

# Lay Up (feat. Wordsplayed)

## Andy Mineo & Wordsplayed

What time, is it?

Gametime

Marv Albert: 1.3 seconds left in regulation and right now you're not thinkin' jump shot, all you need is a layup

Mineo: That's right Marv, nothin' fancy

Marv Albert: No cosmetics

Mineo: They've got a chance to win it here tonight at Dyckman courts. He throws it in, he's wide open

(Don't miss, don't miss)

Marv Albert: Ooh, he missed it at the horn Wavin' my American flag

Even though it got "Made in China" on the tag

Used to have the GT with the mags now my face in the mags

I ain't gotta brag, Momma said, "Let other people do that"

White man still can't jump

If I catch a fast break then I'm slappin' the glass

Ask my man Sequae should I marry my girl he said, "Wait up, hold up"

She fly, love God, and she got a good mind

Oh boy, that's a layup!

Gotta take it when it come

Please don't miss it

What you bouta do with the rock?

When it's game time for the wedding save me a ticket

What time is it?

Game time

What time is it?

Game time

What time is it?

Game time

Young boy, don't quit

One thing that you don't miss

That's a layup That's easy boy

That's a lay up

That's a free-bee boy (fundamentals)

That's a lay up

Don't blow it

That's a lay up

That's easy buckets (Eazy-E)

That's a lay up

Told Alex I don't want no more trap beats

Man, why you had to send this?

You know I couldn't resist

This is a finger roll, look at the flicka da wrist

That's an assist, no I insist  
Throw me the alley, I'll oop it  
Spanish girl up in my hood  
Look me in the face said, "Don't be estupid", I got it  
Look, shawty I'm the professor, get the lab coat  
I speak two languages, Spanglish and infact-os  
Coach told me no lollygaggin'  
Still dunk with my pants saggin'  
One sixteen, yeah, it's tatted  
Cause I been ridin', no bandwagon  
Look, I done came down  
Nate told me that's H-Town  
But I'm Boenheim, when it's game time  
That's a lay up, but I never lay it down  
You ain't even pray for the dinner  
How you got the prayin' hands on the 'gram for the picture?  
And we already won, we the pros, got nextGoin' down, NY  
City don't sleep, let me close one eye  
City don't weep, grown boys don't cry  
Four wings with the pork fried, oh my  
I'm schemin' up, teamin' up, lay it up  
Screamin' out buckets, buckets  
They don't even know me but swear that I did it for duckets, my Lord  
We brought Sosa back to the minors  
Lord help me, the money look major  
She only love things that are finer  
And she lookin' fine, boy, I tell you  
That's two doors with the ceiling gone  
That's five-four with the silicone  
I guess Mr. Right still choosin' wrong  
Colored folks still can't swim  
But Mike Phelps couldn't walk the water  
Pastor said that we need Jesus  
Big state was his alma mater  
Shouts to Alex, that's my brother  
Shoutin' Dyckman over Rucker  
Look at grace, I think I love her  
Marv Albert: Aw, you shoulda taken the stairs young fella  
Andy: You can't win 'em all Marv  
Marv Albert: I can't believe he blew it  
Andy: Unbelievable  
Marv Albert: That's a ball game here in New York  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>