

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 Stiches
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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