

4 My Town (Play Ball)

Birdman

Play ball!

Yea, so priceless.

Life so priceless, nigga you understand me?

Its 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 flyin by sayin fuck you.

It's Young Money, Cash Money playboy, it's about the size of it, at the roof top, so hot up here nigga.

Lets go!

Take yourself a picture when I'm standing at the mound and I swear it's goin g down, I'm just repping for my town.

Off a cup of CJ Gibson, man I'm faded off to 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 feeling for?

I could show you new things, have you feeling spiritual.

Pastor Kerney Thomas to these hoes...Miwacles.

Yeah ok, they say that I'm the one, in fact, some say I'm their favorite but I ain't hearing none of that.

I'm about my team hoe, Young Money runnin back, Cash Money superstar.

Where the fuck is stunna at?

Damn.

Untouchable, 40 with my AK.

Mastermind, big money heavy weight.

On the grind, flippin money in everyway.

Headline, my bitch shine everyday.

Pearl white, throwin P Marc Jacob gloves.

Cartier Louis case with a dope plod.From the mud.

Where they wet you and leave you in your blood.

Goin in, flippin hundreds, get the young "?".

Show'em where it go, floatin on the floor, gettin more dough, grind 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, bently on the floor.

And how you stay high, purple pine dro.

Diamonds wing fur, February snow.

Uh, you know your paid, when you got baby witcha.

It's Young Money like Ben Frank's baby pictures.

I'm the lady twister, I kiss her wiskers.

I been runnin this shit, blisters.

Stickin to the script, movie star money.

And if ya gas'd up, I leave the car runnin.

I'm a big smoker, I'm a little drinker,

the peace sign is just a trigger and the middle finger.
Wha-wha-what you know about it?
man yall clueless.
I let two women ride me, that's car poolers.
I rock stupid ice, Mr. water coolers.
If yall in the buildin, then we are intruders.
Simmer down pimpin, let me handle this.
I know the game, analysts.
Man I'm the shit and yall are janitors.
Blow out the k-sh and crack a smile for the cameras.

[Chorus]