Bill Russell

Waka Flocka Flame

FLOCKA! Triple F Life, man: friends, fans, and family 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 readyyyyyyyyyy Cause I'm ready, cause I'm ready Cause I'm readyyyyyyyyyy

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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