

Rappin Stackin

Babyfxc E

Rappin', stackin', hittin' hoes
Static on my skin and bones
Chrome Heart on me, head to toe
Yeah, bitch, spilled Wockeisha on my clothes
Yeah, yeah, I fucked her once, now she won't go

Yeah, huh, rappin', stackin', hittin' hoes
Static on my skin and bones
Chrome Heart on me, head to toe
She like, "If you cheatin', keep it P and please just let me know"
Said she was gon' leave, but for some reason, she can't let me go

Probably 'cause I'm up (Up)
They hear striking, think it's us (Us)
Need some pints, you come at us (Come on)
Then we might show you some love (Nigga)
Walk in that bitch with a stick in my drawers, I ain't fightin' in no club
She be tryna throw my cup in the trash, she don't like me off the drugs
This Wocky, this ain't cheap
Bitch, quit talkin', I can't think
Ask who poppin', they like, "E"
They ask who poppin', you don't say-
Man, you can't be my opp, if you get popped, then you'll say me
I don't talk to cops, if I get got, we make it even
Yeah, pulled up on my main man, showed him that I made a hundred
She heard that I'm famous, she just want me for my money
Bitch, if you can't help me get this bag, then you just 'round for nothin'
I got bitches that do more than half and they around for nothin'
Nigga, they just down for fuckin'
Switchy, hop out the car with the button
Fifty, spent in the mall with my brother
I'm cheating, get caught, I'ma call her my cousin
She say I ain't shit, only call when I'm buzzin'
Swervin' the clip, know it come with a dozen
Circle was small when I didn't have no money, I showed 'em the play, now the
y tryna re-huddle

Yeah, I been rappin', stackin', hittin' hoes
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Bitch, you so cold, here, let me turn you up (Come on)
Let me earn your trust, all-white Buffs, they came from Hutch
Yeah, like I ain't pack no bag, I'm with the gang, ain't changin' up (For real)
Yeah, niggas be so mad, they hoes get fucked, they blamin' us
They blamin' me
Pop my shit on stage, I'm who they pay to see
Let that ho go be a ho, bro, you can't save her from the streets
Got your mama callin' my phone, but she can't save you from the beef
I been chillin' for too long, call lil' bro, it's time to hop on fully
Bitch was tryna stop my money
Bring her in town, my pop so muddy
Chrome Heart hoodie, it was like two thousand, every cross cost extra money
Life get crazy, I swear to God, you can get a nigga gone at the press of a b

utton

Fuck these hoes, I'm gettin' money, my niggas straight, I ain't stressin' no
thin'

Nigga, I been rappin', stackin', hittin' hoes

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