

# Get Like Me

David Banner

Have you ever seen a Chevy with the butterfly do's

Stuntin-stuntin is a habit, get like me  
Have you ever seen a Chevy with the, get-get like me  
Have you ever seen a Chevy with the, get like me  
Have you ever seen a Chevy with the butterfly do's?  
Stuntin-stuntin is a habit, put it in the air  
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Have you ever seen a Chevy with the butterfly do's?

(Stuntin-stuntin is a habit)

I got a chip in my engine, 26 inch rims  
I got fadeaway money, bitch I'm ballin out the gym  
Got my old school pumpin, hip wheel on recline  
If you think a nigga broke you out'cha monkey-ass mind (yeah)  
Diamonds on my pinky (yeah) hand on the pine  
Bitch touch and now your momma do the second line (yeah)  
Screens fallin from the sky, syrup fallin in my cup  
Old school Chevy thang, comin down nigga what  
Got diamonds in my mouth, got some Gucci on my seat  
Got g's on my ass, bitch it's cold when I speak  
Got a freak on my arm, got a charm around my neck  
You can gon' pass the mic, watch I'm 'bout to catch wreck  
Still screamin out mayne, pistol in my hand  
Southside so throwed (throwed in the game)  
Big face on my chain, 84's on the frame  
Big bodies comin down, hoggin up both lanes

(Stuntin-stuntin is a habit) The name you know of

A little bit of change, now your boy done blown up  
And I'm throwin thangs just to get exposed  
Stuntin ain't a thing to me  
And it's obvious it's plain to see  
That you gon' make us both  
Get into some thangs that is for grown folks  
And they might even say you should leave me alone  
But don't be scared... you need to get like me~!  
Stuntin is a habit, just gotta have it  
Shorty can throw anythang at me I'm gonna bag it  
When she see the karats, for real just like a rabbit  
Cain't another boy do the things you like  
He ain't your type, change your life  
But if you did your homework, girl I'm pretty sure you know what I got  
Drop top singin, know Jones and Banner gonna roll  
Let me stop.... stuntin is a habit

(Stuntin-stuntin is a habit)

(Yeah!) Let them bougie boys ride Maybach  
I'm in the candy laid back like I slang crack  
My money stack to the ceiling  
Gettin in my Chevy's like climbin up a buildin, them 28's on deck  
37 on my wrist, a hundred five on my neck  
This rap money's okay but you should see these movie checks  
And this cartoon cash, the SS so sweet  
My Bentley's hatin on that ass, my old school's gettin pissed  
She opened up her arm but then she slit both wrists

There go the suicide do's, wood on the dash  
Ferris wheels on the toes and got duals on the ass  
And some chrome on the nose, the white boys go "SWEET!"  
But black folks go "OHH" I got a 'llac full of ammo  
I'm brick with the nine throwin bombs out the Lambo'  
The butterflies goin up  
I got Chad in my heart and DJ Screw in my cup