

Yung Ralph, Gametime

[Hook:]

Ralph got the ball, and he gainin yards
Benchriders mad cause they don't start
Offense, defense, jus give me the ball
Touchdown, celebrate, game over ya'll
I'm gone

[repeat]

[Verse 1:]

It's a rivalry, you see tha capacity
And when it comes to rappin I got so much accuracy
I'm a leader, captin of my team
How he so little, start in the big league
I'm gone
Yeah, and it feels so good
To run thru these haters, shake and fake like Norwood
Quick temper, hit you hard like lynch
Or play ray lewis and leave yo ass on the bench
I'm gone

You believe me now but you didn believe me then
My album breakin records like adra peterson
He tryna get a ring, I'm tryna get a grammy
And I control my whole team like peyton manning
I'm gone

The ref blow the whistle, he be like freeze mister
But it's fourth down so I killed em with a flea flicker
Give me the ball especially when it's crunch time
Up the middle it's thick, hit the sideline
I'm gone

[Hook]

[Verse 2:]

I'm prepared for the game, I don need a huddle
And I'm first round pick like jamarus russel
Front line my block so I'm takin off
Goin straight for ball like I'm randy moss
I'm gone

If I fumble I'll play defense
Turn an urlacher, put you out for the season
If you try me, it's gon be on
Get suspended with pay like pacman jones
I'm gone

Rap money, any fair money
Knowledge, no college, ain't that somethin
If I had to bet on a hundred yard dash
I call mick, tell em come and get some free cash
I'm gone

Ay, I be runnin these yards
The same way I be spittin these bars
Ya'll can call me the vick of the game
So quick, so fast, competition hate I came
I'm gone

[Hook]