

Stop Lying. (Part 2)

MoStack

Stop Lying
Too much haters, not enough ammo
Anybody can go, girls hopping low
Lying
I'm never let them know when I'm getting gwap
You won't see I ball, like Fetty Wap
Won't you come my way
Baby won't you come my way
Got something I'd like to say
I cannot get you out of my brain
Married to the money, my bae
Let's have kids everyday
Shit, I had to give that a replay
Rumours these pagons no like me
Cause Modally's been that nigga since the 90's
She's sixteen but she's looking like she's nineteen
These young girls looking grown, you got I.D?
Everyone's the same, who's different?
Everybody's came and who's gripping?
You think I give a fuck about what you and you are flipping
You're just some broke niggas in some new true religion
I fell in love with my stack bitch
A-mama-niggana-na-na
She said she fell in love with my adlibs
And all these rap boys just chat shit
That ain't really you, you're just a catfish
These niggas rapping bout p & q's
Claiming that they squeeze and shoot
Well I don't believe them youtes
I can't believe them guys, I can't believe them lies
If a Muslim shoots then they say he's just a terrorist
White boy shoots then they claim he's on some heroin
He's just a mad man
Free my niggas cause I hate prison
I swear the feds should get locked up for racism
And gunshot if you ain't with me
You should've went to the [?] and just stayed in it
Long story short, them niggas caught me with a weapon
Never had nothing, so I had to keep it stepping
And I picked up a board and I licked him
Where's Mo? Shit, the feds just nicked him
They wanna treat the other guy like he's the victim
I'm just thinking oh my days, I just got nicked for a [?]
Not another case, I wanna [?] now
I bow my head down and zone out
Plus the CCTV ain't looking so good
Will I go jail? I don't know how
And then my mum gets a phone call
"Yo the case got thrown out"
What? She said the case got thrown out
What? Ay yo the case got thrown out (ay mandem)
Ay yo the case got thrown out
I wouldn't say I'm living in the best way
Hoped over the fence cuh' the feds came
I remember asking mummy "can I get those?"
Starting selling drugs when she no
Ay yo it's weird how it flipped out

I went from listening to Chipmunk and Chris Brown
And now I'm chilling in Chip's house
Ay yo I've come down far
And I'm just a gangster with banter, ha, ha, ha, ha
All these niggas wanna rap about guns
All these niggas wanna rap about blah, blah, blah, blah
But they don't really sell coco
They don't really let shows, blah, blah, blah, blah
You're dissing in front of you bros
But in the bedroom you're gonna la, la, la, la
Ay brudda' we don't do them tings
Ay brudda' you don't do that, nah, nah, nah, nah
Stop lying blah, blah, blah, blah
Stop lying blah, blah, blah, blah
A-mama-niggana-na-na-na
Woo-woo

All these niggas wanna rap about guns, all these niggas wanna rap about guns
Yeah, you don't even sell coco, you don't even let shows go
You're dissing in front of you bros
In the bedroom, you're going down low