

Da Minimum

Stack Bundles

(Just tryna get comfortable with the booth again people
I been gone for a lil while, ran around,
Lil, couple towns and shit)

Listen the money's everything to a broke nigga, nothin to go-getta

I fall off I can start all over

A lil more soda,

This time I cook it in the Foldgers instead of the (Curba) muf**ker

They owe ya, they duck ya, you ain't gotta hide homie

That's only toilet paper, that ain't pie-money

You hearin the rumors, I'm hearin 'em too

If they told you I'm gettin money, what you hearin is true

What you savin, I blew, Vinnes Styles

From Tavernetti to Greedy, so many styles

What I floss for I ain't figured it out yet

All I know to the streets, the mixtape is the outlet

And I ain't out yet, album ain't drop yet

Yea ballin but Capo ain't on top yet

Who me, I'm just the man behind the music

If they talkin foolishly, that means I probably influenced it

Bynoe prolly put his two cents in

We been doin this since niggas was watchin Benson

Mr Belveder, Webster

So many downloads on myspace I could start my own Napster

The trapster, the Rockstar Bitch!

Mr Michael Knight and my boxster's Kit

Ladies all love me, pull up on black dubbies

Hop out fresher than? Humphord in the cubbies?

Lemar and Dauley rugby, I'm so 90's

Breitling with no ice on, I'm so grimey
But it look like I do it for TV
Dirty ass Far-Rock nigga, ya'll see me!
Say I'm self conceded, I'm like "how dare ya"
Starin at myself, blowin kisses at the mirror
Everybody pointin fingers at Stack
I ain't the reason Minati did numbers like that
But I earned with Clue and 'nem, learned from Lue and 'nem
(Own cars and cribs) Labels don't know what to do with em
So maybe when they figure it out
I'll let some of they young niggas come out