

Stuntin' Like My Daddy - Street

Birdman

[Chorus]

V'room on a Yamaha chromed-out eleven hundred
What I'm doing? Getting money
What we doing? Getting money
What they doing? Hating on us, but they never cross
Cash money still a company, and, bitch, I'm the boss
And I be stuntin' like my daddy, stuntin' like my daddy
Stuntin' like my daddy, I be stuntin' like my daddy
I'm the young stunner, stuntin' like my daddy
Stuntin' like my daddy, I be stuntin' like my daddy

Bitch, I'm paid, that's all I gotta say
Can't see you, lil' nigga, the money in the way
And I'm, I'm sitting high, a ganster ride blades
If you ain't gone ride fly, then you might as well hate
Shit, I gotta eat, yeah, even though I ate
It ain't my birthday, but I got my name on the cake
(Shit) believe that, if ya mans wanna play
I'm a fuck around and put that boy brains on the table
Pick 'em up, fuck 'em, let 'em lay
Where I'm from, we see a fucking dead body everyday
That's uptown, throw a stack at 'em
Make a song about me, I'm throwing shots back at 'em
Ya bitch on my pipe, and she like a crack addict
And she saw me cooking eggs, and she though I was back at it
I grab the keys, ho, I gotta go
I got my motorcycle jacket and my motorcycle loafers

[Chorus]

98's, forty-five paper plates
Ten, the whole thing, big money heavy weight
A hundred stacks, spend fifty on a caddy, twenty-five on the pinky
Bought a pound of blow, and bounced back
Matching grills, big houses on the hill
Got them hos in the kitchen all cooking, paying bills
On stunner island, dollar after dollar
Flipping chickens, getting tickets, want the money and the power
Born stunner, uptown hunter

Third ward G's, nigga, been about money
Ice chunks, Birdman, red monkeys
White tees on them chromed out eleven hundreds
You know we shine every summer, we grind every summer
And this is how we spend money
You see them Bentleys and them Lambs'
Them ounces and them grams, bitch, we was born hustlers

[Chorus]

When I was sixteen, I bought my first Mercedes Benz
I must've fucked a thousand bitches and they girlfriends
White leather, hot new pair of rims,
Brand new pistol with the trigger like a hair pin
Big work, we don't need scale, man
Big papers, say good morning to the mail man
What you now 'bout putting bricks in the spare, man?
I can stuff a coupe like a motherfucking caravan
I'm in my zone, my form is so rare, man
If there's a throne, you're looking at a chairman
How you want it? Show me my opponent, show me my opponent
I'm still balling, a bullet gotta get me
And I've never been a pussy 'cause my hood'd never let me
A made nigga, got made niggas wit' me
I am a motorcycle boy, so I'm about to pop a wheelie

[Chorus]

[Repeat: x2]

V'room on a Yamaha chromed-out eleven hundred
V'room on a Yamaha chromed-out eleven hundred
V'room, v'room on a Yamaha chromed-out eleven hundred
Cash money still a company, and, bitch, I'm the boss

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