's recorded
The Gods show up in bombers
Whether brawling or warring
I'm just a bard with bars not the type that you swallow
The type I spit till I'm hollow
Ohh I'm hollow
I'm a long goner
Death seems farther
Put it in perspective bruh it's right upon us
That's how I always saw it
So even if it's just a couple bucks coming out my wallet
Boy we balling
From the day we started
To the day we call it
Call it what you call it
But nah I'm not an artist
But I do broad strokes on broads that's gorgeous
If you fuck with it bump with it till it's boring
We'll be touring coming back for more and more and
Coming back for more

I've seen the seas
The snow
The heat, the cold
Dreams untold
Sometimes swear man I seen it all
The schemes unfold with these kids
Reminisce playing ball with a stick

We the ones it ain't honorable mention, It's done
Ain't not calling to question none
We pretty young to be balling and spending
Every dollar that enters my pocket gets swallowed and spent
And the rest gets balled up and sent
To the tall grass
Why can't I make my own bread it ain't called cash
Appalled at fuckers in awe like I'm off crack
Off bat you off track
Bark at you if you cough at
Me in some funny ass way like I ain't saw that
Pardon?
Nah pa been all in
Y'all slim with your offerings
Your offspring are things
My offspring gods kings contenders
All things considered
All same type bullshit in this ball game
Prefer stickball, hand ball hear the wall rang
Y'all lames

I'm partial to draw string bags with a spalding
Why you mad at my calling
Y'all think what y'all think
We gonna rap raw
My dog just dapped paws with a rat claw
Cat call
Shorty mad saw that it's pat nah
That's all focus on basketball
Get to the league
See me I just get me some tree
Sit back get me to read books see crooks
Make raps that need hooks
A&R's re look
Fuck all that I casually cook kicks
Walked from the Bronx to the Battery took trips
Ain't no fucking salary need to get booked quick
Y'all mad at me caput quick
Then you smile at me like look Wik
You still a child b
You can't be proud of me
You gotta be foul b
Yeah I see your style

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