

Can't Judge Me

J Stalin

Hurry, hurry
Step right up
Stalin, Fresh

Today's a good day to be where you from nigga
Everybody out havin funs with no guns nigga
The money comin, so I just stack my funds
And stay away from bustas tryna catch me like grunts
Cause on the unda, Young Stalin a grave digger
Purple swisher filler up, a hard liquor sipper
This one for my niggas, I still miss you Dame
I got my net worth up, then I shook them lames
I been on MTV, yeah they feelin the flames
But they got no idea from the hell we came
Cheddar on my brain, banger in my fist
I'm transportin...so I'm ridin with a bitch
I'm Santa in my hood, just give me a wishlist
I'd take a nice house, but I don't need a ice wrist
I don't know what these hoes do, so I don't French kiss
I'm a stand up guy nigga, so I don't sneak diss

And though I...lived the life of a mothafuckin G
I mighta sold crack, but you still can't judge me
And though I be wit them dealers and hang where them dealers be
I might look like em, but you still can't judge me
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I was born 9 blocks from hell, 5 blocks from a jail cell
Stack bread to get that mail
Can't nobody do it better than the man himself
Niggas couldn't push me to do it, I demand myself
And I rep the Ville, when they hated em out
Lil niggas be so hard to find, anticipating the drought
Cause I don't dickride
Niggas know I spit fire, hotter than the sauna on your baby mama's lips ride
All day, every day, money motivated
The realest nigga that ever did it, probably why they hated
I'm peace signing the flick, other hand with the grip
Only say the illest shit
Purple mane: he's so sick
And you ain't gotta be a fan to know the man is the shit
I'm G-stackin the chips, the chips stacked in his wrist
I swear to god
They can't judge him, gotta love his swag
Past, present, and the future: y'all can kiss my ass

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More money, more problems in my lifetime
I'm into spendin money, I ain't into spendin time
Now as the hands winds down on the clock
And the DEA agents crack down on the block
My mama looked in my eyes and said
"You just like your pops, you got no heart. Son, I pray for you"
I been grown mama, that's why I don't stay wit you
I'm in the street life, I can't keep the K round you
I'm in the dangerous city, you know how the town do
Where the bitches is pretty, but they'll still burn you
Niggas in the hood lose it like Bishop on Juice
First I be on Heem, then I be on Goose
Tryna get lil mama out them pants cause she loose
I lay my murda game down, it's 187 proof
My niggas ride around the west like spooks
I get banned from shows...like Luke

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