

Questions

Stunna 4 Vegas

Uh, gang gang in this bitch
You ain't havin' no paper problems
You ain't havin' a lot of hater problems
Rich, huh?

They like, "Stunna, who the hottest?"
Me, I'm just being honest
I in there like dick riders
If he ain't gang, he can't sit beside us
'Cause I don't know if he ridin'
Uh, shit, I don't know if he lyin'
Uh, nigga, you could just be rhymin'
Like, what you gon' do when we slide in?
They like, "Nigga, did you sign?"
Nah, I just been on my grind
Yeah, I count them racks, then I'm tired
Uh, I'm in the booth gettin' fried, uh-huh
Young nigga cleanin' them tide
Heat on my side, we got them P's on the ride
Tweet on my side, boy, you can't beef on my side
'Cause my niggas eat 'em alive

Questions, these niggas keep asking me questions
I don't need no suggestions, uh, nigga, I don't need no lecture
Uh, questions, questions
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Uh, questions

"Ayy, Stunna"
What's up?
"What's the ticket on the pressure?"
We can get two-
five right now, I'm pulling up, nigga, I ain't taking no lesson
"Man, nigga, you testing"
Shit, I'll swag you off for eleven
"Alright, bro, where you at?"
I'm at a spot, shit, pull up looking like sweet pull-in
He ain't get shit, we finesse him
Oops, he should've known better
Uh, my youngins really be steppin' reckless
Lil' nigga stain him for cheddar
Rich Whammy, real hammy
What fuck bankers do? Get fanny
I take your bitch and she start undressin'
Get off my dick, you sound like a detector

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Like, who is Glo? And what's up with him?
Shit, you should already know
If I say go, he go

Ain't no lil' boy, lil' nigga, that's broke
Bro, free my nigga 'cause he up the road
And he standing on ten toes
Man, I can't believe these niggas saying "Free my niggas," know it damn well
that they told
Stunna man put the essence sold
Oh, I got my neck froze, gold
I'm in that mo, oh
I got "Judah" tatted, I'm always on go, mo
I'm counting cheese, I got your bitch on the knees
She giving me low-blow smoke, nigga, puff
And we gon' put 'em in the oven

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Uh, uh, this bitch keep asking me questions
Uh, she must think she special
Bitch, get the fuck out my message
Uh, she better, she only tweak a few letters
Uh, he wanna tweak better
I might serve him a peak setup
He pull up, his teeth ketchup
Lil' bro put him on the stretcher
Uh, hop on the beat, lesson
Ain't nobody do it better
I spend some bands on my teeth
I spend some bands on my necklace
I be too damn hot, and I be flexing like a wrestler

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