

# stuntin

## Wiz Khalifa

Yeah, y'all already know,  
When I walk the f-ck back  
You can't act like that ain't the flyest thing you ever seen in your whole entire muthaf-ckin sorry a-s life[Chorus]  
Can't say I'm not the freshest n-gga that you ever seen  
Keep a couple grand nothin' less in my jeans  
That's probably why yo b-tch keep ringin' my phone  
When I pull up she can't leave me alone  
Lil' homie I grind (I grind)  
no sleep (sleep)  
I'm good in the hood everybody know me (know me)  
I got my truck on blast  
Hear me when I roll through  
Stuntin' like a young n-gga supposed to Stunt'n like I'm supposed to  
Ridin' with my hat cocked  
Smokin' something good 3 blunts and I'm smacked out  
All city on smash, game on padlock  
26 inch rims, chrome 'em on the matchbox  
6 bad hoes man I can't choose one  
3 cell phones I just can't use one  
You see how often I spit  
You just off bread hun  
This the sh-t they can't do young  
Talk fly if you look 'em in the air  
Too young, you wonder where I got these Gucci pair of shoes from  
A lot of yall mad  
To me it's just funny  
I see why yall hatin man and the hoes just love me  
And you know I'm gettin' shhh  
F-ck it I ain't gotta say it  
The tab taken care of n-gga I ain't gotta pay it  
Yea, I'm all day with it, year round  
I bet if you was here now[Chorus]  
Can't say I'm not the freshest n-gga that you ever seen  
Keep a couple grand nothin' less in my jeans  
That's probably why yo b-tch keep ringin' my phone  
When I pull up she can't leave me alone  
Lil' homie I grind (I grind)  
no sleep (sleep)  
I'm good in the hood everybody know me (know me)

I got my truck on blast  
Hear me when I roll through  
Stuntin' like a young n-gga supposed to[Verse 2]  
Got a fat knot, blunt rolled up  
me I ride clean, neck froze up  
bad b-tch on the side  
my n-ggas all rich  
foreign whips what they drive  
yea, I smell like Gucci and big money too  
see them guys with me? they gettin' money too  
ride 22's and got heat so  
if a n-gga try me you a big prob you runnin' into  
I smoke a lot need blunt or 2  
at a time whole pounds I be runnin' through  
yea, I got a dime b-tch coming through  
cuz I pimp like I'm suppoosed to  
wonder how I get it like this, I could show you  
but it's all leather in the whip when I roll through  
this year I'm a get sh-t cleared  
take a look at this kid[Chorus]  
Can't say I'm not the freshest n-gga that you ever seen  
Keep a couple grand nothin' less in my jeans  
That's probably why yo b-tch keep ringin' my phone  
When I pull up she can't leave me alone  
Lil' homie I grind (I grind)  
no sleep (sleep)  
I'm good in the hood everybody know me (know me)  
I got my truck on blast  
Hear me when I roll through  
Stuntin' like a young n-gga supposed to

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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