

Birdman

"Born Stunna Remix"

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Ft Rick Ross, Nicki Minaj & Lil Wayne

[Intro: Rick Ross]

Born stunna
I'm a born stunna
Huh born stunna

(Remix Baaaaby)

Money money money money money bags
Money money money bags
Money money money bags
Money money money bags

[Hook: Rick Ross]

Born stunna, born stunna
Flip a hundred keys just to ball all summer
Born stunna, born stunna
I put a hundred karats in the cartier mama
Born stunna, she's a born stunna
Mercedes coup for the missus if she's a born stunna
Born stunna, born stunna
Stack a hundred mill and another hundred comin'

[Nicki Minaj]

Born stunna flow
Consistently winning while all you bitches come and go
Oh you mad? You aint headline
You my son and it's bedtime
I show you bitches how to put together punchlines
It aint working out, it aint crunchtime
Roll a kush up, it's a chess game, but fuck a push up
Out in Tokyo they calling me Nicki-son
Everywhere you go, they calling you Nicki's son
Coupes and trucks, money bags, Scrooge McDuck

[Hook: Rick Ross]

Money money money money money bags
Money money money bags
Money money money bags

Money money money bags

[Birdman]

Yea, a lot a lot of money bags
The money in the garbage can
Strapped up tight with a hundred bags
Money filthy bitch, we in the money lair
See, we shinin' like the money can
Since the money came, bitch we throw the money
thang
Yea, YMCMG
Lauder Jet been a hustla since I hit the streets
2-50 on the new piece
New condo, 20 thousand square feet
Ballin', uptown suicide
Born stuntin', strapped how we livin' fine

[Hook: Rick Ross]

Money money money money money bags
Money money money bags
Money money money bags
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[Lil Wayne]

I don't know bout these other, but I'm gettin' Trukfit
money
And I aint never number 2, so you aint gettin' shit from
me
And you know I'm a boss, so catch me if you can
Blood, I leave a ? bleeding like that nigga got cramps
I got molly, got mary, got white girl, got Keisha
Used to have Trina but I still got nina
Bitch I'm too cold, I'm too coke
I put ya neck in my loophole
I'm too hot, I'm sup'bowl
My money talk, my new bowl
I'm high Jupiter, Pluto
But everybody know I'm from Mars
Keep hatin', gone make me catch another gun charge
I'm on that good good, floating like Aladdin
Born stunna, stuntin' like my daddy

[Hook]

Money money money money money bags
Money money money bags
Money money money bags
Money money money bags

