

Ball For Me (feat. Nicki Minaj)

Post Malone

Uh, woah(Baby, could you?) I got too much on my mind right now
I ain't got the time to get you Saint Laurent down
(Could you?) I got too much on my mind right now
Time to hit Rodeo, give my baby 30 thou'Oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo, ball for me
Oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo, b-ball for me, yeah
Oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo, ball for me
Oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo, b-ball for me, yeahI'm on the road, I'm gettin' paid
Like what you want, baby? (What you want, baby?)
You're bougie, baby, but I love you
Baby, give you the world, baby (you the world, baby)
Paid five grand for a handbag
That's Saint Laurent (Saint Laurent, baby)
Damn, you love that money, baby (oh-oh-oh)
Hunnid thousand plus hunnid thousand, my whip (my whip, my whip)
30 thousand plus 30 thousand, my wrist (my wrist, my wrist)
We got alcohol plus bad bitches, that's lit (that's lit, that's lit)
I swear, baby, we was just kissin', that's it (that's it, that's it)How could I forget the shit that you
done done for me? (for me)
Baby, gonna take the charge and take the fall for me (for me)
Would love to take you shoppin', but girl, I'll be on tour
Sorry, lil' mama, I can't give you more(Baby, could you?) I got too much on my mind right now
I ain't got the time to get you Saint Laurent down
(Could you?) I got too much on my mind right now
Time to hit Rodeo, give my baby 30 thou'Oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo, ball for me
Oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo, b-ball for me, yeah
Oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo, ball for me
Oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo, b-ball for me, yeah
Yo, gotta hit him on the jack
When you comin' back? Where is you at on the map?
Everythin' is intact
Could have been a seamstress, still wouldn't cut him slack
Pretty much, ain't got a clue
Itty bitty piggyback off everythin' I do
But I'm still droppin' jaws
Got 'em lookin' like James Harden at the awardsBack to you, I'm so into you
For real, bread like I'm kin to you
If you a 10, I add 10 to you
They be mad when I tend to you
That's what the bae like
Call me Buffy 'cause that's what I slay like
These bitches, I son 'em like it's daylight
These niggas wanna know what it tastes like

What it tastes like, yo, what it tastes like, yo
They wanna know what it tastes like, yo
All this ice, it should taste like snow
Get kimonos and let's fly to Tokyo
Pretty, pretty please, baby, won't you cop this for me?(Baby, could you?) I got too much on my
mind right now

I ain't got the time to get you Saint Laurent down
(Could you?) I got too much on my mind right now
Time to hit Rodeo, give my baby 30 thou'Oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo, ball for me
Oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo, b-ball for me, yeah
Oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo, ball for me
Oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo, b-ball for me, yeah
Oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo, ball for me (what it tastes like)
Oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo, b-ball for me, yeah
Oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo, ball for me (what it tastes like)
Oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo, b-ball for me, yeah

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>