

# Blue Hunda

## Plies

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All I got is Blue Hundas, Blue Hundas, Blue Hundas, Blue Hundas  
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All I got is Blue Hundas  
Don't ask me for no change I ain't got none  
I heard he going broke better pray for him  
You catch me in the club with a block on me  
Don't do it to yourself I got the Glock on me  
It feel real good to have a stack homie  
I don't care 'bout the hoes so you can bag those  
550 what I paid for my first onion  
I you owe me you ain't pay me nigga I don't want nothing  
What they say shit what go around come around  
I'm a act like it's all good but I'm a lay ya down  
You were flacking you ain't got it you a shit eater  
Fuck niggas want verses I don't do either  
Catch me in the strip club on the day shift  
We spray the party up that's a face lift  
Top notch 49 50 that's the quick flip  
Ask the hoes about me nigga I leave a big tip  
If you looking for me I'm standing on the couch man  
Blowing kush out my nose fuck what you think  
These hoes will say they love ya if your bread right  
[?] nigga over night  
I'm a different kind of nigga I'm in elite class  
And outbang every nigga in my weight class  
Like Soulja Slim said I'll pay for it  
But one thing I won't do I won't wait for it  
Still wearing white-tee's like a d-boy  
And still slide though the city in a decoy  
I used to like stacks now I like m's now  
I used to fuck broke bitches I don't see em now  
Like they say nigga money over everything  
My motherfucking brother the only thing that ain't changed  
I get money fuck bitches that's my lifestyle  
Real nigga certain things we don't talk about

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

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