

Lola Monroe

"Overtime"

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Verse 1 (Lola)

Uhhh
All the trucks
Chris tucker black
The Ashton white like ashton in
A trucker hat
Put my city on the map
(I carry them)
And keep bum bitches quiet
(librarian)
It aint about dat money
Then darlin wut u mean
Should pay for the Celtics
How im ballin for dis green
And Dunk em for the team
Bout dat real action
Rock too many rings
Call me Phil Jackson
Shawty let me coach you
I could make the game real cold
U wasn't raised up right
No field goal
Lets get it
Im chargin them too much now
Call me when u run across that green
Touchdown!

Chorus

God damn, swagga so official
The ballin never stop
They might have to blow the whistle
Oh man, either when they do it
That ain't stopping nothin shorty
We still getting to it
Overtime, overtime
Stuntin in a drop top
Ballin like I never seen a shot clock
I call it over time, overtime
Swagga so official
The ballin never stop
They might have to blow the whistle

Verse 2 (Trina)

The game don't change
Only change is the players
Exclusive bitch I flow
? the craft in the air
Back shots sho did

U fuckin wit the mayor
Since im the chief
All I comprehend is Catier
The majic city queen
Bodeya? Is my catalog
Additional wages, u cant speak my shoe dialog
Im the best bitch, fuck the rest bitch
I got these broads buyin lands
Take (take take take) a rest bitch
OVERTIME

Time and Two quarters
Time and a half , gave birth to three daughters
Pretty money royal ?, bout to set if off
We takin tops off and pop off
And tearin bitches blocks off

Chorus 2

(Verse3) Lola

Might see me crusin versace
Or peep me flowin in fendi
Gangsta bouji and pretty
Ethiopian and Trini
Bout to grab me them Bentleys
Tell em ship it to the new place
That I just moved in from all shoe space
YUP

Im getting money
And Im barely home
That's just basic intincts
No Sharon Stone
Sorry that im headed to the top
And goin there alone
And old school cuz elly frames
And a hair and bone
You ridin out
Then hit the clutch and shift
? Sucka ship been known to blow me
like a dutch and piff
u bout ya fuckin chips
Then ya'll just as there
And errybody else is in a Boss Bitches World

Chorus 3

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