

Ron Artest - 42 Dugg and Babyface Ray Lyrics

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"Ron Artest"

He passed me the ball (yeah)

He never passed me the ball

He passed me the ball (yeah, you feel me)

Kobe passed me the ball and I shot a three (yeah, yeah)

Yeah

Niggas yellin' from the stands, watch what you sayin'

Blowin' peanut butter cookie with my cup like jam (purp')

Turn to a Warrior, put a dub on your head

You don't wanna work, put some drugs in his hand (yeah)

In a 'vert, put a top on that bitch like a hoodie (melo)

Doin' top speed with my hands on her goodies (pew)

Dirty-ass boy, why yo' pop so muddy? (Dirt)

Got so much cheese, I ain't trust nobody (boy)

My mind fucked up, can't fuck with nobody (uh-uh)

Dealin' with heartbreak, I don't love nobody
If you wanna make a couple racks, come with me (c'mon)
You ain't gotta slip, blue kit one-fifty (blue)
Up that bitch, niggas turn into Ricky (Ricky)
Turn up with a bag, niggas turnin' in gifties (run)
Turn right around, I'm coming home wit it (I'm back)
It ain't 'bout guap, don't call my phone, nigga (yeah)
Niggas real life dumb, I don't get along with it
Prolly gon' fuck if I'm left alone with her (phew)
I just can't pursue these rat-ass bitches 'cause they doing it for clout (clout)
Neighbors keep on peeking through they window 'cause I'm runnin' it up
Grab the Draco off the couch, yeah (grab the Draco off the couch, yeah)
I got mud in my ice tea (got mud in my ice tea)
Rose gold on a white tee (rose gold on a white tee)
I heard this bitch wanna fight me (heard these bitch wanna fight me)
Yeah, my bitches don't excite me (mm, get the fuck on)
Right now, I'm courtside like Spike Lee (yeah, yeah)
Gettin' rich off rap, man, life free (man, life)
White lows, man I do 'em like twice a week (that's nothin')
Pillow-talk to a rat then try and speak (man, boy), niggas weird
I'm fucked up, ate Perc' now I'm cured (ugh)
Yeah, you in the streets but you lost, you a deer (lost)
Niggas writin' for a rap buzz, I don't care (why?)

Miss me with the rap shit, I was there (facts)

Live in the flesh, Ron Artest

Counted me out, came back, I'ma champ (ballin')

She just wanna suck a nigga dry, she a vamp' (ooh)

Told me fuck a new chair, I need a lamp (light)

Ain't nobody else puttin' mine on the map (uh-uh)

Free P, I'ma hold it down 'til he back (P)

That nigga face trippin', goin' live in the trap (yeah)

I got it right now, reportin' live with the racks (It's on me)

Ayy, free Ric, I'ma hold it down 'til he here

Fitty thousand on me, gettin' head in the Lear'(phew)

This the big jet, got a bed in the Lear' (big jet)

Baby goin' crazy, me and Ced' in the chair

4 Pockets Full and they ain't CMG

Put the music to the sides, bitch, I'm signed to the streets (streets)

I'ma grind', stop bleed, never beg for what I need (uh-uh)

Puppet dash strong, bitch, I'm lookin' for the beans

Ayy, I just touched down, yeah I'm lookin' for the lean (yeah)

Callin' for the work, send the bookers to Alim

Thought I got 'em made but they really double Gs (gs)

You ain't never 'nough to fuck up a hundred Gs, nigga

Ayy, sometimes I feel left out

Two hundred thousand in the bed, still, I'm stressed out

Pssh, livin' legend, I'm blessed now, ayy

Still goin' through the trenches

Still yellin', "Free my niggas"

Know she happy that I did it

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