

Stack It Up (feat. Meek Mill)

Alley Boy

Pull up on you, blowing on that loud thing
Then do whatever Mr. Chow bring
And for them hatin' niggas that's been doubtin' me
The money stack it up, it look like Yao Ming
Yao Ming, Yao Ming
These bitches wanna fuck, and I'm like Yao Ming
Yao Ming, Yao Ming
The money stack it up, it look like Yao Ming I keep the bands on my wrist
Half a mill on my bitch
Robbin' jeans saggin' my shit
Foreign hoes all on my dick
Fuck the law, I could pay for it
Fuck the case, I could pay for it
200 pounds a day
Nigga all them boys fuckin' pay for it
Big titties, fake booty
Got a big dick, bitch get to it
Young nigga minds I influence
DT, they tattooed
Got nickels, dimes and drums
Too much power in my tongue
Too much kush all in my lungs
We clean your plate for the crumbs
I'm saving up like I want
I won look at my charm
I'm stretching like Yao Ming, arms my money long
Exotic trips to Milan
But our heart lit as some phones
My paper like Yao Ming
These niggas just putting on, for real Pull up on you, blowing on that loud thing
Then do whatever Mr. Chow bring
And for them hatin' niggas that's been doubtin' me
The money stack it up, it look like Yao Ming
Yao Ming, Yao Ming
These bitches wanna fuck, and I'm like Yao Ming
Yao Ming, Yao Ming
The money stack it up, it look like Yao Ming Okay I stand tall with that China white
Yugh, call that Yao Ming
I don't fuck with these pussy niggas

They all singing like Al Green
We well respected, well connected
My money long and my tires clean
Gold rimes in my Aston Martin
No rollin' bitch 'cause my tires clean
New Lamborghini Murc' go skuurt
That bullshit you kickin' won't work
I'm out Chi-Town, meet my nigga Durk
Nigga run up on me wrong
Pussy nigga get merked, bang bang nigga
White bricks, duckin' from the chain gang nigga
Cock back, head shot, brain hang nigga
Same weed, brain from your main dame nigga
Keep it real, can't tell me they ain't gay nigga
Black masks, we ain't never gangbang nigga
Matte Black coming through the left lane nigga
You a pawn playin' in the chess game nigga
F this, straight through yo vest game nigga
Hold up, let me slow it down for these fuck boys
Weed loud, jewellery loud, we make enough noise Pull up on you, blowing on that loud thing
Then do whatever Mr. Chow bring
And for them hatin' niggas that's been doubtin' me
The money stack it up, it look like Yao Ming
Yao Ming, Yao Ming
These bitches wanna fuck, and I'm like Yao Ming
Yao Ming, Yao Ming
The money stack it up, it look like Yao Ming Must be Fat Trel, Alley Boy, Louie V Mob
Alley Boy chuck big bank met Sosa at 6
Little Ricky duct tape mob
50 thousand in hunned
Got yo girl kissin' on my stomach
She know that the young boy here do numbers
Hit 'em one time, bitch lose my number
Money too long, don't show no pity
A Town dumb bitch this my city
Georgia pound, GA my state
Home of the Braves, nigga fuck yo city
Alley Boy a gold mine, I'm a golden child
Nigga, diamond in the dirt
With all these DT's in they face
And all the LV's on my shirt
Money long like Yao Ming
That's the chain, that ain't no cream
That's K4, that ain't no lean
Them fuck niggas, that ain't no team

My paper tall and my tape dogs
2 Pac's soul, a new outlaw
Play you beat me, hand choppa
50 rounds, face off Pull up on you, blowing on that loud thing
Then do whatever Mr. Chow bring
And find them hatin' niggas that's been doubtin' me
The money stack it up, it look like Yao Ming

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