

## Stone Age

Stalley

Cuban with the BCG medallion and it's never tucked  
Don't throw stones at kings  
Unless you want a stone on your grave  
I made waves out the maze of the ghetto  
Sparked shit I been hot out the kettle  
Meddling minds get the metal  
Say hello to the devil  
I'm half god, half pharoah  
I'm from the era of Corvettes and Camaros  
My circle [?]  
Violence on every corner but death we never fear though  
That's just the way we was raised  
Break it all down and sell it that's the way we get paid  
Cope with the pain, take a blunt to the face  
So any trouble we come across, we hardly get fazed  
We from the stone age  
Hearts made from metal and stone  
Cold face, never see emotions exposed  
At least five deep, never do emotion alone  
It's just the creed, code of the streets that we always be on  
So in the presence of the [?] please watch your tone  
I mean we don't wanna wyle out on no violent shit  
We just trying to stack money, be positive  
Leave the monstrous ways, tap into our consciousness  
But odds is just  
Not on our sides  
With all these hating ass niggas trying to lean on your pride  
And eye to eye we don't measure up  
I'm cut from a different cloth that isn't feather stuffed  
I mean I'm motorcycle jacket leather tough  
Cuban with the BCG medallion and it's never tucked

Stone age niggas (we stone aged niggas)  
Stone face niggas (we all stone faced nigga)