

play ball

Angel Beats!

Soulja Boy - Chorus]
Cash Money, fast money,
everyday I'm paper chasing,
trying to get the dollars,
Gucci Louie, Dolce Gabbana,
Yes its Young money,
We're SOD Money Gang,
SOD money gang,
it's time to play ball
play ball, play ball
play ball, play ball
play ball, play ball[Drake]Take yourself a picture when Im standing at the mound,
and I swear its going down, Im just reppin for my town,
off a cup of cj gibson, man Im faded off to Brown,
im easily influenced by the niggas Im around,
see that aston martin when i start it hear the sound,
i aint never graduated aint 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,[Drake]
Yeah, all hell mr lyrical,
spades of the opus baby,
what you got a feeling for,
I can show you new things,
how you feeling spiritual,
Pastor Kerney Thomas to these hoes...miwacles!
yeah ok they say that Im the one in fact,
they say that im they favorite
but i aint hearing none of that,
i'm all about my team hoe, young money running back,
cash money superstar, where the fuck is stunna at?
Damn...[Soulja Boy]
I just got a new deal,
I aint talking pickle,
Im outside the cell,
while you boys just sickle,
soulja boy and superman,
the hip hop hero,
she sucking all over my body, call her mosquito,
the cheese is all on me, just like a dorrito,

disrespect and you'll get shot like a free throw,
I go hard, never ever go soft,
always swag on, never ever swag off,
greatest rapper of the century,
got more bars than a fucking penitentiary,
every since elementary,
blueberry kush, I call it fruit roll up,
and when I wake up I be baking like soda,
my pockets fat like my jeans made by Oprah,
in your house on your sisters wall is my poster,
fucking models, doing shows just like I supposed ta,
my lifestyle extravagant, attitude arrogant,[Chorus]

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