4 My Town (play Ball)

Birdman

[Intro - 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 riding
Or we passing, flying by saying "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
[Chorus - Drake]Take yourself a picture when I'm standing at the mound
And I swear it's going down, I'm just repping for my town,
Off a cup of C.J. 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 fucking parties, grabbing money off the ground
[Verse 1 - Drake]Yeah, all hail Mister Lyrical
Spades of the Opus baby
What you got a feeling for?
I can show you new things
Have you feeling spiritual
Pastor Kerney Thomas to these hoes, miracles
Okay they say that I'm the one in fact
Some say that I'm they favorite
But I ain't hearing none of that

I'm about my team hoe, Young Money running back

Cash Money superstar, where the fuck's Stunna at?
[Verse 2 - Birdman]Untouchable, .40 with AK
Mastermind, big money heavy weight
On the grind, flipping money in every way
Head line, my bitch shine everyday
Pearl white Dom P., Marc Jacob gloves
Cartier, Louis case with a dope plug
From the mud where they wet you, leave you in your blood
Going in flipping hundreds get the young Blood
Show them where it go
Floating on the floor
Getting 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 shining? Bentley of the floor
And how you stay high? Purple pine dro
Diamond mink's furs, February snow
[Chorus][Verse 3 - Lil Wayne]Uh, you know you paid
When you got Baby with you
It's Young Money like Ben Frank's baby pictures
I'm a lady twister, I kiss her whiskers
I been running this shit, blisters
Sticking to the script, movie star money
And if you gassed up, I leave the car running
I'm a big smoker, I'm a little drinker
The peace sign is just a trigger and the middle finger
What you know about it? Man y'all clueless
I let two women ride me, now that's carpoolers
I rock stupid ice, Mister Water Coolers
If y'all in the building, than we are intruders
Simmer down pimping, 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
[Chorus]

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