

# Baby A.K.A. The #1 Stunna, Heads Up (Featuring

(Heads up)  
I hear them people coming daddy  
You better get to running daddy  
(Heads up)  
(Heads up)  
They walking through the court man  
(Heads up)  
(Heads up)  
You better stash your dope man  
(Heads up)  
(Heads up)  
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(Heads up)  
Aye, I heard it was a murder  
Robbing and kidnapping, lil one with that jaw jacking  
Saying that he stacking ain't packing that tool go to clapping  
You hear that, move out before the  
Man I don't like that nigga anyway  
I heard he been ratting  
We can drag him to the river Stone  
Nah, leave him for Patrice  
I'm a gangsta, hustler, hoodlum, slow down  
I came with the four pounds so fucking let it go down  
I'm tired of them niggas talking, I'm letting the trigga sparker  
Bull dog barking, Cadillac done did 'em awful  
He ratting, stooping, bitching, and busting balls  
Say Lac, I'ma send this nigga to the mall, it is what it is  
It's one way in dog, heads up  
Grab on them K-9 dogs  
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Stunna a street nigga, straight up make him act as money  
And I don't sleep nigga, I stay up in a black 600  
I play for keeps nigga, so pay up, ain't jacking nothing  
The price is cheap nigga, heads up, crackers coming  
See I'm a known D Boy so they hits my spot  
Put my homies on they knees and they check for rocks  
So we change stash spots 'cause the blocks is hot  
On the rag-less cars so they can't clip my spots

The Caprice's on the block moving slowly  
That's the motherfucking police  
Here come the laws nigga heads up  
Better raise up Big chips if ya made something  
Move, move out nigga  
They coming through, what about the traffic daddy?  
Nigga, fuck you, heads up you know what to do  
You best to break, run, 'cause nigga they coming through  
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They told me put my hands on the car and show me your hands  
I had some raw in my draws so I broke out and ran  
I can't afford to be busted 'til my money advance  
But I'm running with the Bird man so I'm straight nigga  
I'm on the block with the rocks and the 44  
It's so hot and we still burn a pound of dro'  
Million stashed in the trunk or compartment doors  
A hundred birds stashed in a Bentley four door  
I'm sticking to tha G-Code, Tees and Bauts  
Break it up covered in rocks  
Got a bitch on every exit that's holding my blocks  
And I drive a but keep my Lexus by my older shops  
Streets watching, I know that's why I'm on my shit  
When them people riding with four doors up my click  
Showing them off to rookie cops to watch out for me  
And I know this from crooked cops that get blocks from me  
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