

Space Jam

Young Dolph

Yeah, I'm bout to pull up
Yeah

Pulled up in that space ship like I'm on Space Jam (skrt)
I just put 400 pounds on a Greyhound (hey come here)
Fuck her from the back
And made lil' mama lay it down, uh huh
Down (down)
Down (down)
Black Trans-Am

(Aye what's that?)
Blunt behind my ear
Love counting these mil's (millions)
All my rocks is clear (water)
Horses in my whip (fast)
That nigga too real (damn)
Playa of the year (damn)
Hustling ass nigga
God blessed me with a gift (trap)
I take your contract and wipe my ass with your record deal (ha)
She got a fat ass, I might leave a fat tip (yeah)
You can have whatever you like, bitch I feel like Tip (dolph)
I come through shining hard, let a lil nigga live
When I was a kid I used to watch MTV cribs (yeah)
Now I'm smoking kush sitting in my MTV crib (yeah)
Put that dick up in her, said she feel it in her ribs
Getting head in my office like I'm President Bill

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Black Trans-Am
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Down (down)
You know who I am (It's Dolph)
Damn (damn)
Yeah, I came up off of grams (grams)
Down (down)
Down (down)
I did that for the fam

Fell in love with the trenches
But it didn't love me back
Fell in love with them bitches
And they didn't love you back (what)
At least I still got paid (for real)
Them hoes I don't save
Screaming "free all my niggas"
Praying for better days (a huh)
Count a half a million, sayin' close to three days (woo)
Yeah I see hating through these Cartiers
Lil mama with me, I don't know her name, I call her bae
Down (down)

Down (down)
Yeah I call her bae
Down (down)
She the shit but her booty fake

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