

Stainless

M Huncho

(That's Chucks)

Yeah, yeah
Hunch' (Yeah, yeah)
In New York I'm in Botega
Hit the deli then bodega
Smokin' zaza, that's for flavors (Smokin' zaza, that's for flavors)
They bought rusties, I bought stainless
Got the AP and the stainless
One for casual, one for haters (Grrah)
Hunch'
We got workers with no papers, if the police tryna pin it
Then it's straight up immigration
Yeah (Yeah, yeah)
Five years with no vacation, reup very frequent
So the bando isn't vacant (Vacant)

In the streets I don't pay no tax (Yeah, yeah)
In the streets I was good in maths (Yeah, yeah)
And the streets knows that I do not cap (Yeah, yeah)
Amiris Jeans, that's a bag on my lap (Yeah, yeah)
[?] it got me too attached (Yeah, yeah)
BMW's and Bentleys and Wraiths (Yeah, yeah)
Guess today is fuck up the bank (Yeah, yeah)
Wicked (Wicked)
We don't cap but this shit fitted (This shit fitted, no cap, uh)
When I talk, I tell her listen (I tell her listen)
Listen (Listen)
I don't care about no image, Hunch'
I give pictures to my nitty, Lenny
Really with it (With it)
Stainless, burner, you go missin' (Grrah)
From them trenches got my blessings
My brothers with me and there's nothin' that I'm fearin', yeah (Yeah, yeah)
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