

# NBA (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.omusic.in/>