

Jody Breeze

"Stackin' Paper"

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[feat. Slim Thug]

[Jody: talking]

It's for tha streets, (yeah) yeah
(Stackin paper) Stackin paper nigga
(Jody Breeze) Jody Breeze
From Griffin to Houston, Texas nigga
Yeah!

[Hook:]

Ay we grind (we grind)
And we hustle (we hustle)
So get down (get down)
Cause we bustin' (we bustin')
We got it (we got it)
But you bluffin' (you bluffin')
So what you sayin nigga?
We stackin paper!

[Repeat]

[Verse 1:]

We dirty dirty, we gutter mayne
Them ho's love us, we stackin paper mayne'
We movin heavy caine, put that on everythang
And you won't catch us in nothin' but heavy chevyz
mayne
Cause ay we posted up, got them 4-5's loaded up
Shit we sellin' to them niggas got them tootin' they
noses up
We ridin' on vogues and up, know you seen that Rover
truck
I just bought that yesterday and already done 24'd it
up
Y'all know ain't no lame in us, y'all ain't off the chain as
us
Ay you better watch what you say bout where I stay,
cause them AK's will bust
Down here we stackin grands (boy!), million dollar
men (boy!)
So unfold yo bankroll and hold about a grand up
I'm new to this, but sort of like Luda, so nigga stand up
You don't want me Disturbin' Tha Peace is what I'm

sayin cause
Ain't no need of you bringin' that heat if you ain't gon'
man up
Cause in the city where Jody live, I'm the man boy, now
what?

[Hook:]
Ay we grind (we grind)
And we hustle (we hustle)
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Cause we bustin' (we bustin')
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So what you sayin nigga?
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[Verse 2: Slim Thug]
Any woman or mayne who got a brain
Can see the Boss Mayne havin' change
24 inch sevens swang on the candy truck when I'm
changin' lanes
I done slanged everythang from X to cocaine
And if you need it, I got it bitch I'm that dope mayne
And God forbid I get caught I'ma make them headlines

Cause every crime I commit off in that Fed time
You fuckin wit G's, Slim Thugga and Jody Breeze
Ain't scared to load up a squeeze
And make you ho's up the ki's
And I ain't talkin bout in yo dash ho
I'm talkin bout in yo stash ho
Get up quick and move fast fo' that glock 4-0 blast yo
Head off your shoulders, cause you fuckin' wit some
soldiers
Wearin' bands just like them rollers, no laws can
control us
From Houston to Georgia, Dallas to Florida
That's what I rep round here, you gon' respect down
here
You see our necks down here, ears and Rolex round
here
Slim independent, but cashin' some major checks
down here, yeah

[Hook:]
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So get down (get down)
Cause we bustin' (we bustin')
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But you bluffin' (you bluffin')

So what you sayin nigga?
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[Verse 3:]

Well I can give a damn about how you and yo niggas
give
But I been baggin nicks and dimes and movin 'em
since I was ten
In and out of houses, takin' what you niggas had to
give
Never let a belly catch you slippin pimp and that's for
real
Ask my nigga, police hidin', Jody's in the Trap again
Fellin' on the block, I think he's movin' out that crack
again
Wait a minute, slow ya roll, Jody's got a record deal
Naw I ain't flossin, I'm just livin' life to mack a mill
You'll know in a minute when I'm sellin out these
Coliseums
All type of broads yellin' "Girl, I gotta go and see him"
I know they poppin Remy and blowin hella weed
Cause me and all of my Boyz In Da Hood a bunch a G's

[Hook:]

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[Repeat]

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