

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'll fuck 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]