

# 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-oooh, ball for me  
Oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oooh, b-ball for me, yeah  
Oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oooh, ball for me  
Oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oooh, 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  
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Oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oooh, b-ball for me, yeah  
Oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oooh, ball for me  
Oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oooh, 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://counterlikes.com/>