

Born Stunna

Birdman

Born stunna
Iâ€™m a born stunna
Huh born stunna

Money money money money money bags
Money money money bags
Money money money bags
Money money money bags

Born stunna, born stunna
Flip a hundred keys just to ball all summer
Born stunna, born stunna
I put a hundred karats in the cartier mama
Born stunna, sheâ€™s a born stunna
Mercedes coup for the missus if sheâ€™s a born stunna
Born stunna, born stunna
Stack a hundred mill and another hundred cominâ€™

Born stuntinâ€™, rap huntinâ€™
Flock a hundred of them things for them cheat numbers
Rare numbers, head huntinâ€™
Hit the mall with my bitch and blow another hundred
Red flagginâ€™, poppinâ€™ red bottles
Iâ€™m talkinâ€™ big faces, money and the power
Sway lininâ€™, with my name in it
Birdman, bitch and iâ€™ve been gettinâ€™ it
Yea, so my baby want a new whip
Pearl white, stay fresh on that new shit
Ya' dig? born hustlinâ€™ on that money shit
Ya' feel? blowinâ€™ mills, big deals bitch

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Yea, a lot a lot of money bags
The money in the garbage can
Strapped up tight with a hundred bags
Money filthy bitch, we in the money lair
See, we shinin' like the money can
Since the money came, bitch we doin' the money dance
Yea, YMCMB
Loto jacked in the hustle since I hit the streets
2-50 on the new piece
New condo, 20.000 square feet
Ballin', uptown suicide
Born stunnin', strapped how we livin' fine

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Cash money, money stacks
Been grindin' since the lineage with that cromag
Fifty whip sittin' right in front of that
Ocean view, top floor, blew a hundred racks
G5'in with them chandeliers
Checker floors, tattoo tears
Uptown nigga on the battle field
Maybach relaxin' on them cop heels
Candy coated, a Harley Davis
Stuntin' on them niggas like the old baby
Bad bitch, matchin' Gucci bikes
My sun lit, we live a high life

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written by CARTER, DWAYNE/COOKE, SHAMANN/WILLIAMS, BRYAN/MARAJ, ONIKA

TANYA/ROBERTS, WILLIAM LEONARD

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