

# Need a Stack

Chris Brown

Whoa, whoa  
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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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