

A.L.T. & The Lost Civilization

"Down for My Stacks"

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First Verse: {B.G.}

Ya see I'm not takin' no fuckin' shorts nigga come with
it all
Yeah you got to stand tall and have yo back against the
wall
Nigga let yo nuts hang it's that iron you got to slang
If some fuckin' drama jump act a fool with yo bank
Buck! Buck! with yo chrome blood gushin' from they
dome
Got the company can't be safe carry 'em to they fuckin'
drape
You ask for one simple favor come with all my fuckin'
cash
Couldn't hunt two quarter front so I had to bust that ass
You went and got all my dope then you stuck like Chuck
Like Slim said don't take no loses that you can't make
up

Verse Two: {E. Vicious}

See I don't want my 98 fuck with 99
I want all my fuckin' money but bitch you got to die
Nigga

Verse Three: {B.G.}

The game ain't the same you can't be lame
You got to be a true thug ain't let yo fuckin' nuts hang
A nigga like me want all my heat or I have to split yo
wig
Stank bitch can suck my dick motherfuck a pussy pig
I straight handle my business and I strap my gat
Down Baby and Slim them old school gee's
Down for my stacks

Chorus: {E. Vicious}

I'm down for my motherfuckin' stacks
I'm born to jack and slang the fuckin' bozack
I'm down for my motherfuckin' stacks

I'm born to jack and slang the fuckin' bozack
I'm down for my motherfuckin' stacks
I'm born to jack and slang the fuckin' bozack

Verse Four: {E. Vicious}

It's some fucked up shit with all this fuckin' killin'
But I just sit back stack I'm steady hustlin' and chillin'
Watchin' niggas kill niggas over doppin' bitches
And these so called gangsters turned snitches
But I don't get involved with that dumb shit
I want the bitches, the riches and the power to run shit
So dog ass hoes don't even step to me
If you don't suck dick or pay bills you ain't no help to
me
Top notch hustler I'm buryin' busters six feet under
Yeah I'm that nigga wonder and I ain't takin' shit
>From this crackers and jackers I'm on the come up
So bitches you can run up
Peep this situation about this bitch that I know
Never gave my play but heard me on the radio
She wants to know what I've been doin' all the time
You stupid bitch I know you heard I've been writin'
rhymes
I'm the same nigga you wouldn't fuck with a year ago
Now I'm doin' shows makin' a little cash flow
Sport Girbauds walkin' like I got a attitude
You ain't know the Vicious on the come up move

Verse Five: {Baby}

My niggas gave me love my niggas gave me dubs
My niggas watch me come up from a motherfuckin'
scrub

Verse Six: {E. Vicious}

So it's gonna be like that me and my niggas
Doin' shows, fuckin' hoes and pullin' triggers
Cuz hoes these days back door ya with ya
Motherfuckin' brother I call 'em freaks under cover
See I can give a fuck about these dog ass hoes
Black I'm down for my motherfuckin' stacks

Verse Seven: {Mr. Ivan}

You know it's all about money bitch
Smokin' on that chronic gettin' buzzed out
Drinkin' on that gin and juice a blunt hangin' from my
mouth
I sold crack from the time I was a juvenile

The money hungry nigga that wouldn't avoid a fuckin' p
nile
Get out of jail I went to ballin' on they dog ass
Started sellin' hats I went to countin' bundles of cash
Got out of jail again caught myself a felony
I knew I should have listened to what the fuck my
mama was tellin' me
Then seven months of fuck school and den I rolled out
Started missin' money so that's why the fuck I moved
out
Cuz I'm a baby gangster fightin' to survive
When I close my eyes I got to make sure it's passed
twenty-five
I'm on the map now to teach you'll a lesson
I'm bustin' caps, cops try'na take my Smith n Wesson
man
Blok Boom on that ass again introduce you to a lil'
friend
I swore to crack that I was gonna be gettin' paid fast
Gettin' paid cash then I blast nigga
I'm makin' bank had police not gettin' off my back
I'm on that ass down for my fuckin' stacks

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