

Stay dip, cute bitch out in Delaware, moving our bricks  
So hard, stupid big stones from Miss Stella ear  
She just turn 35, we in the spot on Martin Luther King Drive  
Whole team getting high, on phones  
We learned different codes of pig Latin  
So the jakes don't follow our trail with sick patterns  
And the crib is jig, Jennifer convertible love seat  
That's worth forty G's from Madrid  
In Spain, sipping cherry Cosmo's and things  
Stella, finish the glass, showing niggas her rings  
I said bitch, I ain't impressed with that  
Why the fuck is every briefcase short by at least ten stacks  
We had a mil' in each bag, there's eighty grand missing  
You pop up with a new Jag', with a bad system  
I done sent your ass to Hawaii and Waikiki  
When your man needed bail, you'll come see me  
Rob me? That's how we do? You pretty slick muthafucka  
You must think I'm a sucker  
Matter fact, you gon' suck this dick, how bout that for a change  
Let me see what's really on your brain  
She said 'Starkey, you violating me, stop it'  
I saved up for this shit, you playing me like a hostage  
Out of all people, I wheeled you around, when you got shot  
Be the closest one too you, and may I rot  
In hell, yo Starks, chill, I don't think she that stupid  
Since '90, '95, she came through, kid  
Two million in six weeks, cover six space  
Just to think of those towns alone, we brought a big steak

But it still don't change the job  
Aiyo, Tone, who this silly bitch trynna rob  
Niggas been getting money, since pushing a Saeb  
In the spot writing rhymes, never heard of a blog  
Is it that coincidental? That the same rental  
Be out in Virginia and DC, before she come see me  
I'm ready, put this hammer in her face in 3D  
I know that's your home girl, but fuck it, on GP  
And I don't like her brother, either, he probably put her up to it  
Give me the word and I go empty his fluid  
Shady? I been bagging up since 1980  
Me and Ghost been tight, since Fred met Grady, lady  
So what you telling me? My account is off?  
Oh you must really muthafucking think we that damn soft

Hold on, yo, Sheek, what you gon' do? Cut her whole hand off?  
Put a pillow over her face, and let the four bang off?  
Or we can get the gat taping so the hoe can't talk  
Before we get the whole story cut this whole thing short  
I don't think that's wise at all, whatever honey do with her money, dog  
That's not my problem, why is it yours?  
Wu-Block, you riding for mine, I'm riding for yours  
That's the motto if you talking bout homicide, my lord  
It's survival, homey, you ain't never lied, my lord  
But the Pretty Toney baby ain't never lied before  
That's a hundred lucci, word to Bully, I smoke too many loosies  
I know her history, if something fishy, must be the coochie  
It ain't no mystery, your finger itchy, if she a groupie

Once you go up, once you go down, let's keep it Gucci  
You take her head, I take all the jewelry from all these moolies  
Get all your goonies, and we can meet up for Call of Duty  
Ain't nothing funny like Paul Mooney, this fatal beauty  
Got some explaining to do, hold up, I thought you knew me  
Better than that, we know the cheddar was tapped  
You getting bread in the trap, why get in bed with them rats  
My son is missing some racks, and Louch is fitting to snap  
She need to come up with answers, instead of fixing her mack  
Makeup, just give the facts, straight up, and just the facts  
If you did it, we gon' bury you with it, and that's that