

## **Baby Aka The #1 Stunna "Won't Be Coming Back"**

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(featuring Mannie Fresh & Lac)

[Intro - Baby] w/ (ad-libs)

Oh yeah nigga, holla at ya boy! (Oh yeah, holla at ya boy)

You under smell, number one motherfucka! (Bird-Bezzy, Baby)

Bird call (brrrrrrrrr)

Mannie Fresh, laced me wit this beat, you know (Yeah!)

You under smell it, we got's to get some money baby

Ma I got to look good

We got to get this cheese nigga

[Verse 1 - Baby]

Nigga flip on the block, the birds flew in

I pick up a bite, I attend to the wind

Shit, hungry dogs lyin town, dogs on the ground

Niggas hustlin, and pimpin tryna put it down

Pitch off the mound, that third world clown

We hustle for the money, we scramble for the pound

It's pimpin uptown, the boy in the lounge

Put the ice on the shelf, put the whips up clown

So put the whips up nigga, the Bird's in town

We tryna get the money, the jewels, the brown

Big houses, pimpin, shine uptown

Never gon' stop, we millionaire bound, be-atch

[Mannie Fresh]

Mr. Pimp Pickle, walk wit a wiggle

Keep a project bitch, and she gotta have that giggle

It's "Sex In the City" every time she get wit me

Wit her - up and down, and up - she pussy whipped

But her pimp gon' take it, or pull it out and break it off

Stop for ya pop, look her in her face, then shake it off

A different day another dollar, see ya later I will holla

Valet please could you bring around my Impala

[Chorus - Mannie Fresh]

I got to go, and you got to leave

I'm in the wind baby, please believe

That you won't be coming back

Get yo hat, yo coat

And walk on out the do'  
Cause you won't be, coming back  
[Verse 2 - Baby]  
It ain't nothin to a balla ma, cook somethin right  
I need some chicken, French fries, need it off top  
Lace my ride, black wall my tires  
Bought mami to the mall, Stiletto boots, skirt tie  
I worked her ride, I beamed her a line  
She love a balla baby, Birdman pimp fly  
Smoke hydro, we do it all night  
Mannie Fresh, Baby, CMR for life

[Lac]  
Lil' funky, nasty bitch, I pay you to fuck  
For what bitch, better catch ya cut  
I'm not a rat's haven, for hoes, I'ma piiiimp  
Make them hoes call me Caddy Daddy Sliiiim  
I'ma mac'a, break a gear and a game  
Show a hotter hustle niggas, and bring head of the  
change  
Who you think brought that Caddy, and that brand new  
Range  
Wit them 24's on 'em, and all that blang - bitch

[Chorus] w/ (ad-libs)

[Verse 3 - Baby]  
I could give you what you want ma, you give me what I  
need  
Make ya fly like a bird, and stay dressed to a T  
Wit Stunna on ya neck, Smith-N-Wesson on the seat  
Kitchen countin loot, I'm in the streets gettin money  
Pimpin is a natural, on hoes I'm wit it  
You never ride accurate, just dance and business  
And we do the best of thangs, and we never slow down  
We keep it all hood, cause that's how it's goin out  
Slide in this ma, go holla at ya dogs  
And have a good time, and head to the mall  
I'ma take you to the block, wit the crack and mac  
But it's the Birdman daddy, got the stacks of stacks

[Chorus] w/ (ad-libs)

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