

Stand Up

Stack Bundles

You're now rockin' with the gorgeous gangster
Stack Bundles, woo
Far Rock America, f*ck with your nigga, yeah

Nigga, the whole block applauds
Whenever I stacks up the b-uilding
'Cause I key-ills 'em, gotta fe-eel 'em
First nigga they seen tangerine Lamborghin', no ce-iling
I'm so fly, I should be in the Air Force
Virgin Mary, blushin', pink Russians up in that red cross
Don't get criss-crossed 'cause I rock a Mueller
Still cock the Ruger under my Thierry Mugler
Ooh-wee, I don't even need that
I'm the gorgeous gangster, bitches give me feedback
Tell 'em that I'm tired, they wanna lay on my lee-ap
With they mouth open like they takin' a nee-ap
Goddamn, I ain't one of the clips but it's thirty-six in mine
Good aim, got lotta shit on your brain, let 'em clear out your mind
I'ma grind 'til I'm rich, young dollar sign, bitch

Everybody just stand up
We gettin' it poppin' in Far Rock
And it's on and we ain't stoppin'
Everybody put your hands up
All my niggas and bitches
All my gangsters, hustlers, and thug motherf*ckers
Just stand up
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You now dealin' with the young fly flashiest nigga of the century
You ain't gotta ask them bitches, they gotta mention me
When it come to fashion, shit, it's elementary
ABC's, you niggas gotta be sick of me
Alligator shoes, Bvlgari watches
See these old glasses, I tell you how to rock this
Gun go, for tryna stop this
Had to switch it up, you niggas soundin' monotonous
Listen Paul, I ain't your average star

Stack Buns been gettin' money since that's my car
If you plottin' on bein' the best
Better swing your occupation, 'cause I'm he in the flesh, nigga

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Be-yotch, I'm not ashamed
If money smell, damn, I stink
I blew change on that dollar sign link and that fishscale mink
Think I'ma tell her how I get that bank
Stuck in my ways, don't really give a f*ck what you think
Son of Far Rock's own
Lot of niggas mad 'cause I get it for half, that's six a zone
Twenty-two a brick, twenty-two on whips
But they gotta be Sprees, plasma TV's, Porsche SUV's
Y'all niggas' wheels is so-so like little Jermaine Dupri's, look
You need help, here's the recipe
Gotta keep some snow cones like Mr. Softee
If you youngins wanna be like me, it's easy
Gotta keep f*ckin' raw like Eazy E, I'm gone

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Now that's piff music