

Stacks & Flips

Boldy James

And I'm trapped in this
Every day of life is stack and flip
Stick got me leaning like Actavis
Tell me what's the meaning of having this
Life without money and having shit
Bitches, money, ice and packages
Mattress straps and Lambs and shit
Bitches, money, ice and packages, stacks and flips
And I'm trapped in this
Spin a nigga's wife, fucking actresses
Send 'em over night to my addresses
Bitches, money, ice and packages, stacks and flips

Spent years on the low, did ten, came home
Fifty thousand hundred dollar bills in the floor
Food saved up, who raised us?
Lost everything, probably gonna never change
Polished on every lane, cocaine what my team got
What you need? What you say? Huh
On Hell Block, who gon' save y'all?
Gettin' money every day, ain't no days off
That's the mentality, trap for the salary
Mack 'cause I gotta be, strapped, fuck a felony
Cats in the cellar, B, scatless you better be
Fast and you better squeeze, shrapnel instead of flee
'Cause ain't no cowards over here, nigga
Lead showers for you weird niggas
Wipe the powder off your beard, nigga
Think you doing too much, I think I'm doing too much
Boldy

Out in Sin City, it get real chilly
Come and spin with me, get a real bricky for the Ken Griffey
Big striggy for when shit get real sticky
It get real tricky, know I been litty with them big fifties
Kept a slim thicky in the Benz with me
Now it's big Bentley, niggas wasn't shooting at the rim with me
Never wasn't in the gym with me, never spin with me
'Til the clip empty, didn't know that I was him really
Big willie, now these niggas tryna sin with me
Win with me, but is he gon take it on the chin if he
Get flicked with me? Really keep it real with me
Real nigga, I never let 'em cut a deal with me
Field trippin OT on a pill mission
Lost a quarter mill, know my niggas split Ms with me
Glock 26, that's a dimwitty
Switch on the glick, youngin gon spin 'til he get dizzy

Three K's like the Ku Klux, quick to chuck the deuce up
Press up another deuce and put a seven on it
Cut it with the sleeping beauty like it's melatonin
Niggas hella scurvy, I'm just worried 'bout 'em telling on us
Never tougher than our gang, they was bailin on us
Caught his hand in the cookie jar and upped the FN on us
Right number, I'll front it to whoever want it
All white meat turkey, had to put the dressing on it
Selling pills really to the hillbillies

Got the kill billy for a steel, really in the field drilling
Big ten milli, niggas been dealy
Zips ten fifty out in Twin City made a real killing
Still chilling at the top, niggas still stealing
Sauce that they got from me and Blocks, got my wheels spinning
Still spinning blades, ice on the woodgrain
Floor seat tix, rocking mics at the Bulls game

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