

Birdman

"4 My Town (play Ball) Feat. Lil' Wayne & Drake"

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[Birdman intro]

Yeah,
So priceless,
Life so priceless nigga,
You understand me, it's just like that,
My car so priceless, My bitch so priceless,
My familia is so priceless nigga,
You understand me?
Either you with us, Or you ain't with us,
Either you in tha huddle, Or you out the huddle,
Either you ridin', Or we passin', flyin' by saying fuck ya,
It's Young Money Cash Money playboy,
That's about the size of 'em,
At the roof top, So hot up here nigga,
YEAHHH
LET'S GO!

[Drake chorus]

Take yourself a picture when I'm standing at the
mound,
And I swear it's going down, I'm just reppin' for my
town,
Off a cup of C.J. Gibson, man I'm faded off the pound,
And I'm easily influenced by the niggas I'm
around,
See that Aston Martin when I start it hear the sound,
I ain't never graduated I ain't 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 verse 1]

Yeah, all hail Mr. Lyrical,
Spades of the Opus baby,
What you got a feeling for,
I can show you new things,
Have you feeling spiritual,
Pastor Kerney Thomas to these hoes! miwacles!
Yeah ok they say that I'm the one in fact,
Some say that I'm they favorite
But I ain't hearing none of that,

I'm all about my team hoe, Young Money
running back,
Cash money superstar, where the fuck is Stunna at?

[Birdman verse 2]

Untouchable, 40 with my AK, master mind
Big money heavyweight,
On the grind, flippin' money in every way
Headlines, my bitch shine everyday
Pearl white
Don P., Marc Jacob glove
Cartier Louis case with a dope blood
From the mud where they wet you
Leave you in ya blood
Goin' in flip a hundred get the young plug
Show 'em where it go, floatin' on the float
Gettin' mo' dough, grind hard, go!
Black diamond show, watch the flame blow
And how you stay grounded, cash no go
And how you stay mounded, cash no flow
And how you stay shinin', Bentley off the floor
And how you stay high, purple pine dro
Diamond mink furs, February snow.

[Chorus]

[Lil' Wayne verse 3]

CJ, YEAH, STUNNA!
Uhhh, you know you're paid,
When you got Baby with you
It's Young Money, like Ben Frank's baby pictures
I'm the lady twista, I kiss her whiskers
I been runnin' this shit, blisters
Stickin' to the script, movie star money
And if you gassed up, I leave the car runnin'
I'm a big smoker, I'm a little drinker
The peace sign is just a trigger and the middle finger
W-what you know 'bout it, man y'all clueless
I let two women ride me, that's carpoolers
I rock stupid ice, Mr. Water Coolers
If y'all in the building, then we are intruders
Simmer me down pimpin', let me handle this
I know the game, analyst
Man I'm the shit, and y'all janitors
Blow out the kush and crack a smile for the cameras!

[Chorus]

[Baby Talking]

Drizzy
One hundred

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