

## 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)