

## Carrie Underwood

### "B-Boy Stance"

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[Swizz Beats]

Chillin' in the club in my b-boy stance  
With my hoodie on and my gun in my pants

[Cassidy]

Yeah  
Okay  
I'm ready to get my drink on, on this one  
Let's go

[Hook x2 - Swizz Beats]

Chillin' in the club in my b-boy stance  
With my hoodie on and my gun in my pants  
I'm fresh to death, I'm fresh to death, I'm fresh to  
death, I'm fresh to death

[Verse 1 - Cassidy]

I'm fresh to death, dressed to impress  
Fresh for real, nigga dressed to kill  
I'm the best for real, I was blessed with skill  
The FS in my necklace still  
I'm a threat for real, I come at niggas necks for real  
Tryna build my success got me stressed for real  
I'ma gain my respect cause I'm extra real  
And I'm extra fly, you just extra high  
If it wasn't for them drugs, you'd be extra shy  
Knowin' if I throw them slugs you gon' testify  
F' the extra shit, get an extra clip  
I get some extra lip, just expect to die  
I'll put a whole in your head, cause I hold bread  
And my lawyer Johnny Cochran old head  
Clappin' a pound, he ain't pattin' me down  
And I stay strapped man I got my gat on me now

[Hook x2 - Swizz Beats]

Chillin' in the club in my b-boy stance  
With my hoodie on and my gun in my pants  
I'm fresh to death, I'm fresh to death, I'm fresh to  
death, I'm fresh to death

[Verse 2 - Cassidy]

I get it poppin' on the block like a B-Boy  
If you cop a couple of rocks you get a free boy  
You could take a couple of shots and get a key loy  
If you try to take what I got, a stick me boy  
See boy tryna fuck around with me boy  
Your wrist like fuckin' a bitch with no see boy  
I'm a gee boy, get smoked by the P boy  
Coke by the key boy, got dope and the E boy  
Me boy, I'm bout to take the industry over  
Lifes a war, we was meant to be soldiers  
I sat back for years and watched rap cats pretend to be  
Hova  
Pretend to be BIG, pretend to be Pac, pretend to be hot  
But all that pretendin' gon' eventually stop  
And the slugs gonna eventually pop  
Cause all the real thugs in the box or the penatentary  
oxe  
VIP lookin' like a penetentary block

[Hook x2 - Swizz Beats]

Chillin' in the club in my b-boy stance  
With my hoodie on and my gun in my pants  
I'm fresh to death, I'm fresh to death, I'm fresh to  
death, I'm fresh to death

[Verse 3 - Cassidy]

Okay, I'm fresh to death like a million bucks  
My Benz got big rims and my ceilin' lift up  
Dependin' on how I'm feelin' might be wheelin' the  
truck  
Either way the chicks still on my nuts  
Yanawutl'msayin', I ain't playin' with them niggas that  
be feelin' they tough  
I ain't a killa but you still will get touched  
I network, sweatshirt with the hood, got the steel in the  
???  
And my lil man feelin' the dutch while I chill in the cut  
On my lean, chicks stealin' my stance  
Chinese print on the jeans, chicks spillin' my pants  
And I got the steel in my pants, don't grind on me  
I can't dance I got the nine on me  
?? mami fresh from the box mami  
Got your panani wet cause I'm fresh to the socks mami  
Fresh from the block mami, so I'm makin' it fun  
See life a bitch, but I'm makin' her cum and umm

[Hook x2 - Swizz Beats]

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With my hoodie on and my gun in my pants  
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