

## 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 thick 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

And I'm trapped in this  
Everyday 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