

# Born Stunna

Birdman

Born stunna  
I'm a born stunna  
Huh born stunna

Money money money money money bags  
Money money money bags  
Money money money bags  
Money money money bags

Born stunna, born stunna  
Flip a hundred keys just to ball all summer  
Born stunna, born stunna  
I put a hundred karats in the cartier mama  
Born stunna, she's a born stunna  
Mercedes coup for the missus if she's a born stunna  
Born stunna, born stunna  
Stack a hundred mill and another hundred comin'

Born stuntin', rap huntin'  
Flock a hundred of them things for them cheat numbus  
Ride numbus, head huntin'  
Hit the mall with my bitch and blow another hunid  
Red flaggin', poppin' red bottles  
I'm talkin' big faces, money and the power  
Sway linin', with my man in it  
Birdman, bitch and I've been kickin'  
Yea, so my baby want a new wheel  
Pearl white, stay fresh on that new shit  
You dig? born hustlin' on that money shit  
Ya feel? blowin' mills, big jewels bitch

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Yea, a lot a lot of money bags  
The money in the garbage can  
Strapped up tight with a hundred bags  
Money filthy bitch, we in the money lair  
See, we shinin' like the money can  
Since the money came, bitch we throw the money fan  
Yea, ymcmbg  
Loto jacked in the hustle since I hit the streets  
2-50 on the new piece  
New condo, 20.000 square feet  
Ballin', uptown suicide  
Born stuntin', strapped how we livin' fine

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Cash money, money stacks  
Been grindin' since the lineage with that cromag  
Fifty whip sittin' right in front of that  
Ocean view, top floor, blew a hundred racks  
G5'in with them chandeliers  
Checker floors, tattoo tears  
Uptown nigga on the battle field  
Maybach relaxin' on them cop heels  
Candy coated, a harley davis  
Stuntin' on them niggas like the old baby  
Bad bitch, matchin' gucci bikes  
My sun lit, we live a high life

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