

# Still Flippin

Stitches

I got bricks in my trunk  
And I'm driving in my Porsche  
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Feds follow me everyday  
But I'm still flipping bricks  
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I'm connected, I'm connected  
Well respected in the hood  
Every way that I go I get love from every hood  
I got bricks on top of bricks  
I got bricks up in my addy  
Everybody that I'm serving  
Is a fucking drug addict  
I'm a boss motherfucker  
But I ain't no Rick Ross  
If I kill your family member  
Nigga, sorry for your loss  
Twenty years all balling already  
Got three children  
And I spend ten thousand every month  
On each one of my children  
When I was young, nigga  
I didn't know my fucking dad  
He's a pussy motherfucker  
He was [?]  
I'm a father figure to my children  
Money on the ceiling  
When they kill that nigga Stitches  
I'm gon' leave 'em with my millions

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The feds always follow me, they don't give me my privacy  
Niggas always snitching on me, niggas always telling on me  
Feds watching, but I'm a service stay fly  
Always gotta stay high  
Fuck 'round, I pull a drive-by  
I got choppers, I got Uzis  
Bricks o' cocaine, I'm moving  
Fuck with me boy, you losing  
I kill you while you snoozing  
I come creeping while you sleeping  
They say that Stitches he's a demon  
Bitches swallow my semen  
My dick got your girl pheening  
I always been rude boy, I never been fake  
Shoutout to El Chapo, that boy just a skate  
I free all of my thugs, bruh  
(Free all of my brothers)  
Everybody makin' mistakes, yo  
Everybody wanna eat a stake  
Holla at me if you want a brick  
I'll front'em to ya, I don't give a shit

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