

Stake Sause

Max B

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 Cleego 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