

Stuntman

Aye Rob, I think the feds is listenin'

You ain't talkin money lil' baby don't wanna hear it
Probably catch me on the tint, burnin' rubber when I be steerin'
I could never tell my mom 'bout the voices that I been hearin'
And if it ain't a dollar y'all never see me near it
Most these niggas hoes, they just for show, they livin' a gimmick
Gotta stay ten toes, live by the code, and not some lyrics
If them niggas speakin' on your name you better clear it
He was speakin' on the gang, now he sleep with the spirits
Got the devil in my ear, we face to face in the mirror (aye)
Nigga Glock nines, 40's, AK's up in here
Give a fuck 'bout some [?] cause Imma really take it there
Why these niggas lyin'? It's okay to be a square
Niggas showin' signs, and I ain't blind, I'm aware
The other side dyin', fine, I don't care
Get popped like tires, and we slide, ain't talkin' spares
And if he ain't shoot the fire off when he died, I don't care
They the reason niggas havin' nightmares
Hoe shit, we ain't never let it fly here
And these broke bitches always talkin' 'bout it's my year
Money on my face baby I don't cry tears
Niggas be spaceship when I see Buzz Lightyear
I don't trust nothin', I got a gun right here
Light bitch, not basic, I could fuck right here
Lil' lightskin baby, she like to suck it when I stare
Aye, lil' thick bitch, she talkin' money, trap []
And Imma hit her soon, I get the shit I need
Hit her from the back, I got her screamin' daddy please
Aye, bitch I'm that nigga guaranteed
Lil' [?] bitch, think that Imma [?]
Still suckin' dick, why this bitch a pair of knees
Aye, bowlin' in these Jordan 23's
I need money, I need weed, and a fifth of Hennessy
Niggas scared to rob with they metal, I can't fuck with that
He done sold his soul to the devil, now he want it back
Traplantic mode, I came in this bitch with a hunnid pack
Hold on, dead homies, gotta run that back
Niggas scared to rob with they metal, I can't fuck with that
He done sold his soul to the devil, now he want it back
Traplantic mode, I came in this bitch with a hunnid pack
Aye, pass me the pole, I make this bitch have a heart attack

Aye Rob, I think the feds is listenin'

Fucked around and started that

Fucked up, I won't never get my daughters back

Stuntman

Why they keep tellin' me I fell off, this where I started at
Swear to be me instead of Adam if I can get him back
Swear to God I'm tired of losin' friends man, this shit whack
Twenty bands, fifty bands, hunnid bands, did that