

Stack Bundles, Rob 2 Night

(feat. Bynoe)

(On the phone)

Yo, what?

How many times you hit em?

I'm on my way

[Chorus:]

All through the hood I'm hearin people say, that I'm a get rob tonight

If they make me give my shit up, I'm a have to get hit up ok?

Cause I'm down to die for mine

We holdin, he holdin; lock and loaded (cause I'm down to die for mine)

We rollin, he holdin; lock and loaded (cause I'm down to die for mine)

Look, they say God don't like ugly, so ugly niggas is worthy

Comes around, goes around; see what happen to (Birdy's)

Sleepin with the enemy, creepin with the enemy, speakin with the enemy

Like he wasn't a friend of me (why?)

Didn't show em where the studio was

So (clack, clack)

Take off the jewelry cause

See, it was meant for me, but he was entertainin em

I hear the rumors, but I ain't entertainin em

Few banana clips for guerillas, I'm entertainin em

I ain't monkeyin around, arangatangin em

I ain't wearin grey cause it's cute, nigga I'm bangin em

I bought them burners to shoot, nigga I'm bangin em

[Chorus]

Do I look the least bit worried?

Niggas don't scare me, who gives a fuck about your "barbershop talk";

My phone ring and my youngins'll pop off,

We'llfuck around and get your barbershop, Boss

See I'm respected like papa

Loved like millz

Hated like light, with "doc middleto"; skills

You gotta honor em cause the fact that he real

The fours in my hand, a nigga gone get kill

Tie up boys come around we gon handle em

It's no negotiatin; I ain't Bryan Hamilton

You gotta shoot me, a robbery gone wrong

If you think I give a fuck, then you ain't listenin to the song

[Chorus]