

More Stacks

Yung Lean

Shawty, roll up, I'm a smoker
We will fly high they below us
Bitch, Im runnin' on the road to the money bus
My wings fold up, smokin' winter lungs
My boys roll up, rollin' honey buns
I got pills look like rainbows in my tour bus
More cash, more stacks and there's more for us
Money foreign in my pocket and it's for us

I got bucks in my louis bags, bags under my eyes
Lean up in the club I'm smoking winnin gettin fried
Fuck these other guys Imma do this till I die
Pink polo dirty stacks 24/7, 9-5
I need a new ring and i need another pill
Still in Yoshi City rollin rollin down a hill
I need a new high and I need a new life
I need a hundred million roses on me when I die

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For us, for us
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