

## Stash Box

38 Spesh

Huh  
Know what I'm saying  
Right  
Right  
Huh  
Niggas know what time it is  
Huh, huh, huh

Ayo, I told my bitch we need to level up  
We stayed together for the kids, but we really hate each other's guts  
She said I wasn't gettin' bread enough  
Then she wonder why I'm always worried about money instead of us  
I think back when I was sellin' dust and crack  
Comin' back, giving you stacks, you never fussed  
The jealous stuff made the ghetto rough  
They want me dead, I can't even get my kid from the yellow bus  
Was in the spot then I was gettin' blocks  
I done seen everything and I done did a lot  
Hundred thousand dollar car, ridin' with a thot  
And I got it all from puttin' product in the pot (Huh)  
It broke my heart when they killed Moranne  
I can't believe the DA mention my name when his girl was on the stand  
Understand, that's my lil' man  
They found the niggas who did it, I pray they all get killed in the can

This for them niggas bringin' back blocks, huh  
For the ones on top and the have-nots  
I still drive through the back blocks, huh  
Pistol out, ridin' with an open stash box  
This for my niggas bringin' back blocks, huh  
For the ones on top and the have-nots  
I still drive through the back blocks, huh  
Pistol out, riding with an open stash box

Yo, I know 'bout trap nights, nigga  
And what half price get ya  
So much dope, I could throw a baby in the trash like Brenda  
[?] hold a MAC like he about to blow a bagpipe, nigga  
All this VS glass look just like a flashlight flicker  
You know the outcome could've been yours, give my regards  
To niggas that finished with scars 'cause they did it and lost  
We can't do business if the figures is off  
It's different when you gettin' it soft  
Now name a nigga with equivalent bars  
Uh, in camo print, in my head I'm hearin' piano riffs  
Rambo clip, in the hood with the door of the Lambo flipped  
And any beat I tampered with, I trampled it  
Niggas know, it ain't no stamp on it 'less the champ on it  
Yeah, you know the shit was hard, I had to make a way  
Get my mama a car just to make her day  
We grind it out, while they complain  
My stomach full from steak and eggs, razor blades and Ace of Spade

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