

## Stunt 101

Tony Yayo

I'll teach you how to stunt  
My wrists stay rocked up  
My TV's pop up in a Maybach benz  
I'll teach you how to stunt  
Nigga you can't see me  
My bently GT got smoke gray rims  
I'll teach you how to stunt  
My neck stay blinging, my rims stay gleaming, I'm shining man  
I'll teach you how to stunt  
I see you scheming, nigga keep on dreaming, I hurt ya mans  
I'll teach you how to stunt

Seven series BM, Six series benz  
Twenty-four inches, Giovanni rims  
All on one wheel when I'm on one of them  
Ma, that boy out there actin a fool that's him  
They say I've changed man, I'm getting paper, I'm flashy  
They like me better when I'm fucked up and ashy  
My royalty check's the rebirth of Liberace  
Stunt so hard, everybody got to watch me  
And I don't really care if it's platinum or white gold  
As long as the VS bling, look at that light show  
In the hood they say Fifty man your sneaker look white yo  
Just can't believe Reebok did a deal with a psycho  
Banks is a sure thing, yall niggaz might blow  
I'm fittin to drop that, so I suggest you lay low  
Buc, he from Cashville, Tenneckee nigga  
Getting them ten of keys, save ten for me nigga

I'm sensing a lot of tension now that I'm rappin  
But the kids used to look up to you, what happened?  
Me on the contrary, hand covered with platinum  
Different color coupes but I'm in love with the black one  
On point, cuz you get R.I.P.'s when slacking  
So the stashbox big enough to squeeze the mack in  
Yeah, I'm fairly new but I demand some respect  
Cuz I already wear your advance on my neck  
I'm fresh off the jet, then I breeze to the beaches  
Blue yankee fitted, G-Unit sneakers  
I already figured out what to do with all my features  
Decorate the basement, full of street sweepers  
When it comes to stuntin' theres nothing you can teach us  
We're in a different time zone, your records don't reach us  
Naww, I ain't here to save the world, just roll up a blunt  
Come with me out front, I'LL TEACH YOU HOW TO STUNT

Chain so icy, you don't have to like me  
In a throwback jersey, with the throwback nikes  
I know you probably seen me with Cash Money from back in the days  
The only thing changed is the numbers on the range  
I bought me an old school and blew out the brains  
The Roc the Mic tour, I threw off my chain  
My sprewell's spinning man, I'm doing my thing  
And whodi now in trouble now that you in the game  
Come on now, we all know gold is getting old  
The ice in my teeth keep the crystal cold  
G-Unit homie, actin' like yall don't know

Look, I can't even walk through the mall no more  
I just pull up, get out, and get all the hoes  
They never seen doors lift up on a car before  
Don't be mad at me dog, that's all I know  
That's how to show these fougaisies how it's supposed to go