Stuntin

Birdie Roth

[DJ Drama](Dramatic Nigga)
[Drake]Uh, well alright, here I go
I'm a rapper turn singer and you can tell that he smoke
But i don't need my vocal chords all i hit is C notes
N.E.R.D flow i spaz if I'm prevoke
I'm bout to change the fucking game, pass the remote.
Money is everything, and it's every other thing
I'm part of the choir and its the motto that my brother sing
Cash is the right now, women are post game
MoneyOverBitches dot com check the domain
It's coming too soon, album on the way
People ask me if i pray, i say yeah once in a blue moon
Oops, i mean a red moon, i did it again to 'em
Let me leave the station for your blood affiliation
I say heavy metaphors, flow so overweight
I could rap around these other youngin's like a cobra snake
Frostbite drizzy nigga, nobody is cold as drake
Keep yo ass inline, don't be tryin' to roller skate
Fuck all the discrete shit, i get on some peep shit
I am 21, tell me who do i compete with
I'm on my elite shit, you can tell im real cuz i'm gettin hood love
And i aint even talkin street shit
Young angel, young lie and im done tryin
I'm jus doin, who's drinkin' cause im buyin'
It's on me, everything is on me
And my girl is still down like shes fucking John B
And when i go dumb, i tend to do dumb shit
I just listen back and now I'm soundin' like a trumpet
This for all the strippers cause i know they gonna bump it
Tell her back it up and dump it, back it, back it up and dump it
Ain't no pistols here, yo money will disappear
My accountant will feed his family off my fiscal year
Tax, brackets and back and forth faxes
My money come in full circle, get up on my axis
Maybe I'mma kill 'em only cause i promised
They think I'm bein' cocky but I'm only being honest
I'm swallowin' the goose, got a model getting loose
And i never party less, i got some bottles and a booth
I just walk up on the scene, I'm about to take this

I'm just havin' patience cause i want it to make sense
White cup, orange pop, Tennessee state shit
Drop a 4 in it and appreciate the greatness
[DJ Drama](Gangtsa, gangsta, gangsta.
I just want y'all to remember,
This is the first mixtape you bump,
While you have a black president.)
[Lil Wayne]
Yeah.
Come on, pass the dro.
I am such a beast, and you can ask them hoes.
And they might even say you should leave me alone.
Their only scared.
Cause it gets like me.
Stunting is a habit, I get it from my daddy.
Just like Shaggy, I told that Boombastic.
Im a rude bastard.
I dont give a fuck about y'all.
I aint talking marbles, you can pluck my balls.
And yes I am falling, but up I fall.
And if your bitch in heat, she can fuck my dog.
I went from penny pinchin' to private planes.
Never sat on any benches, I got in games.
Starter Carter, ball harder.
Ten girls, pent house suite, y'all order
Whatever y'all please.
Wine, crackers, and cheese.
They take off their clothes and put on my tees.
The supplement Im taking got me feeling mighty
my gun and money dont split, call that shit Siamese.
Yes, my watch make the frickin' time freeze.
Your girl bless me, she suck my dick, and I sneeze.
Cheap ass apartment, just the kitchen I need.
And eighteen Gs is why the chicken crossed the street.
What you know about it? My nigga so about it.
If we kill everybody, they can go to court about it.
Weezy. I ignore the liars.
Baby, I ignite the fire.
I am Michael, Michael Myers; leave your body in the dryer.
Got the shotty on the side of me.
My bad boys follow me.
Im a bad boy, obviously.
Pop one at your ivy league.
I dont have a rivalry.
If so, you have a cosulty.

Oops, I meant a casualty.
Oops, I meant catasrophe.
Oops, I meant actually, you niggas is just ass to me,
And big, wet, pussy is more like what Im rathering.
Welcome to the gathering.
Welcome to the burying.
Or I hang you on the wall like an art gallery.
You got short salary.
and I got long money.
I got cash money.
I got young money.
Bitch.
[DJ Drama](See, I told y'all it was going to be worth the wait, right?)
[Lil Wayne]Dedication three. Chris fuck wit me.

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