

Uncle Ben

Rob Stone

Bake up when I wake up, get my cake up
And if I want your bitch then that's a layup
Diamonds in my lemon, turn the face up
And nigga I'm a opportunist, I need paper
Thank you come again, don't come again
Nigga, I finessed your mans out all his bands
Now that nigga mad, thought we was friends
Nigga ain't gon' do a thing, you ain't got hands
Bad bitches, only fuck with tens
Damn my Gucci denim cost 'bout ten
I been popping bottles with my friends
All these fucking models want my kids
Henny lemonade, that's Uncle Ben
Bro, keep all that whole shit from within
Kickin in the door by where you live
If he owe me chips (I need the rent)
Press up on his ass, I got a lesson for his ass
I put the tech up on the fence, yea nigga, got me fucked up
Checking on the bag they give me, ask her not to crash
I came directly for the cash, these people got me fucked up
Give me all the power
This all me, don't need the powder to
Just my ring cost a few thousand
You's don't wanna see what's coming
Used to be straight bumming
Now my wrist is fucking flooded and
My fucking dick is cumming on a slutty bitch from London
I get gas up in my blood and I'm gon' stack me up some hundreds
So just rack me up, my senses fucked up, you won't even touch it
Yea, this one you won't even touch it
Give me all the power
This all me, don't need the powder to
Just my ring cost a few thousand
You's don't wanna see what's coming
Used to be straight bumming
Now my wrist is fucking flooded and
My fucking dick is cumming on a slutty bitch from London
Yea, this one you won't even touch it