

Shut Up Stella

"Slaggin' Off"

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Shut Up Stella is my shit
You you you
Isn't that kinda like a song like
No!
Bring it, bring it in, what?

You and your crew think you're cool slaggin' off about
Me and my friends, we pretend that we like you but we
Don't and we won't make a mess
Fuck your white Mercedes Benz
You're on blast, you won't last, so just take it up and...

Ask me again, and I'll tell you what's up
Ask me if I care, 'cause I don't give a fuck
You're not used to a L.A., it can get pretty hot
But cut the A.C., 'cause I'll fan you off
Yo, you're stepping on my toes, but I won this round
And everybody knows that I run this town
So go back down south, tryin' to figure it out
You gotta stick up your ass and a foot in your mouth,
uh

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Ask me again if you ain't had enough
You play kinda dirty, but I fight kinda rough
So get used to L.A., 'cause it's so damn hot
But cut the A.C., 'cause I'll fan you off
Yo, you used to call me Fan, but I'm really heaven
I was born December 4th, 1987
Am I gonna kick your ass? Nah, they ain't a question
Malakouti on your ass, straight teachin' you a lesson,
uh

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Let's bring it to the bridge

I am not your mother
And I am not your brother
Don't confuse me with your lover
You can't touch me

I am not your mother
And I am not your brother
Don't confuse me with your lover
You can't touch me

Gettin' close to the edge, and you're jumping now
Strap yourself in, it's getting bumpy now
Be careful what you say and what you do
And next time, pay attention who you're doing it to, uh

I am not your mother
And I am not your brother
Don't confuse me with your lover
You can't touch me

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Strap yourself in, it's getting bumpy now
Be careful what you say and what you do
And next time, pay attention who you're doing it to,
uh))

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