

# Down For My Stacks

**B.G.**

Ya see I'm not takin' no fuckin' shorts nigga come with it all  
Yeah you got to stand tall and have yo back against the wall  
Nigga let yo nuts hang it's that iron you got to slang  
If some fuckin' drama jump act a fool with yo bank  
Buck! Buck! with yo chrome blood gushin' from they dome  
Got the company can't be safe carry 'em to they fuckin' drape  
You ask for one simple favor come with all my fuckin' cash  
Couldn't hunt two quarter front so I had to bust that ass  
You went and got all my dope then you stuck like Chuck  
Like Slim said don't take no loses that you can't make up

See I don't want my 98 fuck with 99  
I want all my fuckin' money but bitch you got to die  
Nigga

The game ain't the same you can't be lame  
You got to be a true thug ain't let yo fuckin' nuts hang  
A nigga like me want all my heat or I have to split yo wig  
Stank bitch can suck my dick motherfuck a pussy pig  
I straight handle my business and I strap my gat  
Down Baby and Slim them old school gee's  
Down for my stacks

I'm down for my motherfuckin' stacks  
I'm born to jack and slang the fuckin' bozack  
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It's some fucked up shit with all this fuckin' killin'  
But I just sit back stack I'm steady hustlin' and chillin'  
Watchin' niggas kill niggas over doppin' bitches  
And these so called gangsters turned snitches  
But I don't get involved with that dumb shit  
I want the bitches, the riches and the power to run shit  
So dog ass hoes don't even step to me  
If you don't suck dick or pay bills you ain't no help to me  
Top notch hustler I'm buryin' busters six feet under  
Yeah I'm that nigga wonder and I ain't takin' shit  
From this crackers and jackers I'm on the come up  
So bitches you can run up  
Peep this situation about this bitch that I know  
Never gave my play but heard me on the radio  
She wants to know what I've been doin' all the time  
You stupid bitch I know you heard I've been writin' rhymes  
I'm the same nigga you wouldn't fuck with a year ago  
Now I'm doin' shows makin' a little cash flow  
Sport Girbauds walkin' like I got a attitude  
You ain't know the Vicious on the come up move

My niggas gave me love my niggas gave me dubs  
My niggas watch me come up from a motherfuckin' scrub

So it's gonna be like that me and my niggas  
Doin' shows, fuckin' hoes and pullin' triggers  
Cuz hoes these days back door ya with ya

Motherfuckin' brother I call 'em freaks under cover  
See I can give a fuck about these dog ass hoes  
Black I'm down for my motherfuckin' stacks

You know it's all about money bitch  
Smokin' on that chronic gettin' buzzed out  
Drinkin' on that gin and juice a blunt hangin' from my mouth  
I sold crack from the time I was a juvenile  
The money hungry nigga that wouldn't avoid a fuckin' p nile  
Get out of jail I went to ballin' on they dog ass  
Started sellin' hats I went to countin' bundles of cash  
Got out of jail again caught myself a felony  
I knew I should have listened to what the fuck my mama was tellin' me  
Then seven months of fuck school and den I rolled out  
Started missin' money so that's why the fuck I moved out  
Cuz I'm a baby gangster fightin' to survive  
When I close my eyes I got to make sure it's passed twenty-five  
I'm on the map now to teach you'll a lesson  
I'm bustin' caps, cops try'na take my Smith n Wesson man  
Blok Boom on that ass again introduce you to a lil' friend  
I swore to crack that I was gonna be gettin' paid fast  
Gettin' paid cash then I blast nigga  
I'm makin' bank had police not gettin' off my back  
I'm on that ass down for my fuckin' stacks