

Troop 41

"Do The John Wall"

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Featuring: Troop 41

[Chorus:]

Raleigh be the city where we like to do the dance
Flex to the left throw some money out your hands
Do it for the city and we do it for the fans
To ball like Wall boy you gotta' do the dance

Everybody do the John Wall
John Wall
John Wall
John Wall
John Wall
John Wall
John Wall
John Wall

[T-Breeze - Verse 1:]

Everybody clear out, hand me the rock
Time winding down 3 seconds on the shot clock
Break the defense homeboy I can't be stopped
All about my money so you know I'm hitting bank shots
I'm trying to tell them, boy you can't guard this
Beast on the court homeboy I play the hardest
Jump shot stupid, yeah it's retarded
You can't guard me in the paint I'm an artist
See I hustle on the floor call me Rick Ross
See the Troop get it jumping like a tip-off
I play hard until I hear the ref blow the whistle
I'm a player but my game be so official
Never reach got to stay out of foul trouble
But I drive in the lane, get them in foul trouble
They cant solve my game I'm a hard puzzle
But I keep three dimes that's a triple double

[Chorus:]

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[Lil Inferno - Verse 2:]

Sick with it

Hustle for the rock I go-go get it

I'm in it to win it, 919 baby we represent it

And I don't ball hog we got our whole team in it

See you just dribble but ain't ever got the heart to finish

Can't put me out the game I'm in that thing from start
to finish

And if I can't drive the lane then best believe I'm about
to dish it

Sideline drifting now I'm gliding down the baseline

About to do a big slam catch me on them inches

Coming from the south side

The expectations of us is that we will not rise

And still we prove them wrong, we flexing cause we hot
guys

Bring life to the game we will not die

Hah, Yeah

Stand tall, yeah you call that the great Wall

All I do is ball I get up I can take a fall

I'm Hungry for the top, call it lunchtime

Game winning shot, yeah it's clutch time

[Chorus:]

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[Lil Lee - Verse 3:]

Let's do it
Oh yeah we balling, balling until we falling
Until the last second I'm guessing we gone be brawling
Cause Kentucky here to win, not to watch you play
Whole world do the dance say what up UK
Better take him out the game, cause they say that boy
insane
When he coming down the lane, trying to catch a bang
bang
First we flex, show the muscle then JIGG on them
For the small play, let my Cousins get big on them
You ain't handling nothing I'm about to catch a steal on
them
Pass it to the point, crossover and I'm still on them
Crowd going bananas so you know that's why we peel
on them
And we from the "R", ain't nothing like being real on
them
Jump shot deadly, you know that we kill on them
Time to grab the money ball, about to shoot a bill on
them
Yeahh, north cack we gone show them how to do it
Do the John Wall it ain't really nothing to it

[Chorus:]

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