

Hush

Stevie Stone

Yeah Bitch, people wanna see me
DV go get that boy that poise that voice up on the TV
Stevie gon' bring that swing, that shit that bang that very easy
Watch how I get that grain I'mma get that grain, your body leaning
Body leanin', heard he try to mock me
Dirty swagger Jack in the middle of a glimpse, a carbon-copy
You's a jocky, shit be drunk and sloppy
Why would he take them numbers? me, my bitch we sippin' sake
Japanese and Teriyaki, like- Stevie won't do no mumbles
Stevie won't do no mommas get a little whiff of this new gun, um
Yeah I know you see me come up
Suckers 'round here dunno
Twenty-thousand packs your ass fast nigga order me to

(Hush) one sight'll make you duck
'round here, put your final batter up
Now watch me make 'em
(Hush) yeah we ran into before
Yeah I see 'em mean muggin' on the low
And indeed he had to
(Hush) got my dogs out and we rockin'
When we come through who blockin'
What you mad now cause I'm poppin', nigga?
(Hush) all that he-said, she-said
That's that shit that we don't play
I'm ready to make moves, I'm doin' it my way
You niggas'd better (Hush)

Hush, like a nigga ain't worth a mil ticket
Black Gold? Not poppin'? Pussy, I'll make a deal wit'cha
Put your album up against my album
And it's song for song, we quote line for line
I got more charisma I'm more consistent
If you deny it, then you livin' lies like 'ey ('ey)
Hey (hey), just look what a nigga done been through
No radio play, no worldwide stream and I got way more than I'm into
Cause my destiny is more gain, mane [?], won't sell my soul so I'm fit to
Be a bigger name, reign for this Strange Game, and use fame as one of my ute
nsils
Hope you follow my innuendos, since you got me all in your Vinto
If it's problems I don't pretend to not to solve 'em, I get up in you
Just killed 2 Birds with 1 Stone
Nigga, it ain't no rush
If it's beef you want then I got it
But if not you veggie niggas need to

Yeah bitch I'mma hit that weed and I'mma go psycho on 'em
I'mma put 'em in the knapsack, Michael on 'em
That nigga better back-back, I don't want 'em
I'll put 'em in the Cadillac, that's that
(gr) I'mma rip that cat
He better get out of my way it's that sackking and I'mma bring us that black
(gr) Heard he try to hit me
I can't believe it like Ripley's
I got a death date in my dickey's
I'mma get hefty, lefty, I'mma get messy let's see
Wanna test me? Impers' and hearse 'em

And it won't be no verse I'm certain 'em
I'mma be lurkin' her like when he come in the curtain
I'mma be high as a kite, cocaine
Runnin' all up in they house with AK's
I'mma just keep the heat, as they say
I'mma just bring the heat to their place
(gr) Fuckin' 'em and I bit 'em
Cuttin' 'em and I bleed 'em when I cut 'em all up in the cleavage
He gon'