

Yung Ralph, Don't Wanna See Me Ball

[Hook:]

A lot of niggas fakin, a lot of bitches hatin
What they mad at me for? cause a nigga money makin
You don't wanna see me ball, you don't wanna see me ball
You don't wanna see me ball, they don't wanna see me ball

[Verse 1:]

I'm in the hood everyday like a traffic light
Come to my hood, let me show you what my traffic like
Yea my pockets doin good I'm in that trappin life
Trap all day, trap all night
Work for the cheap, work for the hype
I got samples, wanna take a try?
I got examples, just look at my eyes
I smoke my own bong, yea I'm in the sky
I'm so high I can't even have a conversation
Eyes bloodshot like they on the menstration
Haters say this, haters say that
Yung ralph straight, can you haters say that?
2 cars 1 crib yea I own that
If you hood in this bitch where ya zone at?
Only thing on my mind is ball ball ball
3 words for you haters, fuck all ya'll

[Hook]

[Verse 2:]

You can count your pockets but you can't count mine
I'm a constant hustler I stay on the grind
A lot of haters talkin bout what they gon do to me
I hear it all the time that ain't nothing new to me
Ya'll fake ass snake ass bitch ass imposters
Gotta play harder if you wanna make the roster
Keep on hatin me I'm not tryna stop ya
Take ya ass to school, let me throw on my lacoste
My flow so sick it leave a stain on the beat
And my wet paint still leave a stain on the street
I can pimp my ride and pimp yo hoe
10 bands for a feature, 15 for a show
A whole ounce allowed, jus for me to blow
10 whole stacks jus for me to throw
Only thing on my mind is ralph get that paper
Throw the deuces up to ya'll punk ass haters

[Hook]