

Murphy Lee, Pro Playas

(Welcome to Atlanta Beat)

Jay Feilder hurt his hip hop

cuz he hopped and got hit

He's a quarterback with too much zip to get it picked

He's so miami

Just ask his grand-mommy

He didn't want to play quarterback no mo' so he tried some oragami

He's baby QB one of the best of the QBs

Pocket QB, option QB, smoothies like Bob Cousy

(who's he?)

Home of travis Minor

And restaurants like the Miami Diner

And special korners with his dawg Ralph Kiner

The cheerleaders are the best flappin their pom poms

After Jay Z throws Chris C a long bomb bomb

All got senior prom proms

but Jay was big pimpin' mom

got too excited and she told him to calm

Miami's the truth like Paul Pierce

Their D-line is straight gatorade, it's fierce

I tried to tell you not to cut Trace Armstrong because he's ancient

Without permission from Ricky Williams' agent

From Jay Feild to Jay Will or J-Dub

Rollin on a rookie contract and ridin on killa dubs

Jay Will won't hesitate to shoot the pill

And give the lonely chitown crowd a thrill

The L's got to recognize, his moves are ill

and he can flat out pay the Bill

gettin' it done like Mr. Gates

while watchin Tyson Chandler pump five pound weights

You cats think you'll walk in and make the L just by sayin'

Yo what Up I'm here

Nazzzzzzzzzzzzr

Half of you ballers need a brazziere

Makin the L is hard work

You wanna know, ask Pat Burke

it's not easy to go from the streets to gettin a seat

on an NBA bench, makin the L is no easy feat

So.. ya think you got the game to earn the fame

Nas, you can't even score on the wizard of oz

Think you'll make it big time without years of practice

You'll end up left in the middle of Arizona with a cactus

Arizona Iced T makes you pee an ounce

So I'm gonna make like a ball and bounce