

Stackin Paper

Twista

Stackin' paper like I'm Tony
I get money call me [?]
Fuck the haters and the phonies
Cause the rollie on me really why they want me
Pockets fatter with a dope boy, belly like I'm eating ravioli
Riding Maserati cause the force is with me like I'm Obi-Wan Kenobi
If you say that you get it you better show me
I tell 'em get the fuck back if you didn't know me
And if ever your bitch be all up on me
I'ma take her to the telly, you never gon' leave her lonely
Now she fuckin' with it heavy, forever she'll be my homie
Legendary like I'm Kobe
Smoke a backwood while she blow me
Whip the work and call it Toby
Niggas talkin' yadda-yadda-yadda
I don't give a fuck, I got a lot of dollars
Breakin' down a zip in back of my Impala
Making all the bitches holla-holla-holla
I don't give a fuck, if you ain't with the team
I got them shotta's off of that promethazine
Gettin' rich is real not just a dream
I get to the mula by whatever means

Stackin' paper like I'm Goldie
I ain't fuckin' with the phonies
Just because you see me out, don't mean we homies
Don't be actin' like you know me
Exotic cars goin' vroom-vroom-vroom-vroom
Hundred bands on me
If it unique, it only got two seats, room for one bitch only
That shit you be talkin' be too irrelevant
I got on diamonds that's lookin' elegant
Got a good house so I got to get me some medicine
You say you got the vibe but you be fuckin' with my intelligence
[?]
We smoking it for the hell of it
I got a connect and he from Connecticut
Fuckin' with hoes with proper etiquette
Niggas be missin' me with the [?]

Stackin' paper like I'm Pablo
[?] call him Ralo
Make a hit up out of fifth Hennessy and snatch a [?] up out the bottle
Tellin' me to slow the pace and throw the race
But I be goin' full throttle
On my dick it got a model
Turkey neck it goin' gobble-gobble-gobble
And she got them lips looking like Angela
And them legs is opening, a tarantula
Talkin' shit I be sprayin' them like a canister
If not then I'll be throwin' your body over the banister
Then later I'ma go out partyin' with your manager
Cause I'm feelin' kind of cocky
Get you killed and do it sloppy
Then get some champagne from papi
Niggas out here thinkin' that they shooters
Off a molly, I can do it off a booter

Who the fuck you think you is if you ain't [?]
It don't matter to me cause I got the ruger
Watch I blast the meat up out your taco
Track a nigga down for money like a narco
Got 'em out here callin' me they capo
Bust and flee the scene like I'm El Chapo

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