

1000 Stacks

Nelly

Yeah (yeah)
Aiiyyo Nelly (aiyyo Nelly)
Let's do this (let's do this)
AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

"At-at-at last, I'm literally loungin black" (yeah)
"Sittin back, countin double digit thousand stacks" (c'mon)
"At last, I'm literally loungin black" (yeah)
"Sittin back, countin double digit thousand stacks" (let's go)

Uhh, uhh, uhh
Got a bad bitch with me, she in the Valentino
Half black and Filipino, I let her count the C-notes
Her under Apple Bottom, my underwear Sean John
A hundred on every arm, hundred more in my charm (let's go)

(Tell 'em Puff!) Let your mind, let your body and your soul go
{Let your soul go} It's aight, get your money, stack more dough
(Tell 'em Puff!) Pick a day, get your girl, come and play
C'mon, you know my motherfuckin name - you know my motherfuckin name

Uhh, uhh, uhh, uhh
How 'bout we hop the Monte Carlo tomorrow with lots of bottles
In the ocean with the goggles and act like we won the lotto
Uh-oh! Lamborghini, Bugatto, I'm mashin on the throttle
My motto is snatch your model with a lot of
Ay! Insane, my game is like James
Or, Kobe or maybe Dwyane Wade's
Fresh shades, Alexander McClains
Bottles of Ros , Coroc and O.J.

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"Sittin back, sittin back, sittin back, sittin back" (c'mon)
"Sittin back, countin double digit thousand stacks" (let's go)

I kick in the door, wavin the 4-4
All you heard was "Derrty, don't hurt 'em no more"
Well fuck that, I'm takin my ring back (ring back)
So take that (take that) so take that

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I pull up to the party, Bacardi, smokin cigar-y
with the baddest little shorty cause shorty love to get naughty

Uh-oh! Dollar after dollar you niggaz might wanna holla
I cinch your little collar, I'll you with a comma
Ay! Keep time, eight-piece shine
We fly, only in G-5
Uh-oh! She's fine, yup, she's mine
Put your peace high, homie for B.I.

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Uhh, uhh, uhh, uhh, uhh, uhh, uhh, uhh
Now - what y'all wanna do?
You fuckin with a baller, a St. Louis brawler
You can hate but she gon' fuck with me regardless
V-V-A flawless, all this

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Uhh, stackin paper's contagious, buildin paper skyscrapers
Uhh, stuntin outrageous, comin straight out the matrix
Uh-oh! Hustle lil' mami, countin paper's my hobby
Throwin up the Ducati, down the streets of Miami
C'mon, my neck gold, the bling is Ringo
And uhh, it came gold, it made to hang low
Uh-oh! The bankroll is made to stay swole
And uhh, it can't fold, more paper than Kangol