

Cross the Border Freestyle

Stack Bundles

Volume three, not guilty
Drastic Measurez
Yo
Uh-huh
Dinero

Came out flooded, earlobes studded
Hood nigga all up in the jump, all stunted
Hopped out the X5 marks in style
Showin' off, Hollywood, red carpet style
Stick up kids, don't think my guards is down
I wasn't a target then, I'm not a target now
Here's a message for you and your partners, clown
Get hype, I got guns that'll calm you down
Try and sneak attack, end up on the floor where my sneakers at
Catch us VIP where the licks and the reefers at
Ballers, ballettes, niggas and señoritas at
Thrown' shots of Bacardi, Henney, and tequila back
Even to the club, I gotta carry the chrome
Get drunk 'til somebody gotta carry me home (Come on)
Wake up with a bad mami after we bone
And of course I wear condoms, I'm accident prone
Escape with my niggas to exchange in the Ford
I bet these broads never seen a whip with so many doors
Look like a high chair sittin' on them five times fours
The inside look like a living room, mahogany floors
Shorties all over like a sweat in the meccas
Even cop holes, I call them the head detectors
They treat us like popstars, brains in the SWAT car
Chokin' on the dick like uh, uh
Plus I'm bilingual, quiero chocha, ma
Not one chick told the kid no, uh-uh
I'm the best thing to happen since soap operas
That's why they pullin' on my clothes like, "Don't go, papa"

It's nothin' for the kid to cop MJ's and chains
But I'd rather cop them things and cock them things
Superstar, man I pop them things
Leave brains on the dashboard and the windshield of your Range
Y'all niggas is broke, your fake ice don't fool me
I got shirts that cost more than your jewelry
Flip a few O's, drop G's on coochies
That's why the groupies screw me in the movies
Y'all niggas still got rollerblades
I'm in the big body somethin' on rollin' blades
In the trunk is the gauge, in the front, two chickens
Big wheels, rims eleven times two inches
When I hit the club, find two new bitches
Put two bottles of Bell-V in my belly
Bag 'em, jam up, then come to the 'telly
Then I make 'em say my name like Beyoncé and Kelly
And y'all know the routine when I'm diggin' 'em out
6:15, now I'm kickin' 'em out
Don't get mad a couple hood niggas diggin' your spouse
It's off my looks, she don't care what I'm spittin' about
I like all my chicks talented, sick with the mouth
Down to get crunk whenever grass thick in the house

Me and D hoppin' out the six, lookin' crisp, man

Watch look like an ice tray with a wristband
Two hands, Mickey Mouse sit on my stomach
Small faces in my pocket 'cause I been had hundreds
And y'all know I'm holdin' a mini microwave oven
With the dum-dums, in case niggas feel like thumbin'
But I stashed the ratchet, dipped in the latest fashion
Red bandana on, brratin'
Ask and I'll show you what I'm packin'
Poppin', not flashin'
f*ck beefin', though, I'm tryna see what I'm smashin'
When I leave, hatin' ass bastards be askin'
"Yo, how that fat nigga leave with that bad bitch?"
'Cause they love Drastic
D, domination, Don V, superstar and that's it
This a wrap, bitch

The name Stack Bundles, hoes call me Money a Lotta
She ain't come home, that mean your main honey, I got her
In the back of the PT Cruiser, legs up
Hand out the window, finger at you slacker losers
Know cats like to act so I pack the Ruger
My team them same niggas slung captions to you
Now we young G's, gettin' money South and North
With the snowy white stuff, movin' back and forth
Here's a jewel for you faggots who be mouthin' off
You better save that last breath for later
Ain't no comin' back to life when your ass on that respirator
Mom sad, but she'll be glad you restin' later
I done took a young wild one off the street
I lift you off your feet when I pop the heat
You in a better place now
Your bitch givin' better face now
She lickin' lower than the waist now
And I'm still G walkin', nigga, I stopped dancin'
Sick pair of custom yards, yellow vintage
Tryna find a dime to face me off
And leave nut 'round her mouth like tartar sauce, believe me
Stack's the boss, I call the shots
Never cop from Jimmy Jazz, only bald spots
Player blowin' G's in Macys, I never thought it
And if it came from S&D's, a bitch brought it
I'm a beast ass baller with a vast contract
Sacks, not blower, sixes, hot thrower
Your bitch love Stack, she top me like I know her
And since rap, the chain been rocky like Balboa
And I'm lookin' for some mamis to cross the border
With some snowy white stuff in a fashionable order
Strap pies to her thighs and walk through customs
Straight ride for a gangster, knowin' they might bust 'em
Six four Austin-Healey is how I crush 'em
Young G flossin' daily 'cause it's nothin'

They don't know about the Cross the Border Freestyles and all that
The Grits S-T-A-C-K
Y'all faggot ass niggas can't see me
Shout out to all the Grits Gang and all that, nigga