

Ball Player (feat. Quavo)

Meek Mill

That, that, that, that, that, that be Maaly Raw! Ñ
Pulled off in an Aston, ten hoes in a mansion
Only two of 'em natural, other eight all plastic
They don't wanna go to college but the brain intelligent
Make me wanna do the Heisman when I drink the right medicine
Ball player, ball player, crib in the Himalayas
Put my bitch in the streets, you put your bitch on the shelves
Big weight, fish scales, blue bird in the mail
Feelin' like Blue's Clues, here come the mail, I wanna yell
Yeah, fuck up a check (fuck it up)
I might go flood the Patek
I'm at the jeweler, 200 in cash
I tell that nigga to bust at my neck
I'm with your bitch and she bustin' it down
Bustin' it open, we bustin' at necks
I let it go when I bust in her mouth
She come in the kitchen, you love her to death (ew)
Kickin' that shit like Bruce Lee
Zone, zone, zone, no 2, 3
I won't fuck her sushi
Stacking that paper like loose leaf
Pull up in the hood, we too deep
Big Maybach, like 'scuse me
My friends dead like Uzi's
I don't play with no goofies, hell no!
Pulled off in an Aston, ten hoes in a mansion
Only two of 'em natural, other eight all plastic
They don't wanna go to college but the brain intelligent
Make me wanna do the Heisman when I drink the right medicine
Ball player, ball player, crib in the Himalayas
Put my bitch in the streets, you put your bitch on the shelves
Big weight, fish scales, blue bird in the mail
Feelin' like Blue's Clues, here come the mail, I wanna yell
Pickin' up dope with the U-Haul (dope)
Wrist cold like Utah (burr)
Waterboy, foosball (water)
Waterboy, foosball (let's go)
I bet you niggas can't re-up (no)
Swimmin' in dope with my knees up (dope)

Migo gang, streets need us
DreamChasers, streets need us
Put that pot in that stove, watch it come back yay
Keep your eye on that road, when you're pushin' yay
Extra percent for my assassin
Tell my shooters, "Do 'em nasty"
No witness, no evidence (no evidence)
Put 'em all in a casket
Pulled off in an Aston, ten hoes in a mansion
Only two of 'em natural, other eight all plastic
They don't wanna go to college but their brain intelligent
Make me wanna do the Heisman when drink the right medicine
Ball player, ball player, crib in the Himalayas
Put my bitch in the streets, you put your bitch on the shelves
Big weight, fish scales, blue bird in the mail
Feelin' like Blue's Clues, here come the mail, I wanna yell
Here come the mail, I wanna yell
Here come the mail, I wanna yell
Here come the mail, I wanna yell
Here come the mail, I wanna yell
Gang, gang, woo!
Shipping them packs through the FedEx
Send it, just give me ya address
Handling shipping, we charge you
Price up and down like it's NASDAQ
Scoop a supermodel in the Murcielago
Hit her, make her take a cab back
You put your bitch on shelf nigga
I make my hoe bring that cash back
Put that Pyrex on the stove
Water whip, 28 jump, yeah
Trap house boomin, Feds at the door
Nigga like, "What do they want?", yeah
We shooting dice on a PJ
I put ya bitch in a 3 way
I hit her up for the replay
And she bring it back like a DJ
Pulled off in an Aston, ten hoes in a mansion
Only two of 'em natural, other eight all plastic
They don't wanna go to college but their brain intelligent
Make me wanna do the Heisman when drink the right medicine
Ball player, ball player, crib in the Himalayas
Put my bitch in the streets, you put your bitch on the shelves
Big weight, fish scales, blue bird in the mail
Feelin' like Blue's Clues, here come the mail, I wanna yell

Pulled off in an Aston, ten hoes in a mansion
Only two of 'em natural, other eight all plastic
They don't wanna go to college but their brain intelligent
Make me wanna do the Heisman when drink the right medicine
Ball player, ball player, crib in the Himalayas
Put my bitch in the streets, you put your bitch on the shelves
Big weight, fish scales, blue bird in the mail
Feelin' like Blue's Clues, here come the mail, I wanna yell
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>