

N.B.A. (feat. Wiz Khalifa & French Montana)

Joe Budden

Bitch I'm ballin', bitch I'm ballin', racked up, no wallet
Keep a bad bitch in my team, I should join the league
NBA, never broke again, never going broke again
NBA, never broke again, never going broke again
Cause bitch I'm ballin', bitch I'm ballin'
I fuck her once, don't call her
My niggas gettin' that green, we in a different league
NBA, never broke again, never going broke again
NBA, never broke again, never going broke again
Got so much money I got racks on racks on racks on racks on racks
Bitch so much money my shit stacks on stacks on stacks on stacks on stacks
You see me smokin' and you know I got that pack, I got that sack
I got that O, I hit the club I lose control
I smoke that loud, I know the grower
Ball like the owner
Hit this gin make things move slower
I'm never sober
Roll some weed our eyes gets lower
I'm in my old school
Ride it sound just like a newer motor
They're wondering how I get these mills and still live like a stoner
No other way, I get a 100k from each promoter
Or more than that, hold up
Money long it don't fold up
Let me get some gin pour up
Got some bomb weed roll up
Niggas got their gang thrown' up
These niggas got their game, they got it from us
I'm with my gang and my niggas go nuts
You talkin' money, best believe I show up
And all the real niggas know usTalkin' money but walkin' funny
Is it any reason why ya'll starvin'
I spell boredom by spelling foursomeDo I really need to beg your pardon?
And my jersey say James I don't play gamesLike Bron when he in that Garden
And, wait I said that all wrong
She don't need to rock when I put my hard in
My new nickname is just watch
Might not join might just watch
New yacht master just a watch
Doubtin' me I tell em just watch
Them diamonds yellow them beams are red
And them hands are tucked they don't show

Plus them shooters with me got the green light
So why the fuck you don't think they won't go?
Hold up, your chick traded post game
And no shame she felt your man
She probably on Joe Johnson
Cause I never be on that Elton Brand
It's YSL, she's fly as hell
Tell the come to go to my ride
You can't blame hoes ain't Peter Rose
Now she a thorn in my side, grow up
P-R-P-S is over my Timbs
Way shorty blew me at it was only right I showed her my bench
Let my mans hit, when the fan hit
Spend all these bills on liquor
Figured Jersey lost its team
Still we got the realest nigga, Joey Keep a bad bitch on my team
Got bout 5 ounce of that lean
My chain Blu-ray on that screen
I spent two days countin that cream Got bout five acres on my doorway
Your main bitch is my throw away
Got bout eight whips, they brainless
My main bitch like shorty
Got my top down, her hair out
Isolation and she clear out
Fast break, my bread straight
One hand shake and I bail out
Hit streets corner bitches calling tell em bring a friend
Derrick Rose ballin bitch never goin broke again
Deuce beats my shades
Clear ice they skate
LeBron James on that break
Real estate with that lake
Shootin from half court got you by a long shot
Montana, that nigga from the Bronx block

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>