

Need a Stack

Chris Brown

Whoa, whoa
Whoa, whoa
Whoa, whoa
Whoa, whoa
Whoa, whoa

I walked up in that bitch with five, tens, twenties, fifties, hunnids on me
(Woo, woo)
I don't usually do this
I ain't really with the stuntin', homie (Yeah)
But I gotta do it 'cause tonight, she 'bout to bust it on me
She gon' get to touchin' on me (Woo, woo)
I put all my money on it
'Cause you know you workin' with some ass, yeah, you bad, yeah
Make a nigga spend his cash, yeah, his last, yeah
You've been killin' it since last year
Since last summer, had these bitches gettin' mad, yeah (Hey)
Ain't that somethin'?
I don't usually hit the shade club or drink much
But today I got my pay stubs, I'm laced up
Let me show you what the face does, a drink does
Saw you movin' from the waist up, I don't take drugs
Baby, what you call it? (Woo)
What you hidin' skeletons, all up in your closet? (Woo)
You exotic, open up, let me come inside it (Woo)
I'm invited, tell them bitches I'm a sexaholic (Woo)
I'm excited, perfect timin'
You look good, won't you throw it back on me?
You gon' make even a broke nigga put his last on it
You gon' make him spend the dough, he don't even have money
When you take off all your clothes, they gon' put they tax on it
But it's not enough

She said, "You gon' have to give me more than one dollar
You gon' have to give me more than five dollars
You gon' have to give me more than ten dollars
You gon' have to throw more than twenty dollars"
Said, "You gon' have to give me more than fifty dollars
Yeah, you gon' have to throw more than a hunnid dollars
Yeah, you gon' have to empty out your fuckin' wallet
Yeah, you gon' have to empty out your fuckin' pocket"

I'ma need a stack (Wobbity, wobbity)
I'ma, I'ma need a stack (Wobbity, wobbity)
I'ma, I'ma need a stack
Yeah, I'ma need a -
I-I-I'ma need a rack (Wobbity, wobbity)
I-I'ma need a stack (Wobbity, wobbity)
I-I'ma need a stack
I'ma, I'ma, I'ma need a stack
Yeah, I'ma need a-
I-I-I'ma need a rack

After you back it up, then stop
Wobbity, wobbity, drop, drop and make it hop
I'm in Versace on my knee, Balenciaga to the socks
And I'm on the molly, I'm throwin' thousands like rocks

Ooh, say less, my lil' babe blessed
She just bought a new booty, she on bed rest
She be twerkin' to Tunechi, for them paychecks
She tat' my name on her booty, her face next
I'm throwin' up the racks like some quarterbacks
Ooh, what a catch, that don't come with tax
Now you up in Saks with a bunch of bags
Shake that fuckin' ass for a budget plan
I throw a bunch of cash
I get so bored, I start throwin' money underhand
I need another hand
I got blunt in hand, louder than a southern band
You gon' need a stack, bitch, do the money dance
Tunechi

She said, "You gon' have to give me more than one dollar (Mula)
You gon' have to give me more than five dollars (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)
You gon' have to give me more than ten dollars
You gon' have to throw more than twenty dollars" (Yeah)
Said, "You gon' have to give me more than fifty dollars (Yeah)
Yeah, you gon' have to throw more than a hunnid dollars (Yeah)
Yeah, you gon' have to empty out your fuckin' wallet (Yeah)
Yeah, you gon' have to empty out your fuckin' pocket"

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I'll leave a paper trail, then I'ma need a tip drill
Shakin' it, turn the lights down
Bust it for the light bill
Diggin' it, then I'm lickin' all on that pussy, put it right there
Only wanna fuck the black bitches with the nice hair
Baby, bend it over, ass up, take the mask off
Don't ask me if I'm throwin' cash up, I'm spendin' that part
Black Card, play your part, now go retarded
That booty stupid, think you smart, I fuck regardless
Sprinkler fuckin' up your guard, that coochie water
I tear it up, she call me daddy, I'm not her father
Ask her where she from? She said, "New Orleans," it's a mic check
Don't try to kiss after you swallow, I don't like that (Huh)
But you look good when you throw it back on me
You gon' make even a broke nigga spend a bag on it
You gon' make me come alone like I don't even have homies
When you pull them titties out, put 'em in my mouth
Then I hit the dash on 'em

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Oh, I'ma throw a bag in the air
By the time it hit the ground, better bring that ass over here
Everything, all the drinks on me tonight
Put that thing on me, I'm tryna see what that pussy like
I'm just tryna pay a couple bills
When she hit the stage, I'ma leave more than a tip (Oh-oh)
Let me grab it, let me smack it, don't care if it's real
Pullin' on my pants, I'ma let you feel it
Biggity bounce, biggity bounce, gon' toot it up
She breakin' it down, breakin' it down, I can't get enough
Spread 'em for me, showin' them cheeks
I'm actin' like a fiend, been here for a week
She give me the red light special
You can lie to me, baby, tell me that I'm special
Just keep steppin' on the money like they rose petals
I'm not a trick, just a rich nigga, know better

She said, "You gon' have to give me more than one dollar (Know better)
You gon' have to give me more than five dollars (Know better)
You gon' have to give me more than ten dollars (Rich nigga know-)
You gon' have to throw more than twenty dollars" (Rich nigga know better)
Said, "You gon' have to give me more than fifty dollars (Know better)
Yeah, you gon' have to throw more than a hunnid dollars (Know better)
Yeah, you gon' have to empty out your fuckin' wallet (Rich nigga know-)
Yeah, you gon' have to empty out your fuckin' pocket" (Rich nigga know better)

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