Lil Wayne, Stuntin Like My Daddy

(Chorus)
Vrooom on a yamaha chromed out 11 hundred
Wut I'm doin, gettin money, wut we doin, gettin money
Wut they doin, hatin on me, but they neva cross
Cash money still the company, and bitch I'm the boss
And I be stuntin like my daddy, stuntin like my daddy
Stuntin like my daddy, I be stuntin like my daddy
I'm the, young stunna, stuntin like my daddy
Stuntin like my daddy, I be stuntin like my daddy

(Verse 1: Lil Wayne)
Yeah bitch I'm paid, thats all I gotta say
Cant see my lil niggas, cuz the money in the way
And I'm, I'm sittin high, a gansta ride blades
If you ain't gone ride fly than you might as well hate
Shit I gotta eat yeah even though I ate
No it ain't my birthday but I got my name on my cake
Shit believe that, if ya mans wanna play
Im'ma fuck around and put that boy brains on the gate
Hey pick 'em up, pop 'em let 'em lay
Where I'm from we see a fuckin dead body everyday
Thats, uptown, throw a stack at 'em
Make a song about me I'm throwin shots back at 'em
Ya bitch I'm a pipe, and she like a crack attic
And she saw me cookin EGGS and she though I was back at it
I grab the keys, hoe I gotta go
I got my motorcycle jacket and my motorcycle loafs

(Chorus)

(Verse 2: Baby)
Shorty 98's, 45 paper plates
10 the whole thang big money heavy weight
A hundred stacks, spend 50 on a Caddie, 25 on the pinky,
Bought a pound of blow and bounced back
Matching grills, big houses on the hill
Got them hoes in the kitchen all cookin payin' bills
I starta holla, dollar after dollar
Flippin chickens gettin tickets want the money and the power
Born stunna, uptown hunter
3rd war G nigga been about money
Ice chunky, birdman redmonkeys
White Tees on tha chromed out 11 hundreds
you know we shine every summer, we grind every summer
And this is how we spend money
You see them Bentleys and them Lam's
Them ounces and them grams, bitch we was born hustlas

(Chorus)

(Verse 3: Lil Wayne)
Yeah when I was 16 I bought my first Mercedes Benz
I must've fucked a thousand bitches and a girlfriend
White leather, hot new bare rims, brand new pistol with a trigger like a hair pin
Big work, we dont need a scale man, big papers say good mornin to the mail man
What'cha now bout putting bricks in the spare, man
I can stuff a coupe like a muthafucken caravan
I'm in my zone my arm is so rare man if theres a song you lookin at the chair man
How you want it, show me my opponent....throw me my opponent
I'm still ballin, a bullet gotta get me
And I've never been a pussy cause my hood never let me
A made nigga got made niggaz wit me
I'ma motorcyle boy so I'm about to pop a wheelie

(Chorus)

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