

Bill Russell

Waka Flocka Flame

FLOCKA!

Triple F Life, man: friends, fans, and family
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye
Aye, aye...

I can't trust myself, so hell no, I can't trust you
I'm ballin', you can call me Bill Russell
Point me to the court, coach it's my turn
I swear to God to dribble base and don't cross over
Cause I'm ready, cause I'm ready
Cause I'm readyyyyyyyyyyy
Cause I'm ready, cause I'm ready
Cause I'm readyyyyyyyyyyy

I remember selling nicks, dimes, and them vickies
I got no love, I swear to God, my heart empty
I remember when a nigga was young
Going in Auntie and Grandma's pocketbooks
Even my mama pocketbook, even stealing out the stores
Now I'm getting thirty five thousand for a show
I can buy my own store right now
Joke's on you, bitch!

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I remember Uncle Joe talking to me
Saying everybody in this world's some hungry man
So prepare your dinner, so you don't be supper
My hood like Pearl Harbor, green like the jungle
Cool with them ex lions and them tigers
Hell yeah, you can call me a party animal
Eat a rap nigga, call me Hannibal
Dump 'em out the rear

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