

Stoves

Westside Gunn

You said you need a dollar for?

Give me a dollar

And you gonna buy what?

What's he gonna buy?

The crack

Okay, you said you gonna get you the what?

Crack

You gon' have a good day, ain't it?

Yeah

Well alright

Well, give me a dollar

Hell nah, I'm broke as hell

What?!

Ayo

Brrt

Ayo

Boom boom boom boom boom

Luxurious fly shit

Ayo

Can't sleep 'cause the fiends baking

Buck fifty left his cheek hanging

Yeah, I got the best dope on the strip

Hit his ass with the banana clip

I'm the God, you false prophets getting soft

Dropped the jaw, watch the fishscale dissolve

So many ships sailed

Cooked him with the mask on

Pierre gloves 'cause it's raw

Uncle sniffing coke out a straw

"You ever gonna stop?" He said "naw"

Selling all these bricks, we gon' ball

I might jump in the crowd, can't vlog, naw

My young bitch ass fat, she got perfect titties

Everytime I fuck she say, "you tryna kill me?"

Hit his ass with the dummy, got 40 bands

Then shot up his block out Cory's van

This is for my niggas playing stoves, getting money

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So don't be bring home one of those Mickey Mouse watches

And trying to impress the world

They like jet airplanes

Wooh

They like long limousines

They like fine clothes

They like lovely ladies

And in Studio 54, we can go

Wooh

I told 'em all

You're safe
(Yo, Green)