

Avias "Baseball"

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You never been this way no no

Intro:

Ah ah ah I'm laughing cause these niggaz all game
and no bars or should I

Say balls ha ha ha

Aye where my real niggaz that want to hear some real
rhymes at?

So yall want play baseball huh... aight, lets go

I'm bout to run

Verse1:

K I just landed first base imagine when I take it home
Wanna be an ass my foot the air georgia dome
Everybody in lakeland rapping cash, cars and clothes
I tried that route it wasn't for me cause they rookie no
pros

They all feel intimidation, cause I took 2nd base and,
all careers should

Be erased then,

Like a gator, body, lake and, when I rap this is I aint
faking, better yet

I feel like making

A hott track, yall niggaz aching, but I'm bringing home
the bacon

"STRIKE ONE"

All I know is I aint sweating it cause destined to win
Like the length that made her famous natalie nunns
chin

I'm willy wonka niggaz want my gold say "lend me your
hen"

I would give these niggaz pointers but um none of ya
friends

Some call me avias but you can call me the greatest
Making music that's so blazing many call it the latest
All you wanna be rappers think it's time that I switch ya
Cause yall might be running things but guess what I'm
the pitcher

Don't nobody wanna hear that 50's music crap"

Verse2:

Another strike just aint an option so I hit a grand slam
Got all these thugs attention now music, car, speakers,
bam

Yo dawg my lyrics so sick think they need a vet
I don't worry bout promotion they like wireless internet
Niggaz be want-ing me to fall but my head stay to the
sky

Record companys calling my music one syllable "buy"
I make music, yall try, the crowds they choose it, yall
why

I'm bout to land on third base hit a homerun, goodbye
Here we go again, dodging, dodging, dodging to win
Yall niggas are whack, throw ya lyrics up in the air
swang a bat

Who is the next batter, as long as I am in the game
don't none of it matter

Flow so fast I be ridng, come through you bases to the
home run yo um

Sliding

Never been this way no no (2x's)

Verse3:

Niggaz be up on that pie crap, they better tighting up
Better shine, make me blind, niggaz better lighting up
Cause I'm coming while they sleeping yo my career
morphing

I'm bout to show em the true me you can call me the
orphan

I'm bout to make crowds buzz like an electric chair
Everytime I drop a song, they hair rise and stop and
stare

They be talking stupid junk then they think that they
ripped

Uh uh, heck nawl, I call it tales from the crypt

When my feet hit stage gone and crown me king
Aint worried bout the cash I am the value chi ching
I get my fanz a nice selections like menu's at fu lings
Then I invite to my venues hit the stage looking clean
Hataz come a dime a dozen so block them out
Showing love, fans supporting is what I'm all about
Why did avias have to rap, cause it was a drought
Of real rappers, nice rhymes, coming out of mouths

863 polk county all day everyday

I just scored ahomerun yes!

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