

I Ball I Stunt

Young Jeezy

Look I ball, I stunt,
(Yeah)
I ball, I stunt,
(Yo Scrilla)
I ball, I stunt,
I can have any bitch I want
(Call me killer)

Look I ball, I stunt,
(I'm 'bout to kill this shit nigga)
I ball, I stunt,
(Yeah...)
I ball, I stunt,
(Let's go)
I can have any bitch I want
(Yeah)

Look I ball, I stunt,
I can have any bitch I want
I can buy everything I need
Blowin this money like they grow on trees
You and ya gang ain't grindin these streets
We all got straps we be
Better check your home 'fore you come check me
You think shit sweet we gon' pull out the heat
It ain't no fye
When you pull out the fye
We gon' pull out the fye
If you try
We gon' pull out the fye
Talk shit nigga yous out
Cuz we gon' rise
We gon' pull out the fye
We gon' pull out the fye
And if you try
We gon' pull out the fye
Talk shit nigga you die
Because

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I ball (I ball), I stunt (I stunt),
I'm still that nigga don't frunt (don't frunt)
White folks don't stop front (stop front)
I can buy every brick I want (Yeeh)
I got my niggas and they both see the bag
So much strap money spend like crack
So much strap money feel like a trap
God damn y'all we don't know it like that
I ball, I stunt,

I can have any bitch I want
She gon' give me any bitch I need
Hoe my pistol even on my waist
All those stompas make me sick
Blocks on blocks that's how I got rich
Racks on racks 'till they get on my nerves
When I'm blowing death start counting up the birds
Eyes don't fly they got no wings
Two flo blind looking like it need wings
Look at your nigga like he gettin that cream
Look at your nigga like he gettin 'em things
Big boy paper on deck I mean
Big boy the topaz on deck, kno what meen?
Shit sound good fuck nigga won't try
He already know pullin out that fye

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I'm stuntin your hoe she rushed nigga
We all got heat like boss nigga
We blow money fast like Ross nigga
All lame ass niggas get lost nigga
We ball all night so often nigga
Don't give a damn about cops nigga
I'm sending them I'm lost nigga
Don't take no shit I jaw nigga
Don't fuck on my face on flo nigga
Better learn how to talk to a boss nigga
Got a whole bunch of niggas that would deal with ya
I don't need no aim, I'mma still hit ya
Good 50 on the cane, make a nigga day
Eachother go dum like I'm No lie game Obama's little brief
We go on all the goons give 'em all Rozay
Rollin' up kush we gon' blow all day
Quickly check the home better know your pain

Money in my pocket, money in the stage
And when we hit the club we throw in money and the fame
The bank just cassed it, the check just get
Standing on the couch with me and my litter
Don't lie the game we all been here
And everybody know that
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