

# Ball Player (feat. Quavo)

Meek Mill

That, that, that, that, that, that be Maaly Raw!ì  
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!  
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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  
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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 Murciélago  
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  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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