

## Hell's Angels (American Heathens)

Stalley

I been in so much gold lately, pistol close and it's off safety  
Niggas smilin' in my face, but they all hate me and it's all gravy  
See I ain't playin' no games  
I'mma ball crazy, I ball baby  
Throw this money up high, now let it fall lazy  
Tip drills for the quick thrills, don't tease I wanna feel it all baby  
Clicquot and Don Peri, can't forget that loud pack  
Bud smoke everywhere, I'm around that  
Made a lil money this year, now everybody they countin' that  
New house with a new spouse, cars parked out where the fountain at  
I love that feeling of bouncing back  
Blue Collar still my grind, green backs on my mind  
Nobody workin' than I'm, my nigga still throwin' out that iron  
Tryna iron out they situations with feds all on they line  
So we talk low and we park slow and watch out for one time  
These wild niggas that's out they mind, they'll crowd your whip and pound th  
at nine  
Till the clip is empty, they'll rip your Bentley with shells all in your spi  
ne  
That's just jealous envy, see Hell ain't picky  
When it's your time, it's your time

Real niggas done linked up world wide now...  
It's untouchable now, it's unstoppable now...  
Regardless of how it go down nigga, you gone die a legend nigga...

I got a star on my sneakers and they made by Chuck Taylor  
I'm a star in the ghetto I swear C-Murda my neighbor  
Bought me a Corvette motor, put a Super Charger on it  
From the bus stop it's sounding like a damn train rollin'  
Ain't a damn thing foldin', everything still standing  
Pull up, hop out, shoot up this bitch like Jonathan Mannion  
All the cars still candy all the girls light skinned  
And they well educated, it's still niggas stuck on stupid  
I say fuck all my haters, then I fuck all they ladies  
Who the fuck you think you are in this fuckin' Mercedes  
It's the boss bitch, so go tell your boss bitch  
Hammerman off the hook, don't make me hit your off switch

Like a damn train rollin', ain't a damn thing foldin'...  
He strapped, I'm strapped...  
You got that right?..  
Come on...

I'm strapped up like bamboo, talons and hollows my ammo  
Shoulder straps like Rambo, don't fill them clips too high though  
I learned that from B.I  
Don't keep too many in my ride, learned that from T.I  
And stay away from them P.I.'s  
Got the Milk buzzin' like beehives, nobody does it like these guys  
Ski-mask when we rides, jump out boys we known to take  
Home invasion with guns in your face, kids tied up and thrown in the lakes  
We ain't choppin' fingers, we poppin' Nina's and skate  
We just some dirty kids that ain't ate, tryna fill up that plate  
We done chopped grams, and plotted plans to plan our escape  
But we still in this trap though, and it's feelin' like a trapdoor  
Slow motion, money that slow

Pick up the van then pick up my mans, we comin' for that cash-flow  
Beard longer than Castro's, put fear up in these assholes  
Mack Eleven with the air holes  
Tearin' souls when I bear hold this trigga  
When I'm blackin' out and no backin' out, I be clear with a nigga