

Lyrical Excercise

J Stalin

Stalin bussin bitches and hustlin and flippin whips
Stayin with them 40s that be's wit them extra clips
Niggas steady hatin and bitchin with no chips
I'm stuntin, counting money and burnin them like bricks
Real shit, I could give a fuck about a icy wrist
I be on that mild white, fair with that dope bitch
Stalin selling cups of that syrup and ridin dirty
Fuck the police because they know we movin them birdies
I'm a motherfuckin playa, bet a ho would never burden me
Niggas keep playin...get stuffed like a turkey
Bitch niggas get shredded like Beef Jerky
Stuntin in my whip and I'm smoking on all purple
Hatas runnin in circles, like a pet Gerbil
I'm hot on these streets, no shirt no thermal
Kill a nigga from far away with one fuckin verbal
Poppin hella slackas, nigga blowin hella turtle
Niggas is hoes, they be out here wearin girdles
Fuck wit young Stalin, pussy nigga get murdered
I get furthered dippin in loadin more clips
You niggas is plastic like a bag of potato chips
Niggas runnin lips and they talkin up on you niggas
Livewire play wit choppas, I hope you get the picture
Hoes runnin lips and they talkin up on you niggas
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Niggas pimpin bitches and hustlin to get money
All out in Vegas my niggas is goin dummy
Stay with them bangers nigga and keep it one hunnit
Stay with them bangers nigga and keep it one hunny
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Stalin steady flinchin and grittin and still grindin
Niggas steady heating and bitching, I'm still shining
Yep I'm still flying, taking planes everywhere
Erry city I touch down, I bring that purple there
Went from posted up on the corner to serve fiends
To millionaire ideas with billionaire dreams
Niggas steady bitching and fiending for more cream
Countin 100s, sweepers was strapped with them red beams
Getting money, buying my bitches them nice things
Posted in the village, the strap was up in my jeans
Nickels, Dimes, Solids; I got whatever you need
Niggas was trippin, poppin them pills with the Speed
I was sellin this coke and this powder and purple weed
Give a bitch some dick and she givin me house keys
Movin on up from quarters, ounces, to ki's
Steady droppin hits and I'm killin my enemies
Playin wit them Katas, them things be Chinese
Send a nigga to his maker if he ever try me
Yeah I know you fly, but you will never be fly as me
Bitch ass nigga, you could never stand by me
Niggas steady hatin, they hustlin; they gettin better
Me? I'm barely hustlin and stackin the most cheddar
Boy I'm from the west, and J about whatever

Livewire for hire and Stalin the mayor

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