

Wiz Khalifa "Stackin"

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Yea, you already know,
When I walk the fuck by
You can't act like
I ain't the fliest thing you ever seen in your
Whole entire muthafuckin sorry ass life

You can't say I'm not the freshest nigga you ever
seen
Keep a couple grand nothin less in my jeans
That's probably why yo bitch keep ringin' my phone
When I pull up she can't leave me alone
Lil' homie I grind, no sleep
I'm good in the hood everybody know me
I got my truck on blast
Hear me when I roll through
Stuntin' like a young nigga supposed to
Stunt'n like I'm supposed to

Ridin' with my hat cocked back
Smokin' something good 3 blunts and I'm smacked
out
All city on smash, game on padlock
26 inch rims throw 'em on the matchbox
6 bad hoes man I can't choose one
3 cell phones I just can't use one
You see how often I spit
You just off bread hun
This the shit they can't do young
Talk fly if you look 'em in the air
Too young, you wonder were I got these Gucci pair of
shoes from
A lot of ya'll mad
To me it's just funny
I see why ya'll hatin man the hoes just love me
And you know I'm gettin' shhh
Fuck it I ain't gotta say it
The tab taken care of nigga I ain't gotta pay it
Yea, I'm all day with it, year round
I bet if you was here now

You can't say I'm not the freshest nigga you ever
seen

Keep a couple grand nothin less in my jeans
That's probably why yo bitch keep ringin' my phone
When I pull up she can't leave me alone
Lil' homie I grind, no sleep
I'm good in the hood everybody know me
I got my truck on blast
Hear me when I roll through
Stunt'n like a young nigga supposed to

Got a fat knot, blunt rolled up
Me I ride clean
Neck froze up
Bad bitch on the side
My niggas all rich
Foreign whips is what they drive
Yea, I smell like Gucci and big money too
See them guys with me? they gettin' money too
Ride 222s and got heat so
If a nigga try me you a big prob you runnin' into
I smoke a lot need blunt or 2
At a time whole pounds I be runnin' through
Yea, I got a dime bitch coming through
Cause I pimp like I'm supposed to
Wonder how I get it like this, I could show you
It's all leather in the whip when I roll through
This year I'm a get shit cleared
Take a look at this kid

You can't say I'm not the freshest nigga you ever
seen
Keep a couple grand nothin less in my jeans
That's probably why yo bitch keep ringin' my phone
When I pull up she can't leave me alone
Lil' homie I grind, no sleep
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