

Murphy Lee, Pro Playas

(Welcome to Atlanta Beat)
Jay Feilder hurt his hip hop
cuz he hopped and got hit
He's a quarterback with too much zip to get it picked
He's so miami
Just ask his grand-mommy
He didn't want to play quarterback no mo' so he tried some oragami
He's baby QB one of the best of the QBs
Pocket QB, option QB, smoothies like Bob Cousy
(who's he?)

Home of travis Minor
And restaurants like the Miami Diner
And special korners with his dawg Ralph Kiner
The cheerleaders are the best flappin their pom poms
After Jay Z throws Chris C a long bomb bomb
All got senior prom proms
but Jay was big pimpin' mom
got too excited and she told him to calm
Miami's the truth like Paul Pierce
Their D-line is straight gatorade, it's fierce
I tried to tell you not to cut Trace Armstrong because he's ancient
Without permission from Ricky Williams' agent

From Jay Feild to Jay Will or J-Dub
Rollin on a rookie contract and ridin on killa dubs
Jay Will won't hesitate to shoot the pill
And give the lonely chitown crowd a thrill
The L's got to recognize, his moves are ill

and he can flat out pay the Bill
gettin' it done like Mr. Gates

while watchin Tyson Chandler pump five pound weights

You cats think you'll walk in and make the L just by sayin'
Yo what Up I'm here
Nazzzzzzzzzzzr
Half of you ballers need a brazziere
Makin the L is hard work
You wanna know, ask Pat Burke
it's not easy to go from the streets to gettin a seat
on an NBA bench, makin the L is no easy feat
So.. ya think you got the game to earn the fame
Nas, you can't even score on the wizard of oz
Think you'll make it big time without years of practice
You'll end up left in the middle of Arizona with a cactus
Arizona Iced T makes you pee an ounce
So I'm gonna make like a ball and bounce