

Hell's Angels

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