

## 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  
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 hunnit

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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