

Have-A-Ball

YN Jay

(Yeah, Baby, you did this one)

Damn

I'm finna (Yeah, Baby, you did this one)

I'm finna have a ball

10 bad hoes, I think I want 'em all

I finna hoop, I think I wanna ball

In a nice neighborhood, I think I wanna jog

Bitch wanna suck my dick, don't forget the balls

When I'm done fuckin' you, I won't forget to call

Bitch, I don't want no babies, I can't hit you raw

You got your gun on safety, I got mine on, oh shit

I'm 'bout to do some shit

They ain't see me comin' through, I'm in the newest whip

I just pulled up with a redbone, this my newest bitch

Oh, you never smelled this cologne? Oh, you like that huh?

Boy, you know her pussy through and you wifed that huh?

You the type of nigga get beat up, ain't gon fight back huh?

Nigga slid down throwin' bullets, threw 'em right back huh

You the type that argue on Facebook, you gon type back "Huh"

Ahh shit

Spot a bitch from 'round the corner, this bitch super thick

I just pulled up with Lil D, that's my mud brother

Oh, you don't know YN Damu, that's my blood brother

Oh, you around for the money, you a blood sucker

I just seen bro make 20, he a muhfucker

Oh, they sent you to a store, you a store runner

If you see me up this bitch, you better start runnin'

I can't even bring Loski brim, cause he gon start somethin'

I just fucked for 2 minutes, and she start runnin'

If I scream "[?]", that mean the cops comin'

You got a gun in your hand, but you ain't on shit

Oh, you got a lot of money? You be on hoe shit

Oh, that Glock ain't yours? That's your bro shit

Punch a nigga dead in his face, for bro 'nem

I just talked to the plug, he said you owe him

You out here tellin' people you my cousin, I don't know him (I don't know th
at nigga)

Yeah, I'm actin' real bad

You got a fake Louis Vuitton, I got a real bag

I just ate this bad bitch, she a real snack

This nigga act like 6ix9ine, he a real rat

Let me see you bend that ass over, cause it's real fat

I'm in Atlanta shootin' dice, with [?]

No you can't ride in the front, bitch get in the back

I ain't ridin' in your car if I can't bring my strap

I ain't gettin' on your song if you ain't speakin' facts

Bitch, YSR Shit

Yeah, bitch