

# Nba

## Joe Budden

Shoulda never put me on this beat  
Okay, yeah, normal baller  
We back on tizzy, on top  
Jump Off, Dub B, Jersey  
Stand up  
GO!

Jump off you rap guys is a joke  
I'm here to take the scoring title without the green light from my coach  
Man, don't make me have to smack your lineup  
I'm Michael Jordan y'all Harold Minor's that rap vagina  
All black ski mask, gloves, tuck the thing  
Drive slow, lights out like "I love this game"  
I live this y'all paint that pic  
And like Magic I'm starting to believe y'all dudes ain't that sick  
Might see ya boy scooping up a bird to get knowledge  
Number one draft pick and I skipped college  
Snakes in the trenches I peep those, get injured  
End up like Grant Hill on the bench in your street clothes  
Talk about he real, how he quick with a glock  
But like Kurt Thomas he ain't good for shit on the block  
See the gleam from the shoes  
Man, I don't mean to seem rude  
Gunshots do you like Vancouver make your team move  
(Let's Go!)

[Chorus:]It's gone be the NBA never NBC (Yeah)  
Rookie of the year slash MVP (Rap suckas, we back)  
Never channel 4  
We handle the 4  
It's the number one draft pick (Yours truly)  
Let your gat spit, nigga  
[Repeat]Can't treat me like a sucka  
Gather up your five, man meet me at the Rucker  
Put the heat to you fuckers  
Half Man-Half Amazing with a clip in my boot  
My 4-5 will make you "Skip To My Lou", think about it

Understand when I was younger I was all on my own  
So when I said 3-2 I wasn't calling a zone  
Nice truck, nice house and chain

I car jacked you like Shaq shooting a three man get outta your Range  
This is regular hood shit

I put Don Cheaney under the arm and show him how to make a good nick  
If you wack, you need to probably write

Either that or quit it, throw in the chair like you Bobby Knight  
I work damn hard

But don't think I can't rob  
Can't pitch, I still handle the rock like Shammgod

Still hurt you cowards  
Still see me merking them Prowlers

And know they still call me Dirk in Dallas  
I'm that nigga

[Chorus]Man I kill lame queers  
It still ain't clear

Never saving the tech like Bill Laimbeer  
I got tools for rilly

With shells that make your temple hot and I ain't talking 'bout a school in Philly  
I ain't a selfish player

Man, I help your weight up  
'cause only Riders in this game now is myself and Isaiah

Listen, you gettin dissed  
While I'm screwing these miss's

I'm on cruise control you still moving your pivot  
But I'll show you how mean this crook be

You and your dogs' like the Houston Comets, a team fulla pussy's  
Creep

It ain't a game no more, it's a sport  
If you ain't got heart to play then stay off the court

[Chorus]Game over!

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