

Stay Hood

Waka Flocka Flame

I'm a stay 'hood 'til the day that I die
Yeah - 'til the day that I die
I'm a twist this weed, my nigga, let's get high
Yeah...
I said I'm a stay motherfuckin' 'hood 'til the day that I die
Phantom, ghost, no wheels, nigga, that's just how I ride
I come from the hood where you don't testify
Take murder with no tears off in your fuckin' eyes

All my niggas ride, where I come from, ain't gon' feel ones, nigga
Fuck you thinkin'?
Have a fuck boy Pacquiao plankin'
'Til the loud got plain, too, drinkin'
50K for a show, no poppin'
Spit izzle to a dumb bitch ears
Broke niggas can't talk like this
Rolex on my main bitch wrist
Blood bottoms on a young nigga boots
Looks like I just stomped a nigga out
Get your man down, nigga, lights out
Shoot at your ass with that mouthin' about
He ain't talk no more, what's happening?
Outside your mama house, what's crackin'?
Poppin' mollies like Tylenols and Aspirin
Geeked up, pull up, hyena laughin'
Them boys ain't real, stop actin' like us
In the squad, I bust, get cheese like crust
I'm the only motherfucker that I really trust
In a bad bitch's guts - always
Countin' money like always
Gettin' money from three-ways
I could never, ever see no rainy days

Hollygrove in this motherfucker
I'm tired of all these big niggas
These motherfuckers like Robitussin
I'm rollin' up with my bitch, nigga
As a matter of fact, she roll it for me
Swisher Sweets, swish, nigga
Hit that shit like an open jumper
Rest in peace Lil' Beezy
I wish my nigga could see me now
Motherfuckers better king me
I'm a walk around wearin' Jesus' crown
These niggas just pussy
I'm a let that chopper eat 'em out
Dead body in the bushes
Well that's a bush you don't beat around
Beat your ass with my skateboard
Weed loud like you make noise
I'm on them trees like Akon
My cellphone goin' napalm
Guns sound like bass drums
Young Money, drum section
Psycho... ward, nigga - 1-7, Tunechi!