

4 My Town (Play Ball) [feat. Drake & Lil Wayne]

Birdman

Yeah, so priceless, life so priceless
Nigga, you understand me? It's just like that
My car so priceless, my bitch so priceless
My familia is so priceless, nigga, you understand me? Either you with us, or you ain't with us
Either you in the huddle or you out the huddle
Either you ridin' or we pass you, flyin' by sayin' fuck you It's Young Money, Cash Money,
playboy
That's about the size of it
At the roof top, so hot up here, nigga
Yeah, let's go Take yourself a picture when I'm standin' at the mound
And I swear it's goin' down, I'm just reppin' for my town
Off a cup of CJ Gibson, man I'm faded off the brown
And I'm easily influenced by the niggas I'm around
See that Aston Martin, when I start it hear the sound
I ain't never graduated, I ain't got no cap and gown
But the girls in my class who were smart enough to pass
Be at all my fuckin' parties grabbin' money off the ground Yeah, all hail Mr. Lyrical, spades of
the opus, baby
What you got a feelin' for? I can show you new things
Have you feelin' spiritual
Pastor Kerney Thomas to these ho's, "Miwacles" Yeah, okay, they say that I'm the one in fact
Some say I'm they favorite but I ain't hearin' none of that
I'm about my team, ho, Young Money runnin' back
Cash Money superstar, where the fuck is Stunna at? Damn Untouchable, 40 with my A.K.
Mastermind Big Money heavy weight
On the grind flippin' money in every way
Headline, my biz shine everyday
Pearl white throwin' P. Marc Jacobs gloves
Cartier, Louis case with a dope plug
From the mud where they wet you leave in your blood
Goin' in flippin' hundreds, get the young blood Show 'em where it go, floatin' on the floor
Gettin' more dough, ground hard, go
Black diamond show, watch the flame blow
And how you stay grounded, cash no go And how you stay mounded, cash no flow
And how you stay shinin', Bentley off the floor
And how you stay high, Purple Pine Dro
Diamond Minx Fur, February Snow Take yourself a picture when I'm standin' at the mound
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the sound
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Be at all my fuckin' parties grabbin' money off the ground Uh, you know you paid when you got
Baby with ya
It's Young Money like Ben Franks baby pictures
I'm the lady twister, I kiss her whiskers
I been runnin' this shit, blisters Stickin' to the script, movie star money
And if you gassed up I leave the car runnin'
I'm a big smoker, I'm a little drinker
The peace sign is just the trigger in the middle finger What you know bout it? Man, y'all clueless
I let two women ride me, that's car poolers
I rock stupid ice, Mr. Water Coolers
If y'all in the buildin' then we are intruders Simmer down pimpin', let me handle this
I know the game, analyst
Man, I'm the shit and y'all janitors
Blow out the kush and crack a smile for the cameras Take yourself a picture when I'm standin' at
the mound
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