

## **Baby Aka The #1 Stunna "What Happened To That Boy"**

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Aye, aye, aye, ya, tot' 'em up, light it up nigga  
Bird man motherfucker, clipse, VA, hey no nigga  
What you smelt, coke'll leave plastic  
Get off the border motherfucker  
Come on little'n handle your business for me boy

What happened to that boy?  
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He was talking shit we put a clap into that boy

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I heard they snitchin' on a player man say it ain't so  
Even as a young and they consigned me to blow  
Witches claims why I'm worth my weight in gold  
While they was taking baby steps from an 8th to an O

Word in the streets that can envy as me  
Enough ice on that watch to make a nigga lose sleep  
Magnified face help the bitch see clearly  
9 on the waist hit the bitch up severely

I'm known for the flip of that coke I ener  
I'm heavy in the street like the 7 series bimma  
Man hit 'em with the Nina man  
Or that 4/5th guaranteed to lean ya man whoa

I'm the reason that your block is vacant  
Malicious will hit ya just to make a statement  
Bitch clips and cash money who ain't rich  
Don't compare me to you nigga you ain't this, whoa

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Stunna and patty cake the worldwide pusha  
Bird man nigga leave the guns in the busher  
Been shittin' up bricks unload 'em to Gucci  
Boss of the ghetto with the round shape cookie

Shit one, dro one nigga flood the block  
If I don't go to jail niggas birds gone flop  
Nigga sittin' on the toilet bitch get off the pot  
The bird just landed so the hood gon' rot

New whips, big chips the Prada Gucci shit  
But mami your fly Benz the wide skinny lips  
She takes my flight, she holds my weight  
While the po-po staked out from state to state

It ain't nuttin' to a baller baby pay the cars, big money  
Heavy weight, bird man, hood boss  
Baby steppin' on my line I'll show a little somethin'  
They callin' you don't come out then the black crow will  
touch ya

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Another soul lost  
Had to make a shirt match my ox blood colored  
Porsche  
The rims match of course  
Blood hit his timbs it reminded me of them

Glistenin' wrist on chiller, gun in the same palm of  
gorgeous killer  
I put this on my Lord my niece was 4 when she felt  
chinchilla  
I past the shore for that shit that made fiends  
Rise from the dead like thriller

Gangster hustler at night still found time to kiss my  
mother  
Live like I'm dreamin' kick my feet up

Gun pulled my waist remind me of my demon  
So quite ya yappin' fore I get to clappin'  
And have your body parts mix and matching fella

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Aye, aye, aye, aye, there it is nigga, there you have it  
Bird man, clips you under-smelt, VA you know  
Uptown nigga, we go anywhere with this bullshit  
We flip bricks you under-smell

Aye nigga put this puzzle together, aye Pharrell you did  
this year  
A 1000 pieces puzzles 100, you know, let's get this  
money  
Hey nigga I smell somethin', coke'll leave plastic bitch  
You know get money motherfucker

However you want it you can get it pimp  
From gangster to blood, nigga take it how you want it  
nigga  
We did it how we live, ain't nothin' but the thug thing  
nigga  
Money thing motherfucker

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