

Letter To Stack Bundles

Max B

Uh, what's good my nigga
Feel I write you a lil' kype
Let you know what's going on out here
Yeah

Dear Mr. Rayquon Elliott
They knew you as Stacks, I never meant to call out your alias
You prolly think I'm being rebellious, but that ain't the case
You turnin' over in ya grave
Listenin' to flows that nigga spit
That me and you help develop
And oh, I fucked that nigga bitch
Reminisce the days in the studio, we was makin' hits
Can I roll wit' you, crunch time, hooks, no punchlines
Crooks, no one time, we was all wave, look at now
Jim only sold 10 thou
Put his men down, they ain't have a shot
Put a lil' arsenal together, Yung Los, Mustard, and Al Pac
How hot?, niggaz think they are when they up against
Dropped the Quarantine, all the bitches in love wit' it
See me after shows, gimme groupie love
Copped the 750-L.I. when they see me in the Coupe they love, lugie up
Copped a new crib for my wifey, 'bout to start trial
Marty, my prosecutor, tried to knife me
Tried to put me back in the oranges, they want filet mignone
Cheese grits, and omelets
Problem is, always had me heart in it
Told you from the jump that he's a creep, money was just a part of it
Nigga wanted both our styles, my hooks, your flows
Our song, Chrissy was in the car alone
All the while, he was out at nights, eye twerkin'
Puttin' together waves, we was surf'in', nigga came burstin'
Flyin' through the doors tryna kick my whores out on the street (Damn)
After I'm three songs deep
Now I got my own lab, two Mac Pros
Got the Digi-3 Pro Tools, Bigga got the vocal
Bigga got the (got the) soul food
Chicken, macaroni with the cheese, that's my homie now, Big Mook
Oh F O, he tried to slow me down, told me nephew showed discipline
Pussy aint' money, time to get it in
Nigga these bitches come late and get ya paper, did the bid
But the nigga got 8 kids
Anyway, back to the matter at hand, it's all the songs
Everybody on Hot 9, they usin' Autotunes
Niggaz is not wavy, Gravy, played the B.I.G. movie
I went to see it, woozy, moody
And on that note, I'm 'bout to end this shit
Squa-Squaaaad Up
Really I'm representin', yeah

Representin' baby
My letter to Stack Bundles
Yeah, let ya know what's going on
Prolly turnin' over in ya grave

I love my family (Fuckin' wit' this man)
I love the way that we used to be (got me against the ropes)

Niggaz is gettin' trees
See I got that Sour D's and that Juicy Juicy (Boss Don Biggavel')
Baby you found my name
We at the penthouse, let these hoes stay-yay
Tell me why the road turned

Nigga ain't do one of these
Where's the dedication, where's the homage
Fuck him, I got you nigga
Got so many hits together dog
So crazy. so wavy
Abra-cadabra, pen-a-tow
M.O.B. 1, so many songs man
Letter to Stacks
Boss Don Biggavel', Oww