

# 4 My Town (Play Ball) [Edited Version]

## **Birdman, Drake & Lil Wayne**

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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But the girls in my class who were smart enough to pass  
Be at all my fuckin' parties grabbin' money off the groundUh, 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, blistersStickin' 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 fingerWhat 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 intrudersSimmer 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 camerasTake yourself a picture when I'm standin' at the mound  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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