

Get Like Me

David Banner

Have you ever seen a Chevy with the butterfly do's

Stuntin-stuntin is a habit, get like me
Have you ever seen a Chevy with the, get-get like me
Have you ever seen a Chevy with the, get like me
Have you ever seen a Chevy with the butterfly do's?
Stuntin-stuntin is a habit, put it in the air
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(Stuntin-stuntin is a habit)
I got a chip in my engine, 26 inch rims
I got fadeaway money, bitch I'm ballin out the gym
Got my old school pumpin, hip wheel on recline
If you think a nigga broke you out'cha monkey-ass mind (yeah)
Diamonds on my pinky (yeah) hand on the pine
Bitch touch and now your momma do the second line (yeah)
Screens fallin from the sky, syrup fallin in my cup
Old school Chevy thang, comin down nigga what
Got diamonds in my mouth, got some Gucci on my seat
Got g's on my ass, bitch it's cold when I speak
Got a freak on my arm, got a charm around my neck
You can gon' pass the mic, watch I'm 'bout to catch wreck
Still screamin out mayne, pistol in my hand
Southside so throwed (throwed in the game)
Big face on my chain, 84's on the frame
Big bodies comin down, hoggin up both lanes

(Stuntin-stuntin is a habit) The name you know of
A little bit of change, now your boy done blown up
And I'm throwin thangs just to get exposed
Stuntin ain't a thing to me
And it's obvious it's plain to see
That you gon' make us both
Get into some thangs that is for grown folks
And they might even say you should leave me alone
But don't be scared... you need to get like me~!
Stuntin is a habit, just gotta have it
Shorty can throw anythang at me I'm gonna bag it
When she see the karats, for real just like a rabbit
Cain't another boy do the things you like
He ain't your type, change your life
But if you did your homework, girl I'm pretty sure you know what I got
Drop top singin, know Jones and Banner gonna roll
Let me stop.... stuntin is a habit

(Stuntin-stuntin is a habit)
(Yeah!) Let them bougie boys ride Maybach
I'm in the candy laid back like I slang crack
My money stack to the ceiling
Gettin in my Chevy's like climbin up a buildin, them 28's on deck
37 on my wrist, a hundred five on my neck
This rap money's okay but you should see these movie checks
And this cartoon cash, the SS so sweet
My Bentley's hatin on that ass, my old school's gettin pissed
She opened up her arm but then she slit both wrists

There go the suicide do's, wood on the dash
Ferris wheels on the toes and got duals on the ass
And some chrome on the nose, the white boys go "SWEET!"
But black folks go "OHH" I got a 'llac full of ammo
I'm brick with the nine throwin bombs out the Lambo'
The butterflies goin up
I got Chad in my heart and DJ Screw in my cup