

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