Stake Sause

Uh, yeah Coke Wavy Season Boss Don, French Let's go

Yeah, I'm in the ghetto everyday And ever since this little beef I tote that metal everyday And I'm in the streets till the prisons look at me like "What's wave? " Baby so come and play I got that Henny mixed with Coke Got that Cleeqo mixed with ice They just put me on the line, and my freethrow lookin' nice I was born and raised in the ghetto (Born and raised baby) Yeah

I'm heavy B, cock that Desert E Crusing in that Beamer like 70 20 miles an hour in a 50 zone just so you can see me go My mayo right, lookin' at that tailpipe Put it up on that scale right, bet it come back Even Steves These bitches best believe in me When I tell 'em "Baby let me take you out this ghetto that you livin' in" Biggaveli 'bout his Benjamins, send 'em in Make 'em suck and fuck dem dicks, lately I don't trust the tricks Hit me up, let's stay the night, pimpin' was my way of life Slippin' and I paid the price Left my bitch alone and let her gone Six thousand miles away from home Sittin' with this guilt tryna cope the pain, no, tryna rope the game Record labels is now focusing On the weak shit y'all provide so my sons won't even listen to Bigga speak the truth, I ain't dissin' you, listen boo

Hit him if he actin' up, bread I be stackin' up Work I be baggin' up, homie that's what I do Young boys duckin' feds, niggaz comin' for ya head 61 in the head, homie that's what I do In the hood I was born and raised Homie ghetto bound, life is a bitch, I'm tryna settle down Them metal rounds gon' hit ya up. split ya up Paramedics gift ya up, coke boys fix ya up Welcome to the hood, to the corners, backblocks Niggaz foamin' out the mouth, lookin' for a jackpot A silverback ape Cop it when it's here in a drought I be sellin' backs weight We got the streets, steak sauce We on top of beef, a whole lotta heat We never sleep, homie I'm Ray Charles I ain't gotta see, homie we got the streets