

STUNTMAN 2.0 (GOOD STUFF)

Robb Bank\$

Tommy Comet

Vigz did the beat, so you know he make it nasty
Yeah!

Don't no gun jam, I'm the stuntman
Keep them suckin', spittin' on her pumpkin
And I got the club lit, Joe Budden, p-pump it
[?], SRT, hunt them (Rah) (Vroom)
Uh-uh, oh-oh, bae I bet you got that good stuff
Bitch you got that good stuff
Yeah, she got the good stuff, hoe you got the good stuff
And she a hood hoe, heard she stay off Melrose (Lauderdale)

I done seen things that make your head spin
I exercise [?], my face feel like Rick
White bitches treat me like Dr. Umar Johnson
I'ma need your conscience while you in the cockpit, you gotta-

Back it up and dump it, ba-back it up and dump it (You wanna)
Back it up and dump it, ba-back it up and dump it (Bitch, you better)
Back it up and dump it, ba-back it up and dump it (Yeah, yeah, you better)
Back it up and dump it, ba-
back it up and dump it (Bust it, yeah, two chrome Berettas)

Pop lock and drop it, pop lock and drop it
Bitch, 'til you break the socket, if your home alone call me
I feel like Macaulay Culkin, bitch you actin' stood, stop it
Fuck round throw a drank on you, you would wear a cape for a [?]
I go berserk, all the Percs and Amphetamine
Bitch, you turn pussy like a Animorph, you thought I couldn't read
I'm on ten, off the lease, bout' to get the green
Forty-three, to the enemy, [?] energy
High-stepper, murderer, body-killa'
Growing-Godzilla, heat-seeker, shot-sender
God-killer, Big God-hand Femto
Yeah, the ice-wearer, they skated on me, go figure
Blunt to my lips, chrome on my chest
Gun on my hip, prone to fuck shit
Unloading my clip, aim it at your tent
Perky not no fear, lookin' for a lick

Yeah, yeah yeah yeah yeah, yeah yeah yeah
You know I'ma made man (Yeah)
Nah, love ain't in me, it's in them
Bitch, mwah

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