

# Alley Boy, Stack It Up (ft. Meek Mill)

Pull up on you, blowing on that loud thing  
Then do whatever Mr. Cho bring  
You brought 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, get on 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  
She droppin gin to sag on my shit, foreign hoes all on my dick  
Fuckin law, I could play for a fuckin case  
I could play 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  
You nigga minds I influence  
DT, they tattooed  
I got DD on drone  
Cubans pour it in my cup  
Cuban kush all in my lungs  
We clean and play for the chrome  
Don't say love like I want, I wanna look at my charm  
I'm stretching like Yao Ming, always my money long  
As I took to Milan but I was on it else a phone  
Cuz 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. Cho bring  
You brought 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, get on 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, uh 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 cars clean  
Gold rimes in my Aston Martin  
No rollin bitch cuz my cars clean  
New Lamborghini but it's go slow  
That bullshit you think it won't work  
I'm on Chi Twon, meet my nigga dirt  
Nigga run up on me wrong  
Pussy nigga get murked, bang bang nigga  
White bricks duckin from the chain gang nigga  
Cock back, head shot, playin HAM nigga  
Same weed, brain finger, main thing nigga  
Keep it real, can't tell me they ain't gang niggas  
Black masks, we ain't never gangbang nigga  
Matt Black coming through the love lane nigga  
You a ball playin in the shots game nigga  
F then, straight through yo best game nigga  
Hold up, let me slow it down for these fuck boys  
We loud, joint loud, we make enough noise

Pull up on you, blowing on that loud thing  
Then do whatever Mr. Cho bring  
You brought 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, get on 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 took big bank that the Sosa at 6, little Biggie duct tape em all  
50000 at home  
?cause yo girl chasin on my stomach  
Slowly you gon probably he?ll do nothing  
Hit him one thing, he screw with my number  
Runnin too long but I?m showin no pity  
A Town gun, bitch this my city  
Jordan blowed, she ate my steak  
Home of the brave, nigga fuck yo city  
Alley Boy a gold mine, I?mma go with this child  
Nigga got me in the dirt  
With all these DT?s in they face and all the LV?s on my shirt  
Money long like Yao Ming, there?s the chain, there?s no green  
Best K4, there ain?t no lean  
To a fuck nigga there ain?t no team  
My paper talkin, my tape dogs  
2 puffs on, you outlaw  
Pray you beat me, hand choppa  
50 rounds, face off

Pull up on you, blowing on that loud thing  
Then do whatever Mr. Cho bring  
You brought them hatin niggas that?s been doubtin me  
The money stack it up ? it look like Yao Ming